

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

JULY, 1912

Ships

By John Masefield

I CANNOT tell their wonder nor make known
Magic that once thrilled through me to the bone,
But all men praise some beauty, tell some tale,
Vent a high mood which makes the rest seem pale,
Pour their heart's blood to nourish one green leaf,
Follow some Helen for her gift of grief,
And fail in what they mean, whate'er they do :
You should have seen, man cannot tell to you
The beauty of the ships of that my city.

That beauty now is spoiled by the sea's pity :
For one may haunt the pier a score of times
Hearing St. Nicholas' bells ring out the chimes,
Yet never see those proud ones swaying home,
With mainyards backed and bows a cream of foam,
Those bows so lovely-curving, cut so fine
Those coulters of the many-bubbled brine,
As once, long since, when all the docks were filled
With that sea beauty man has ceased to build.

Yet though their splendour may have ceased to be,
Each played her sovereign part in making me ;
Now I return my thanks with heart and lips
For the great queenliness of all those ships.

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And first the first bright memory, still so clear,
An autumn evening in a golden year,
When in the last lit moments before dark
The *Chepica*, a steel-gray lovely barque,
Her trucks aloft in sun-glow red as blood,
Came to an anchor near us on the flood.

Then come so many ships that I could fill
Three docks with their fair hulls remembered still,
Each with her special memory's special grace,
Riding the sea, making the waves give place
To delicate high beauty; man's best strength,
Noble in every line in all their length.
Ailsa, *Genista*, ships, with long jib-booms,
The *Wanderer* with great beauty and strange dooms,
Liverpool (mightiest then) superb, sublime,
The *California* huge, as slow as time.
The *Copley* swift, the perfect *J. T. North*,
The loveliest barque my city has sent forth.
Dainty *John Lockett*, well remembered yet,
The splendid *Argus* with her skysail set,
Stalwart *Drumcliff*, white-blocked majestic *Sierras*,
Divine bright ships, the water's standard bearers.
Melpomene, *Euphrosyne*, and their sweet
Sea-troubling sisters of the Fernie Fleet.
Corunna (in whom my friend died) and the old
Long since loved *Esmeralda* long since sold.
Centurion passed in Rio, *Glaucus* spoken,
Aladdin burnt, the *Bidston* water-broken,
Yola in whom my friend sailed, *Dawpool* trim,
Fierce-bowed *Egeria* plunging to the swim,
Stanmore wide-sterned, sweet *Cupica*, tall *Bard*
Queen in all harbours with her moonsail yard.

Though I tell many there must still be others,
McVickar Marshall's ships and Fernie Brothers'
Lochs, *Counties*, *Shires*, *Drums*, the countless lines
Whose house-flags all were once familiar signs
At high main trucks on Mersey's windy ways
When sun made all the wind-white water blaze.
Their names bring back old mornings when the docks
Shone with their house flags and their painted blocks,
Their raking masts below the Custom House
And all the marvellous beauty of their bows.

SHIPS

Familiar steamers too, majestic steamers,
Shearing Atlantic roller-tops to streamers
Umbria, Etruria, noble, still at sea,
The grandest, then, that man had brought to be.
Majestic, City of Paris, City of Rome
Forever jealous racers, out and home.
The Alfred Holt's blue smoke-stacks down the stream,
The fair *Loanda* with her bows a-cream.
Booth liners, Anchor liners, Red Star liners,
The marks and styles of countless ship designers.
The *Magdalena, Puno, Potosi*,
Lost *Cotopaxi*, all well-known to me.

These splendid ships, each with her grace, her glory,
Her memory of old song or comrade's story,
Still in my mind the image of life's need,
Beauty in hardest action, beauty indeed.
"They built great ships and sailed them" sounds most
brave,

Whatever arts we have or fail to have;
I touch my country's mind, I come to grips
With half her purpose thinking of these ships.

That art untouched by softness, all that line
Drawn ringing hard to stand the test of brine;
That nobleness and grandeur, all that beauty
Born of a manly life and bitter duty;
That splendour of fine bows which yet could stand
The shock of rollers never checked by land.
That art of masts, sail-crowded, fit to break,
Yet stayed to strength, and back-stayed into rake,
The life demanded by that art, the keen
Eye-puckered, hard-case seamen, silent, lean,
They are grander things than all the art of towns,
Their tests are tempests and the sea that drowns.
They are my country's line, her great art done
By strong brains labouring on the thought unwon,
They mark our passage as a race of men,
Earth will not see such ships as those again.

The Ovens *

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

HE trailed along the cinder-track
Beside the sleek canal, whose black
Cold, slinking waters shivered back
Each frosty spark of starry light :
And each star pricked, an icy pin,
Through his old jacket worn and thin :
The raw wind rasped his shrinking skin
As if stark-naked to its bite ;
Yet, cutting through him like a knife,
It would not cut the thread of life ;
But only turned his feet to stones
With red-hot soles, that weighed like lead
In his old broken boots. His head,
Sunk low upon his sunken chest,
Was but a burning, icy ache
That strained a skull which would not break
To let him tumble down to rest.
He felt the cold stars in his bones ;
And only wished that he were dead,
With no curst searching wind to shred
The very flesh from off his bones—
No wind to whistle through his bones,
His naked, icy, burning bones :
When, looking up, he saw, ahead,
The far coke-ovens' glowing light
That burnt a red hole in the night.
And but to snooze beside that fire
Was all the heaven of his desire . . .
To tread no more this cursed track
Of cranching cinders, through a black
And blasted world of cinder-heaps,
Beside a sleek canal that creeps
Like crawling ice through every bone,
Beneath the cruel stars, alone

THE OVENS

With this hell-raking wind that sets
The cold teeth rattling castanets . . .
Yea, heaven, indeed, that core of red
In night's black heart that seemed quite dead.
Though still far off, the crimson glow
Through his chilled veins began to flow,
And fill his shrivelled heart with heat:
And, as he dragged his senseless feet,
That lagged as though to hold him back
In cold, eternal hell of black
With heaven before him, blazing red,
The set eyes staring in his head
Were held by spell of fire quite blind
To that black world that fell behind,
A cindery wilderness of death;
As he drew slowly near and nearer,
And saw the ovens glowing clearer—
Low-domed and humming hives of heat—
And felt the blast of burning breath
That quivered from each white-hot brick;
Till, blinded by the blaze, and sick,
He dropped into a welcome seat
Of warm white ashes, sinking low
To soak his body in the glow
That shot him through with prickling pain,
An eager agony of fire,
Delicious after the cold ache,
And scorched his tingling, frosted skin.
Then gradually the anguish passed;
And blissfully he lay, at last,
Without an unfulfilled desire,
His grateful body drinking in
Warm, blessed, snug forgetfulness.
And yet, with staring eyes awake,
As though no drench of heat could slake
His thirst for fire, he watched a red
Hot eye that burned within a chink
Between the bricks: while overhead
The quivering stream of hot, gold air
Surged up to quench the cold starlight.
His brain, too numbed and dull to think
Throughout the day, in that fierce glare
Awoke, at last, with startled stare
Of pitiless, insistent sight

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That stript the stark, mean, bitter strife
Of his poor, broken, wasted life,
Crippled from birth, and struggling on,
The last, least shred of hope long gone,
To some unknown, black, bitter end.
But, even as he looked, his brain
Sank back to sightless sloth again :
Then, all at once, he seemed to choke ;
And knew it was the stealthy stife
And deadly fume of burning coke
That filled his lungs, and seemed to soak
Through every pore, until the blood
Grew thick and heavy in his veins,
And he could scarcely draw a breath.
He lay, and murmured drowsily,
With closing eyes, " If this be death,
It's snug and easy . . . let it come . . .
For life is cold and hard . . . the flood
Is rising with the heavy rains
That pour and pour . . . that damned old drum,
Why ever can't they let it be . . .
Beat-beating, beating, beating, beat . . . "
Then, suddenly, he sat upright,
For, close behind him in the night,
He heard a breathing loud and deep,
And caught a whiff of burning leather.
He shook himself alive, and turned ;
And on a heap of ashes white,
O'ercome by the full blast of heat,
Where fieriest the dread blaze burned,
He saw a young girl stretched in sleep.
He sat awhile with heavy gaze
Fixed on her in a dull amaze,
Until he saw her scorched boots smoking :
Then, whispering huskily : " She's dying,
While I look on and watch her choking ! "
He roused, and pulled himself together ;
And rose, and went where she was lying :
And, bending o'er the senseless lass,
In his weak arms he lifted her,
And bore her out beyond the glare,
Beyond the stealthy, stifling gas,
Into the fresh and eager air :
And laid her gently on the ground

THE OVENS

Beneath the cold and starry sky;
And did his best to bring her round;
Though still, for all that he could try,
She seemed, with each deep-labouring breath,
Just brought up on the brink of death.
He sought, and found an icy pool,
Though he had but his cap to fill,
And bathed her hands and face, until
The troubled breath was quieter,
And her flushed forehead felt quite cool;
And then he saw an eyelid stir;
And shivering she sat up at last,
And looked about her sullenly.
"I'm cold . . . I'm mortal cold," she said;
"What call had you to waken me?
I was so warm and happy, dead . . .
And still those staring stars!" Her head
Dropt in her hands; and thick and fast
The tears came with a heavy sobbing
He stood quite helpless while she cried;
And watched her shaken bosom throbbing
With passionate, wild, weak distress,
Till it was spent. And then she dried
Her eyes upon her singed black dress;
Looked up, and saw him standing there,
Wondering, and more than half afraid.
But now, the nipping, hungry air
Took hold of her, and struck fear dead.
She only felt the starving sting
That must, at any price, be stayed;
And cried out: "I am famishing!"
Then from his pocket he took bread
That he had been too weak and sick
To eat o'ernight; and eager-eyed,
She took it timidly, and said:
"I have not tasted food two days."
And as he waited by her side,
He watched her with a quiet gaze;
And saw her munch the broken crust
So gladly, seated in the dust
Of that black desert's bitter night,
Beneath the freezing stars, so white
And hunger-pinched; and at the sight
Keen pity touched him to the quick;

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Although he never said a word,
Till she had finished every crumb.
And then he led her to a seat
A little closer to the heat,
But well beyond the deadly stife.
And in the ashes, side by side,
They sat together, dazed and dumb,
With eyes upon the ovens' glare,
Each looking nakedly on life.
And then, at length, she sighed, and stirred :
Still staring deep and dreamy-eyed
Into the whitening, steady glow.
With jerky, broken words and slow,
And biting at her finger-ends,
She talked at last; and spoke out all
Quite open-heartedly, as though
There were not any stranger there—
The fire and he, both bosom-friends.
She'd left her home three months ago—
She, country-born and country-bred,
Had got the notion in her head
That she'd like city-service best . . .
And so no country place could please . . .
And she had worried without rest
Until, at last, she got her ends;
And, wiser than her folk and friends,
She left her home among the trees . . .
The trees grew thick for miles about
Her father's house . . . the forest spread
As far as ever you could see . . .
'And it was green, in summer, green . . .
Since she had left her home, she'd seen
No greenness could compare with it . . .
And everything was fresh and clean,
'And not all smutched and smirched with smoke . . .
They burned no sooty coal and coke,
But only wood logs, ash and oak . . .
And by the fire at night they'd sit . . .
'Ah! wouldn't it be rare and good
To smell the sappy, sizzling wood,
Once more; and listen to the stream
That runs just by the garden-gate . . .
'And often, in a winter spate,
She'd wakened from a troubled dream,

THE OVENS

And lain in bed, and heard it roar;
And quaked to hear it, as a child . . .
It seemed so angry, and so wild—
Just mad to sweep the house away!
And now, it was three months or more
Since she had heard it, on the day . . .
The day she left . . . and Michael stood . . .
He was a woodman, too, and he
Worked with her father in the wood . . .
And wanted her, she knew . . . but she
Was proud, and thought herself too good
To marry any country lad . . .
'Twas queer to think she'd once been proud—
And such a little while ago—
A beggar, wolfing crusts! . . . The pride
That made her quit her countryside
Soon left her stranded in the crowd . . .
And precious little pride she had
To keep her warm these freezing days
Since she had fled the city-ways
To walk back home . . . aye! home again:
For, in the town, she'd tried in vain,
For honest work to earn her bread . . .
At one place, they'd nigh slaved her dead,
And starved her, too; and, when she left,
Had cheated her of half her wage;
But she'd no means to stop the theft . . .
And she'd had no more work to do . . .
Two months since, now . . . it seemed an age!
How she had lived, she scarcely knew . . .
And still, poor fool, too proud to write
To home for help, until, at length,
She'd not a penny for a bite,
Or pride enough to clothe her back . . .
So she was tramping home, too poor
To pay the train-fare . . . she'd the strength,
If she'd the food . . . but that hard track,
And that cold, cruel, bitter night
Had taken all the heart from her . . .
If Michael knew, she felt quite sure . . .
For she would rather drop stone-dead
Than live as some . . . if she had cared
To feed upon the devil's bread,
She could have earned it easily . . .

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She'd pride enough to starve instead,
Aye, starve, than fare as some girls fared . . .
But, that was all behind . . . and she
Was going home . . . and yet, maybe,
If they'd a home like hers, they, too,
Would be too proud . . . she only knew
The thought of home had kept her straight,
And saved her ere it was too late.
She'd soon be home again . . .

And now

She sat with hand upon her brow;
And did not speak again nor stir.

And, as he heard her words, his gaze
Still set upon the steady glare,
His thoughts turned back to city-ways;
And he remembered common sights
That he had seen in city nights;
And, once again, in early June,
He wandered through the midnight street;
And heard those ever-pacing feet
Of young girls, children yet in years,
With gaudy ribbons in their hair,
And shameless fevered eyes astare,
And slack lips set in brazen leers,
Who walked the pavements of despair,
Beneath the fair, full summer moon . . .
Shadowed by worn out, wizened hags,
With claw-hands clutching filthy rags
About old bosoms, shrunk and thin,
And mouths aleer without a tooth,
Who dogged them, cursing their sleek youth
That filched their custom and their bread . . .
Then, in a reek of hot gas-light,
He stood where, through the summer night,
Half-dozing in the stifling air,
The greasy landlord, fat with sin,
Sat, lolling in his easy chair,
Just half-way up the brothel stair,
To tax the earnings they brought in,
And hearken for the policeman's tread . . .

Then, shuddering back from that foul place
And turning from the ovens' glare,

THE OVENS

He looked into her dreaming face;
And saw green, sunlit woodlands there,
And waters flashing in between
Low-drooping boughs of summer green.

And, as he looked, still in a dream
She murmured, "Michael would, she knew . . .
Though she'd been foolish . . . he was true,
As true as steel, and fond of her" . . .
And then she sat with eyes agleam,
In dreaming silence, till the stir
Of cold dawn shivered through the air;
When, twisting up her tumbled hair,
She rose, and said she must be gone.
Though she'd still far to go, the day
Would see her well upon her way . . .
And she had best be jogging on,
While she'd the strength . . . and so, Good-bye.

And as, beneath the paling sky,
He trudged again the cinder-track
That stretched before him, dead and black,
He muttered: "It's a chance the light
Has found me living still . . . and she—
She, too . . . and Michael . . . and through me!
God knows whom I may wake to-night."

The Wonder-Child

By Ethel Clifford

THE night the wonder-child was born I heard
A fitful calling, as of some wild bird
Some sudden wind, that went about the hill
With cadenced sorrow and with laughter shrill.
When morning showed the child my heart knew night
For both his eyes were sealed against the light.

What have I mothered? From what hidden spring
Drew he his being, that strange elfin thing?
Whence came he? Was the gate of horn ajar?
Or did he journey from some flaming star?
Or, fathered by the wind and born of rain,
Had he known earth long since, and come again?

His ivory lids were closed. And still he knew
The gleam of gossamers bestarred with dew,
The froward starling's iridescent sheen,
The iris skies of dawn, the pool's still green.
He found the earliest bud that pierced the sod
And spoke of colour as men speak of God.

His ivory lids were closed. But to and fro
He saw the elemental beings go,
The spirits of the storm and of the sea,
The dancing fauns, the dryad in the tree,
With all glad goddesses and garden sprites.
He ran to me with tales of their delights.

With "Beauty sleeps beneath the apple-tree,"
Or, "Silence came to-night and sang to me."
Or, passing through the orchard, down would kneel
And cry, with tender hands outstretched to feel
The fallen blossoms that the storm had thinned,
"Look, Mother, see the footprints of the Wind."

THE WONDER-CHILD

Nothing I saw; though often in the room
I lay in silent tension in the gloom,
Watching, lest I might see some spirit pale;
Listening, lest I might hear a trailing veil.
Nothing I heard; until the night he came
With, "Mother, listen, Sorrow cries your name."

I held his slender shape against my heart
And listened. All the shadowed world seemed part
Of one great symphony that sang of grief.
The wind, the clouds, and every moving leaf
Sang of the road whereof I had no choice.
And, suddenly, my heart heard Sorrow's voice.

All night the child lay close against my side
But when the morning came his body died.
Then, as I went to seek the garden air,
I saw the idle dreams upon the stair,
And Hope, black-veiled, sat weeping by my flame,
And all day long grey Sorrow cried my name.

A Page of Pliny

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

My friend McFarlane lived in a curious old house, far from the world. When you had driven up the long, neglected avenues, you felt that you could pass your life there happily, just as some kind of sailors must have felt when they had been marooned upon a lonely island lost in the South Seas. He and his wife, a studious woman, but yet with an adventurous strain, lived quietly as was befitting to their narrow circumstances, due to the fall in agricultural values, which in those days had just begun.

Tall, thin, and freckled, McFarlane had no Scottish accent in his speech, only that faint and whining intonation which reminds one of the wind running out of the chanter of a bagpipe after a Lament. "I would like to tell you," he once said, "of my one excursus into the romantic—that is, if when you have heard the tale you think it worthy of the name." I had known miners up and down the world; had seen them in the Sierra Madre, in Arizona, at the Real de Famatima, in Spain, in Portugal, and in Africa, and knew they all imagined that they held Golconda at the sharp end of their picks, if they were poor, and that their mine was the best in the whole world if they were rich.

So I pricked up my ears, and said, Go on, let's hear about it. McFarlane, after he had lighted up his pipe, slowly began to talk.

"In my old house there were two upright bookcases in the recesses of the long, low Adams' room, with its four pillars, its double fireplaces, its five great windows, and its look-out on the steep terraces, and rushy parks, in which grew islands of plane-trees and of limes, with here and there a wind-swept birch, whose roots, laid bare by winter rains, were honeycombed with rabbit-holes. Beyond the belts of planting, between which ran the public road, was a round hill planted with beech-trees, and further on, or rather flowing up against its side, as if it were a sea, a billowing, brown moss.

A PAGE OF PLINY

"Time sometimes hung a little heavy on my hands in the long spells of rain which visited that portion of the world . . . although you know," my friend observed, after the fashion of so many of his countrymen, "our climate is no worse than that of England, after all.

"The damp exuded from the walls and furniture all 'bloomed' . . . that was the word the housemaids used to use . . . showing a kind of bluish moisture, and grates turned red with rust. At such times, far from a town, and when old favourites had been read, re-read, and put away, one set about exploring one of those books that all men have upon their bookshelves, which they have never read, and yet know the outside, the binding, and the lettering on the backs so well that they have but to shut their eyes to see them in their own particular place in some old room, although the books themselves have long been sold, and perhaps now lie blistering in the sun upon a tray outside a shop . . . they that in times gone by were dusted once a week, and cared for almost as if they were alive.

"Such a book there was, in folio, which always stood upon a lower shelf between Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* and Gerard's *Herbal*.

"Parkinson stood a little further on, with Sir James Hope's *Scottish Fencing Master*, *The Parfait Marschal*, and a tall Montaigne, which had been bought in Paris from a lead box upon the quays.

"Andrade's *Arte da Cavalheiria*, and Garcilasso de la Vegas' *History of Peru*, a folio Bible (seldom read), Douglas's *Peerage*, and Nisbet's *Heraldry*, almost made up the shelf.

"The book in question . . . (two volumes folio), was bound in sheepskin, with the name on the back, done with a thick quill pen, a rose below the lettering as an ornament, and a small piece of sheepskin gone from near the top of Volume II., leaving the threads that bound the leaves together exposed to daylight, an accident which, like the sticking of the curtain at a theatre, always seems to let you peer, as it were indelicately, into the secrets of a life which, to be held at its true value, should be inviolate.

"The hand-drawn lettering set forth in Spanish that the two bulky volumes were the works of Pliny. Inside, upon the title-page, it appeared that in addition to the *Natural History* were commentaries by Fray Geronimo de Huerta, Familiar of the Holy Office of the Inquisition.

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These commentaries were in the way of additions, and contained facts that the heathen writer did not know, as they had happened after his decease.

"Books like the Spanish Pliny are not to be embarked upon without consideration, so I, the owner of it, after unfastening the little loops of catgut into which fitted two small shells as buttons, looked at the title-page and saw that the Holy Office had approved and certified the work.

"In addition, the rector of Salamanca of that day, the King's confessor, and several reverend churchmen had read the book and had approved it, finding, as they said, 'that although written by a heathen, it contained nothing subversive of morality, or anything which we find ourselves forced to condemn, so that it may go forth and be sold here in the Court, and generally throughout the Spains, the Indies, and in the other realms of his most gracious Majesty the King.'

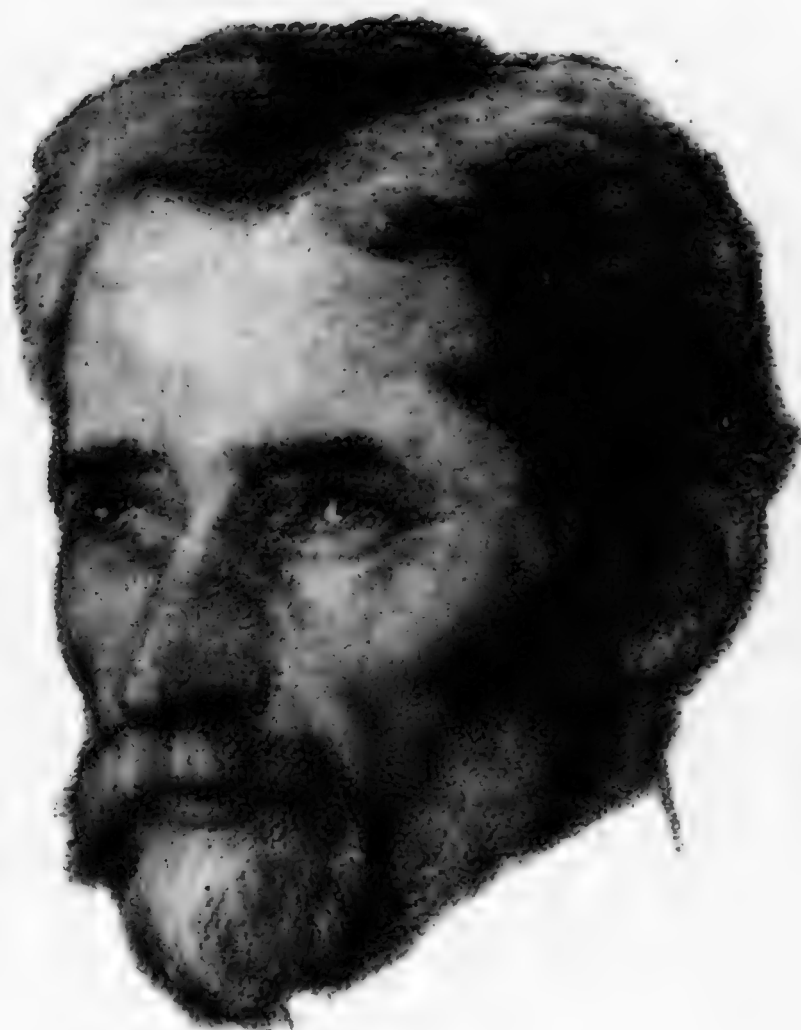
"Four or five prefaces and forewords from various scholar-clerics introduced one by degrees to Pliny's work; but slowly and as if the writers only stopped because had they gone on they would have written the whole book. In a spell of bad weather no book could possibly be more appropriate than was the Pliny with its two portly tomes.

"Long had I swithered, as we say beyond the Tweed, about the matter, being well aware that, in any case, probably it was not only the first step that counted, but that the second and each succeeding one would be as heavy as the last. Long did I dally with the first volume, reading the various prefaces and the 'censuras,' and wondering how anyone could possibly have piled so many words on one another without at last being forced to say something or other, if only by mistake.

"Then looking at the introduction, and being struck, as always is the case when I now look at the old book and smile at the adventure which grew out of my first attempt at reading it, by the fact that Pliny was a gentleman, I turned the leaves over in the perfunctory way that one is apt to fall into upon a rainy day. I remember too, how, given the state of natural history of the time, it struck me that the knowledge Pliny had about the various birds and beasts, plants, planets, stones, and minerals that he describes, was accuracy itself compared to the additions of the Spanish monk, who thought that he was bringing Pliny up to date, with his dull commentaries.

Portrait of W. H. Hudson by Will. Rothenstein.

Portrait of W. H. Hudson by Will Rollenstein



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A PAGE OF PLINY

"I soon got tired of reading it, and made it over to my wife. She read and annotated, after her custom, and in a day or two asked me if I remembered hearing of a Roman gold mine in Galicia, upon a journey we had made.

"The thing had slipped my memory, though when she spoke of it I thought I had heard something of the sort, in a vague kind of way.

"So she took up the Spanish Pliny and read me out a passage, in which the writer talked of a gold mine in Lusitania, which, of course, in his days comprised Galicia. Then I remembered how the country people used to go down to the sands upon the River Sil and wash for gold, and an infinity of stories we had heard, near Carracedo, a little village by a lake, not very far from Villa Franca in the Vierzo, a most neglected part of Spain, twenty or thirty years ago.

"Well, well, my wife in half a moment had perceived the connection, intimate and quite complete, between the page of Pliny and the tales the Spanish peasantry had told us on the River Sil." He said this, proud of his clever wife, not that for a single moment he appeared to have been deceived by her quick jump to the end of the long chain and her omission of the links. These he saw clearly were all wanting; but yet he knew his wife's perception and quick intuition were superior to his own, and he was Scotch enough to know when he was outclassed, although no doubt in the realm of things that can be acquired he thought himself omniscient, after the fashion of his race.

So he resumed, half smiling, and yet pleased both with himself and her. "Nothing would content my wife but that I should go at once and find the gold mine, which she was certain by the system that she had of mental triangulation would be there waiting for me.

"She said, not without reason, I confess, that nobody in Spain had ever heard of Pliny but as a troublesome historian about whom boys were bothered when at school, and that although throughout the district, which she remembered now was called the Val de Orras, traditions lingered, no one had thought of making a survey. I, who knew Spain as well as she did, thought there was something in her arguments, but still was unconvinced about the mine.

"Yet, there is something in the confidence of one you live with that, if it does not at once impel belief, still keeps your mind upon the stretch. In the evening, several days

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later, when we were sitting in the long drawing-room, which on the one side of the house was flush with the carriage-drive, and on the other raised ten or twelve feet above the terraces, the petroleum lamps casting dark shadows, for we had done away with our gasometer (my father's joy) as not being artistic, and sat in semi-darkness, blowing the half-green logs of wood that seethed and spluttered in the grate, we fell a-talking of the passage that my wife had found.

"Man," said my friend, with one of those half lapses into the vernacular that Scotchmen use amongst themselves when they wish either to disarm criticism or capture sympathy, "it may have been the loneliness of the old house, the moonlight streaming in at one of the five windows—neither myself nor yet my wife ever drew blinds or curtains—or maybe it was that by the firelight a proposition seems more convincing than in the light of day . . . at least, I think so.

"All that I do know is that we agreed that evening that I should go and find the place where Pliny said the Romans drew much of their gold in Spain.

"We laughed, I mind it well, although it was so many years ago, and my wife had not a single silver thread in that bonny head of hair of hers, as black as a crow's wing."

"Time flies," and as he spoke he looked into the glass above the mantelpiece, as if he wished to mark its hand upon himself; and then, as one who, after gazing in a crystal ball, sees a sad vision in it, sighed and took up his tale.

"How well I see us sitting by the fire in our old lonely house that evening, with all our dogs about us. When we had once got the thing settled in our minds, the next step was to get a mining engineer, for I knew nothing about mines, though I had lived in places in Mexico where mysterious strangers used to come up to you, and, after looking round to see that no one had their eye upon them, produce a dirty packet from the recesses of their rags, and after taking off a dozen bits of paper, show you a piece of dull red-looking rock, and say that it was 'plata piña,' the richest specimen known to the world, and that for a consideration they would impart its whereabouts and make you a rich man. They never would explain, when they had a treasure such as they swore they knew of, why they were

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always in such poverty, so I concluded they were all philanthropists and did not care for gold.

"My wife knew of an engineer, one Thomas Garnard, whom she had met in some forgotten place in Spain. As he lived in Madrid, and fortune had not smiled upon him, he seemed the very man.

"He wrote and said that he would meet me at Orense, for with the care that people quite inexperienced in business always take in matters such as these, we had not informed him, but in vague terms, of our projected search.

"I confess when I found myself on board the steamer bound for Vigo, with a treatise upon placer-mining in my bag, I felt inclined to laugh.

"I read the mining treatise, and made little of it, and then took out my pocket-book and conned the passage we had copied out of Pliny, and found it vaguer in the full light of day, than it had seemed at home in the dark Georgian room. However, there was nothing to be done, and in a twinkling, as it seemed, the vessel passed the narrow channel between the islands that guard Vigo harbour, and ran into the bay. Little by little she opened up the town clustering upon its hill, and dominated by the two fangless castles, looking like blind lions, impotent, but awful to behold.

"The great black rock of the Cabrón, the long and winding channel up to the Lazaretto, I saw just for a moment, as the vessel turned and steamed up to her anchorage, and then the Monte de la Guia, crowned with its hermitage, seemed to project and shut them out of view. I went ashore, almost, as we say, in a dwawm, and heard mechanically the boys who always cluster round a foreigner, all screaming out, 'I say.' Nothing had altered. The Guardias Civiles stood in their glazed three-cornered hats and their green worsted gloves, impassive, motionless, and looking like the law embodied. No one could possibly have ever been so law-respecting as they looked. The bullock-carts, with their high wicker sides and solid wheels, looking like Roman carts upon a coin of Hadrian, still creaked along, although, as I was told, the new Alcalde contemplated putting out an order that the axles should be greased. Still, as of yore, some horses played upon the green beside the sea, although a nasty little public garden, with young magnolias, dusty oleanders, a stuccoed fish-

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pond and a fountain with a boy struggling with a goose, so much distorted that the boy looked like an abortion in a jar, and the goose seemed like a bladder full of lard, had filched a portion of the ground. The usual dollar passed me through the custom house, and sitting down upon a plaster bench in the new garden, I observed with pleasure that the wreck of the three-masted schooner, which I knew had lain just at high-water mark upon the shore for the last twenty years, was still almost intact, although some of her copper had been torn away, leaving a rent upon her side. Gone was the Alameda, with its tall elm-trees, and in its place a walk the natives called El Bulevar, with a tin kiosk, where newspapers should have been sold had there been anyone to buy them, and on its paths a man or two wandered about discontentedly, carrying those tall tin cylinders with a small roulette board upon the top, selling the wafers known as 'barquillas,' the joy of nurserymaids and their attendant swains in every Spanish town.

"These signs of want of progress gave me courage, for I argued, if here in Vigo, in this place, which after all is a provincial capital, things never seem to change, how much less likely is there to be change out in the district where the mine was situated. So after breakfast, which, though the waiter told me that it would be ready shortly after twelve, was only served at half-past one, I took the train for Orense, where I had arranged to meet my mining engineer.

"The line followed the harbour, running by Redondela and breaking off through some wild moors, past oak woods, maize fields, vineyards, and little brown-roofed towns; now passing mountain Calvaries, with their stone crosses overgrown with lichen, and then by streams upon whose banks women were washing in the sun.

"We passed by Rivadavia, which lay sweltering in the heat, and towards evening, in a cloud of dust, slowly steamed into Orense, with the rough jolting on the ill-closed points, well known on Spanish trains. A grateful coolness was just setting in as I drove rattling and jingling through the streets, passing the lofty bridge, one of the wonders of the place. The proverb says, 'Three things Orense has, the like of which are not in Spain. Its Bridge, its Christ, and its three Boiling Springs, the Burgas'; and it is true enough.

"The heat was tropical, and the inhabitants all were

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sitting at their doors, exhausted by their battle with the sun, to catch the evening breeze.

"Men sat on chairs, tilted against the walls, with their shirt-collars loosened, and women leaned from windows, pale and exhausted, while in the shade lay panting yellow dogs, snapping occasionally at flies as they buzzed round their jaws. I reached the inn begrimed with perspiration and with dust, and as I did so I was greeted by a man, who grasped my hand and welcomed me to Orense, which he remarked was just as hot as Lima or as the hob of hell. I guessed that he was Garnard, and in a moment he had introduced himself, shoving a limp and dirty card into my hand. On it I read, in faintish lettering, the legend, 'Tomas Garnard,' and an address in Lima, which had had a pen drawn through it, and 'Horno de la Mata, 17, Madrid,' inserted in its stead.

"When I had read it carefully and handed him my own, we went into the inn, dined and then talked, until the small hours of the night, about the Roman mine.

"Don Tomas Garnard was a man to whom life was a fairy tale. Nothing astonished him if it was only wild enough; but on the other hand the merely credible did not appeal to him, and he subjected it to strict examination, finding it, as a general rule, impossible and not worthy of belief.

"He had met my wife at an hotel in Lima . . . I mean Madrid, he added . . . and talked with her about the district where we now found ourselves, and she had told him of the legends she had heard amongst the peasantry. He knew no Latin, except the names of minerals, but when I read the passage I had copied out at home he became fired at once, though I confess, each time I read the words, they seemed less definite.

"Next morning saw us in the diligence, on a hot morning, one of the hottest I remember in my life, jolting towards the Val de Orras, but luckily seated beside the driver in what is known as the pescante, a kind of hood, from which he kept up a perpetual fire of oaths and blows and cigarettes, lighting a fresh one from the last one smoked all through the livelong day. His assistant, an active-looking lad, got down occasionally, even although the coach was going at full speed, and taking out a handful of well-chosen pebbles from his sash, threw them with great precision at the mules, and then laying one hand upon the

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rail, leaped back into his seat. Inside, the unlucky passengers were packed like sardines, and all day long, across the dusty plains, up barren hills, on which the stones reflected back the heat, we jingled noisily. Now and again the old rope harness broke, and we stopped half an hour to get it spliced, and then jogged on again.

"Sometimes we crawled along at a foot pace, and then again rushed down a hillside madly, the diligence swaying and rocking like a ship at sea and lurching on stones. When we changed horses we all got down, and smoked and drank a little *aguardiente*, tossing it off and swallowing water after it, for it was hot as fire.

"We stopped and dined in a small inn at a four-cross-road, and as the food was cooking at a huge, open fireplace in the great dining-room, I listened to the vicissitudes of my new friend's life in the Andean mining camps, and gathered that he had brought more treasure home from the New World in knowledge of mankind, than in mere specie. However, he appeared skilled in his own profession, and certainly was most agreeable as a travelling companion, and well endowed with all that optimism which but intensifies in every miner as he gets on in life.

"Late in the evening the diligence jogged into a little town, the horses and the mules dead beat, and all the passengers shaken like walnuts in a sack, stiff, bruised and sore, dusty and travel-stained."

My friend McFarlane paused in his tale, and looking at me said, "I wish you could have seen me with my mining engineer, seated at the long table under the evil-smelling lamp, with the heterogeneous company that assembles for dinner in the best inn of a small Spanish town. One or two Government officials, an officer or two, with several commercial travellers and a priest, were the sole company on this occasion, and, as was not unnatural, their curiosity was aroused as to the reason that could have brought two foreigners, evidently not travelling to sell goods, to a place so remote.

"We bumped into the little village of Carracedo in the afternoon, and saw the diligence go on, after it had changed horses, with something of the feeling that a man on a raft must have when a ship passes without perceiving him and leaves him to his fate.

"I tell you," said McFarlane, "I felt just like the Scotchman who was going to be hanged . . . you know the

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story . . . disgusted with the whole proceedings . . . there, on that afternoon.

"The whole thing was so utterly absurd, to have come so far about a mine that it was twenty-five to one never existed, or if it had, was worked out centuries ago and clean forgotten by mankind.

"However, there we were, I and my mining engineer, in the remote and tiny Spanish village, and the best thing we had to do was to take up our bags and walk into the inn. We watched the diligence on the straight, dusty road till it had vanished, and then turned to the innkeeper, a fat, broad-shouldered man in a short jacket edged with imitation astrakhan, a wide black sash round his tight trousers, and his feet shod with alpargatas, who gravely greeted us. Following him through the great store-room on the ground floor, which led into the stables at one end, we stumbled up a stair steep as a ladder, and were ushered to a room.

"Two iron beds, with vignettes of the Madonna at the head in coloured tin, the mattresses stuffed with dried maize leaves, two rickety rush-bottomed chairs, a wooden table, and a small washing-stand were the adornments of the place—not much, but yet sufficient for the wants of the stray guests who visited the inn.

"‘Here can your worships rest,’ our host remarked, and left us to ourselves. Don Tomas Garnard, as by this time I called the mining engineer, rose to the occasion, and after saying that a tambo in the Andes of Peru was ten times worse, and that at least we had the sun in Carracedo, opened the window, and we looked out upon the hills.

"Groves of great chestnut-trees covered them, clothing the slopes with a thick veil of green. Through the thick copse, the bright red soil appeared as if the ground was bleeding, and above the trees stretched the brown hillside, covered with cistus and with thyme, which gave a scent so pungent and so keen that it filled all the air. Upon the other side stretched out the lake of Carracedo, broad, dark, and motionless. Great banks of bulrushes seemed to fence it in, and through them lanes were cut, in which lay several flat-bottomed boats, and, nearer to the shore, cattle were standing knee-deep in the water, with their tails lashing off the flies.

"In the far distance rose the Asturian mountains, whilst a small river running near the inn tinkled amongst the stones.

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"It was a lovely landscape, just like an idyll by Theocritus; in it the vines hung from stone trellises, the husbandman at evening shouldering his plough, made from a piece of wood and tipped with iron, slowly walked homewards, smoking, and shepherds who piping on a reed were followed by their sheep without a dog to bark and worry at their heels, as in more favoured lands."

McFarlane sighed, and his mind seemed to dwell upon the sight of flocks in England driven towards the slaughter-houses with blows and curses, two or three bob-tailed dogs, far more humane, if not so human as their masters, urging them on to death.

He did not give his thoughts expression, and no doubt in every case the sheep's fate is to be eaten, just as the swimmer's is to be taken by the sea. "You mind," he said, "the Roman legionaries, when they got to the place—for after all the Val de Orras is not far from the famed river that they took for Lethe—they refused to cross, sat down, and but for their commanders would have beat their short broadswords either to ploughshares or to reaping-hooks."

I nodded, and he went on:

"Next morning, after a night I shall not easily forget, although the landlord denied with oaths that there were fleas, as if we thought of them, having seen the far too friendly little faces of much greater wonders of the insect world peer out at us from every quarter of the room, we dressed and wandered out.

"The Roman mine was a tradition of the place, well known to everyone, and in the River Sil after a flood people occasionally washed out a pan or two and got a little gold. This set my friend afire, and all the day he wandered up and down, jotting down what he heard in a crushed notebook, greasy and dog-eared, in order, as he said, to strike an average of the lies when he had panned them out.

"I wonder at myself," remarked McFarlane. "I do so now! I did so then! But by degrees the whole fantastic thing—scheme, expedition, or adventure, call it what you will—took hold of me, and I began half to believe I was about to make a fortune, half to believe I was a fool. Never in all my life, since my brief sojourn at the Sacatecas Mines, did I hear so much mining talk. Pay-dirt and bed-rock, gold in the quartz, in placer diggings, and many other terms of which I had no real idea of the true value, were always in my head. One morning Don Tomas came

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rushing in, roaring "Eureka!" but luckily more suitably attired than Archimedes, and explained that he had found a man who knew the Roman gold-mine, that it was three leagues off amongst the hills, and by the account must have been a great placer working in the old Roman times.

"For some strange reason, which I forget or disremember, for the two states of memory are very different, we arranged to start about an hour before the sun went down and camp amongst the hills. We left the village on mules, with a man following upon a donkey carrying provisions, late in the afternoon.

"Most of the inhabitants stood at their doors to see us start, for every living soul knew of our expedition, and the Roman mine had been a household word to all of them from their earliest youth, not much believed in, but still ever present to their minds.

"With the grave cynicism of Spanish peasants, they looked on us as madmen; but with the materialism of their race were quite prepared to take advantage of the fruits of our mad brains. In the meantime, the hire of the mules had been a godsend to them, for in the village hardly any money circulated, although for all that the inhabitants were as ready at a bargain as if they had been brought up on the Stock Exchange.

"Don Tomas Garnard . . . as he now styled himself with pride . . . went about making preparations as if he thought the mine was found, the money got together to exploit it, and that we were in some way benefactors of mankind, and deserved well of Spain. Speaking but little Spanish, and understanding less, he was immune from the disparaging remarks that fell so freely from the villagers, who, as is usually the case the whole world over, were critical just in proportion to their ignorance—a reflection artists of every kind may take for their own consolation when they read hostile comments on their work set forth with circumstance. Our landlord, who was a man who had a certain knowledge of the world, having often been in Lugo, and even visited Leon, looked on himself as an authority. We heard him saying, 'No, friends, I do not think these men are mad. They paid my bill in good, sound money, for I tested every piece. The madman does not pay. Therefore I think they must be really engineers, these Frenchmen, and it may be they will discover something beneficial to us all. Myself,

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I understand them well, having seen many of the French in Lugo, and I can vouch they both are honourable men.'

"This testimony did us much good, and I believe we started out upon that scorching afternoon, leaving the villagers in the same spirit of half-respectful admiration, tinged a little with contempt, that the inhabitants of Palos manifested towards Columbus, as he walked down to the beach to sail for the New World.

"The track we followed in the sweltering heat led upwards for a mile or two through chestnut woods, the bright red soil covered with banks of cistus in the open places, whose flowers looked like a flight of great white butterflies. The scent of thyme and rosemary penetrated to our souls, poignant and aromatic, as our beasts stumbled on the stones. Behind us, calling out 'Arré!' in a perfunctory way, our guide walked by his loaded donkey, smoking, and singing now and then a Ribeirana in a falsetto key. About half-way, just as we rested for a moment by a projecting rock, the light began to fail, and from the village rose the Angelus, just as a sheep-bell tinkles in the hills to warn the sheep that may be wandering that it is folding-time.

"The moon rose brilliantly, casting strange shadows on the wild path that we were following. Stones turned to boulders; dead stumps of trees to threatening figures pointing strange weapons at us in her distorting rays; and frogs and crickets filled the night with melody.

"After an hour or two of struggling upwards, the path got easier to travel, and led us out into a little open glade amongst some chestnut-trees.

"Our guide dismounted, for he had clambered up upon his beast and had been sitting sideways on the pack, let loose his donkey, hobbled its feet, and, drawing out his flint and steel, soon had a bright fire burning underneath a tree.

"When we had made some tea and smoked a cigarette, we strolled across the little clearing, and a most wondrous view, made still more marvellous by the moon's glittering beams, lay stretched beneath us, for the green glade ended abruptly in a precipice. Sheer down it went, and seemed unfathomable. It looked as if a monstrous bowl had been dug out of the red earth about a quarter of a mile across. A chestnut wood, dark and mysterious in the moonlight, covered the bottom of the bowl. The depth

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and the false perspective that the moonlight gave made it look like a carpet. Here and there in patches you could see the ground, and from the patches towered great pinacles of dark red earth three or four hundred feet in height.

"Upon their tops grew bushes, making them look like some fantastic vegetable. The moonbeams played upon them, magnifying and distorting them, and striking here and there upon a pebble in their sides, which sparkled brilliantly. So still was everything that we stood looking, awestruck, till the guide, advancing cautiously up to the edge, held out a lean, brown finger and said, 'That is the Roman mine.'

"I almost had to pinch myself to be sure I was awake, the whole thing was so strange. Here I was, a relatively sensible man, who after having left his house a thousand miles away, upon the wildest wild-goose chase imaginable, without an indication but a vague passage in a book written nearly two thousand years ago, and yet I heard our guide's remark, which he proffered quite as a thing of course, and with my eyes I gazed into the mighty chasm in the hill, that I at once saw was in some way or other the work of human hands. Don Tomas Garnard, on the contrary, saw at a glance the whole affair, and with a shout exclaimed, 'A placer working! What wonderful men the Romans were. In some way that I cannot see from here, they had washed down the whole hillside just as we do to-day.'

"I wandered up and down the clearing, smoking, but always coming back to the edge of the chasm, listening occasionally to Don Tomas, who had become almost ecstatic in his joy. 'To-morrow, when it is light,' he said, 'we must get down from this place where the idiot of a guide has brought us to, and get to work at once.' The night wore on, and just about the dawn the howling of a wolf deep in the hills just reached us, but clear enough to startle both the mules, who strained upon their ropes and trembled, and would have broken loose had we not quieted them.

"The world seemed just as far away as the fixed stars, and we ourselves felt as if all its inhabitants had disappeared, leaving alive only ourselves and the three animals, under the starry sky.

"Early next morning we began our work, after having got down to the level of the great placer digging by a winding path made by the goats in the hillside.

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"We found our guide, for reasons known but to himself, had brought us to the highest point, though on the other side of the great basin there was no precipice. Perhaps he thought the effect was better from the height, but anyhow the view into the corrie was magnificent, and from no other point could we have had the same sensation, when he said, 'There is the Roman Mine.'

"We had to move our camp, for the goats' track was not the most convenient path to use. So we established ourselves under a spreading chestnut-tree, and sent the guide back on a mule for more provisions, and then began to look the proposition (as Don Tomas said) in the face.

"At the first glance, that is, at the first glance to a man experienced in such things, the place had been worked systematically. Don Tomas pointed out the cuttings, waterways, and places where he said the Romans had their sluices, and I said, 'Yes,' to everything, and by degrees began to think that I was mad.

"Enthusiasm is so catching," said McFarlane, and smiled, half at himself, half at humanity in general. "Without it, where would have been the founders of religions, discoverers, prophets, and leaders of all kinds, who, after all, when they stood out and shouted 'follow me,' had nothing to depend upon except the trust that they excited in themselves. Anyhow, for the next day or two we washed out countless pans of dirt, hoping always that the Romans, who, I was assured by Don Tomas, must have worked in a primitive though scientific way—that is, for the times in which they lived—had left enough gold in the ground to make it worth our while to go and what is called denounce the mine, and claim it for ourselves. We washed and worked, prospecting all the ground as thoroughly as possible, Don Tomas walking over the whole basin just as a spaniel quarters a cover, and talking volubly about our prospects of success.

"He said if we could get only the colour, which I understood to mean the smallest particle of gold, that we should have enough to make our fortunes twenty times over, for in the hollow where the ancient workings lay there must have been ten acres at the least. Each time we washed a pan towards the end the same thing happened: Don Tomas grew excited, swearing that this time we were certain of it; and when each time nothing but fine red sediment remained, mixed with some little pebbles, he

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was quite certain that the next try was certain to give something better, and so the time wore on.

"For my part, the first day was quite sufficient; and though the enthusiasm of my companion had worked a little on my mind, and the site of the ancient placer-digging certainly stirred a vaguish kind of hope, I had had enough of it, and my back ached with washing out the pans. I had not told you that a small stream ran through the middle of the working, and on its edge we stood and washed until I grew to hate the very sight of the whole place, and it seemed that in all my life I had done nothing else but wash out mud in a tin pan, and then begin again.

"Still Don Tomas was not discouraged, for he maintained that the Romans, who had evidently disposed of water power by damming up all the streams in the district, for in our rambles we had found remains of ancient dams, had worked the surface dirt so clean that there was nothing we could get at by our rude attempts; but for all that, a scientific assay might reveal the presence of some gold.

"He argued that in the columns which were left standing, columns which neither of us could explain, there must be earth which never had been touched. Therefore, if in that basin there had once been gold, in the parts of it that never had been worked, some gold must still remain if we could hit upon it.

"As this seemed reasonable, we loaded up a mule with two great sacks of earth dug from the heart of one of the tall pillars, and after having taken a last look at the great corrie in the hill, its groves of chestnut trees, its bright red soil, its growth of cistus, and its banks of thyme, germander, and of rosemary, we loaded up our beasts with the remains of the provisions, our pots and kettles and our blankets with the abominable tin pans, and took our way to Carra-ceido, tired, eaten by mosquitoes, sunburned, with our hands blistered, and in that state of mind in which a man will quarrel with his dearest friend about the colour of a mule. However, Don Tomas was not a man to quarrel with, and as he sat upon his mule, his knees almost upon a level with his chin, his gaiters half-unbuttoned, a stick cut from a bush in his right hand, and the reins in his left all in a bunch, tugging continually at the beast's mouth, he looked so comical, with his red face, surrounded by a frill of greyish whisker, his keen grey eyes peering out on the

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world as if it were a mine to be prospected, one could not help but laugh, however much you were annoyed.

"All his talk ran upon what we should do in Lima, for he could never get out of his head that he was not still in Peru, and of the probabilities of our success. I let him talk, feeling that our success lay but in the experience we had acquired, and the possession of the view of the old Roman working, first seen by moonlight, from the lone clearing in the woods. Nothing could ever stamp that out, nothing destroy the wildness of the sound of the long-drawn-out howling of the wolf heard on that moonlit night.

"Soon we drew near the village, and if our setting out had been received but coldly, nothing could well have been more cordial than our welcome on our return. The villagers went immediately from one extreme right to the other, and when they saw the laden mule, the wildest rumours as to our success were set about at once. The little street was full—women stood at the doors, and children ran about like rabbits, whilst men stepped forward to congratulate us on having found the mine.

"The innkeeper hailed us as the saviours of the district, and after we had washed and had a meal, the precious sacks, having been put beneath the beds and the door locked, a sort of deputation of the chief inhabitants, with the priest at its head, appeared to interview us on all that we had seen.

"We sat down in the patio and called for wine, after having sent out to the estanco for cigars. The priest stepped forward, and, taking off his hat, harangued us briefly on the ancient Romans, on English energy, and on the wealth that he supposed would flow into the town when we had got the mine in order and once begun to work. He said that, owing to bad government, the state of parties, and the lack of confidence existing betwixt man and man, so contrary to the principles of our holy faith, Spain had gone through a period of decay. This, as a patriot, he deplored, and trusted that with the well-known energy of Englishmen . . . Spain, he observed, had always been the friend of England since Vilanton had come to help the Spaniards to expel the French . . . we should at least in Carraceido . . . that Carraceido which had always been well known for its patriotic principles . . . be enabled to remove the curse that lay upon our land.

"He thanked us both—me for my public spirit, and Don

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Tomas for that hard-headed shrewdness and engineering knowledge that distinguished him—and hoped that when Pactolus had poured a stream of gold into the place, two of the streets of the new town that would arise should bear our honourable names.

“The miller was more brief, and merely said he knew we had the gold, for he had seen the sacks upon the mule. No one could come to him, as he said, with celestial music; he was a practical and a hard-working man, but seeing is believing, and so he wished us luck, remarking that he cared little for the ancient Romans, who he had always understood were little better than the Moors, but in all cases, if they had been so foolish as to leave their gold up in the hills, it was a right and proper thing Christians should profit by their carelessness.

“We then drank gravely to the health of England and of Spain in a rough, heady, new, red wine, tasting of earth and pigskin, and lighting our cigars, long rolls of blackish-looking leaf that burned as if they had been dipped in nitre, tilted our chairs against the wall and fell a-talking as we smoked. Much did we say about the badness of the Government, the infamy of those in high estate, the price of bullocks at Brañuelas market, and other topics of the kind, till some went and fetched the music, which consisted of a man who played on a shrill pipe called the *dulzaina*, to the accompaniment of a little drum, on which the executant beat with his right hand just as the Arabs beat a tom-tom, and with his left scratched on the parchment with a stick. The noise was terrible, and echoed in the courtyard until the very walls appeared to tremble, and lasted for a full hour, until the players ceased as suddenly as they began, and, after tossing off their wine, deigned to accept of half a dollar, and retire, leaving us stupefied. As the performers went down the village street their deafening harmony by degrees became assuaged, and in the silent air, gradually became a curious mixture of the singing of a cricket and of the noise made by a water-mill, not disagreeable and quite in character with the half-savage nature of the place.

“Next morning found us with our luggage and our sacks waiting to take the diligence as it passed by the little inn. The landlord, who had been so surly and indifferent, had now become a friend. He shook us warmly by the hand, asking us to remember that Ildefonso Lopez was our friend and servant, and that he trusted on our return we would

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not forget him, for upon his part he accompanied us in spirit upon our mission to the Court, and wished us great success.

"When we had piled our things into the rickety, old coach, drawn by its four thin mules and an apocalyptic horse, and it began to jingle off, I looked back on the place which I had visited under such curious circumstances with the feeling of regret mingled with joy with which a shipwrecked sailor, who has been rescued by a passing ship, might look upon the island where he has spent so many lonely months, as it sinks back into the sea.

"Of course, I knew that the whole thing was finished, and was half sorry; but Don Tomas was still enthusiastic, and remained so until we watched the final process of the assay in the Mining College of Madrid.

"Needless to say, it proved infructuous, though I will not deny, as we watched the final firing down of our two sacks till they became a handful of red dust in the last crucible, that I was stirred by hope and fear in an unconscionable way."

McFarlane ceased. In the smoking-room of his old Georgian house the fire burned low upon the hearth, and its light flickered on the faces of his grim-visaged ancestors whose effigies adorned the walls and seemed to smile at him.

From the terraces outside came the low belling of a roe, and the long branches of the cedars, stirred gently by the breeze, looked almost human, as if their fingers wished to clutch at something, as they swayed to and fro.

McFarlane sighed, and, as he lit another cigarette, said quietly:

"Sometimes as I sit here alone, watching the moonbeams mingle with the fire, I fancy that I own a mine in which there are no shareholders, no calls for money, and which has no quotations of its stock. I work it, only by moonlight and with the help of the old Romans, and it yields millions to me, both in experience and recollection, as I await the day when the chief street in the regenerated Car-raceido shall bear my honourable name."

Meditation on Finality

By John Galsworthy

IN the Grand Canyon of Arizona, that most exhilarating of all natural phenomena, Nature has for once so focussed her effects that the result is a framed and final work of Art. For there, between two high lines of plateau, level as the sea, are sunk the wrought thrones of the innumerable gods, couchant, and forever revering, in their million moods of light and colour, the Master Mystery.

Having seen this culmination, I realise why many people either recoil before it, and take the first train home, or speak of it as a 'remarkable formation.' For, though mankind at large craves finality, it craves not the sort that bends the knee to Mystery. In nature and religion, in art and life, the common cry is: "Tell me precisely where I am, what doing, and where going! Let me be free of this fearful untidiness of not knowing all about it!" The favoured religions are surely those whose message is most finite. The fashionable professions—they that end us in assured positions. The most popular works of fiction, such as leave nothing to our imagination. And to this craving after prose, who would not be lenient, that has at all known life, with its usual predominance of our lower and less courageous selves, our almost constant hankering after the closed door and line of least resistance? We are continually begging to be allowed to know for certain; though, if our prayer were granted, and mystery no longer hovered our air, made blue the hills, and turned day into night, we should, as surely, wail at once to be delivered of that ghastliness of knowing things for certain!

Now, in Art, one would never quarrel with that living writer who demands of it the kind of finality implied in what he calls a 'moral discovery'—using, no doubt, the words in their widest sense. One would suggest, however, that such finality is not confined to positively discovering the true conclusion of premises laid down; but that it may also distil gradually, negatively, from the whole work, in

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a moral discovery, as it were, of Author. In other words, that permeation by an essential point of view, by temperament of author, may so unify and vitalise a work as to give it all the finality that need be required of Art. For the finality that is requisite to Art, be it positive or negative, is not the finality of dogma, nor the finality of fact, it is ever the finality of feeling—of a spiritual light, subtly gleaned by the spectator out of that queer luminous haze which one man's nature must ever be to others'. And herein, incidentally, it is that Art acquires also that quality of mystery more needful to it even than finality, since the mystery that wraps a work of art is the mystery of its maker, and the mystery of its maker is the difference between that maker's spirit and every other spirit.

But let me take an illustration of what I mean by these two kinds of finality that Art may have, and attempt to show that they are but two halves of the same thing. The term, 'a work of art,' will not be denied, I think, to that early novel of M. Anatole France, "Le Lys Rouge." Now, that novel has *positive* finality, since the spiritual conclusion from its premises strikes one as true. But neither will the term, 'a work of art,' be denied to the same writer's four "Bergeret" volumes, whose *negative* finality consists only in the temperamental atmosphere wherein they are soaked. Now, if the theme of "Le Lys Rouge" had been treated by Tolstoy, Meredith, or Turgenev, we should have had spiritual conclusions from the same factual premises so different from M. France's as prunes from prisms, and yet, being the work of equally great artists, they would, doubtless, have struck us as equally true. Is not, then, the positive finality of "Le Lys Rouge," though expressed in terms of a different craftsmanship, the same, in essence, as the negative finality of the "Bergeret" volumes? Are not both, in fact, nothing but flower of author true to himself? So long as the scent, colour, form of that flower is strong and fine enough to affect the senses of our spirit, the rest, surely, is academic—I would say, immaterial.

But here, in regard to Art, is where mankind at large comes on the field. "'Flower of author,'" it says, "'Senses of the spirit'! Phew! Give me something I can understand! Let me know where I am getting to!" In a word, it wants a finality different from that which Art can give. It will ask the artist, with irritation, what his solution, or his lesson, or his meaning, really is, having omitted

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to notice that he has been giving all the meaning that the poor creature can, in every sentence. It will demand to know why it was not told definitely what became of Charles or Mary in whom it had grown so interested; and will be almost frightened to learn that the artist knows no more than itself. And if by any chance it be required to dip its mind into a philosophy that does not promise it a defined position both in this world and the next, it will assuredly recoil, and with a certain contempt say: "No, sir! This means nothing to me; and if it mean anything to you—which I very much doubt—I am sorry for you!"

It must have facts, and again facts, not only in the present and the past, but in the future. And it demands facts of that, which alone cannot glibly give it facts. It goes on asking facts of Art, or rather, such facts as Art cannot give—for, after all, even 'flower of author' is fact in a sort of way.

Consider, for instance, Synge's masterpiece, "The Playboy of the Western World"! There is flower of author! What is it for mankind at large? An attack on the Irish character. A pretty piece of writing. An amusing farce. Enigmatic cynicism leading nowhere. A puzzling fellow wrote it! And mankind at large has little patience with puzzling fellows.

Few indeed want flower of author. Moreover, it is a quality that may well be looked for where it does not exist. To say, that the finality which Art requires is merely an enwrapping mood, or flower of author, is not by any means to say that any robust fellow slamming his notions down in ink, can give us these. Indeed, no! So long as we see the author's proper person in his work, we do not see the flower of him. He must retreat himself, before we take him for an artist. There is no less of subtle skill, no less impersonality, in the "Bergeret" volumes than in "Le Lys Rouge." No less labour and mental torturing went to their making, page by page, in order that they might exhale their perfume of mysterious finality, their withdrawn but implicit judgment. Flower of author is not quite so common as the buttercup, the Californian poppy, or the gay Texan gaillardia, and for that very reason, the finality it gives off will never be robust enough for a mankind at large that would have scent bottled, and labelled in thick letters. For, consider—to take one phase alone of this demand for

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factual finality—how continual and insistent is the cry for characters that can be worshipped; how intense and persistent the desire to be told that Charles was a real hero; and how bitter the regret that Mary was no better than she should be! Mankind at large wants heroes that are heroes, and heroines that are heroines—and nothing so inappropriate to them as unhappy endings.

Travelling away, I remember, from that Grand Canyon of Arizona, were a young man and a young woman, evidently in love. He was sitting very close to her, and reading aloud, for her pleasure, from a paper-covered novel, heroically oblivious of every other person:

“‘Sir Robert,’ she murmured, lifting her beauteous eyes, ‘I may not tempt you, for you are too dear to me!’ Sir Robert held her lovely face between his two strong hands. ‘Farewell!’ he said, and went out into the night. But something told them both that when he had fulfilled his duty, Sir Robert would return.” . . . He had not returned before we reached the Junction, but there was finality about that baronet, and we well knew that he ultimately would. And, long after the sound of that young man’s faithful reading had died out of our ears, we meditated on Sir Robert, and compared him with the famous characters of fiction, slowly perceiving that they were none of them so final in their heroism as he. No, none of them reached that apex. For Hamlet was a most unfinished fellow, and Lear extremely violent. Pickwick addicted to punch, and Sam Weller to lying. Bazarof actually a Nihilist, and Irina—! Levin and Anna, Pierre and Natasha, all of them stormy and unsatisfactory at times. ‘Un Cœur Simple’ nothing but a servant, and an old maid at that; ‘Saint Julien l’Hospitalier’ a sheer fanatic. Colonel Newcome too irritable and too simple altogether. Don Quixote certified insane. Hilda Wangel, Nora, Hedda—Sir Robert would never even have spoken to such baggages! Monsieur Bergeret—an amiable weak thing! D’Artagnan—a true swashbuckler! Tom Jones, Faust, Don Juan—we might not even think of them. And those poor Greeks: Prometheus—shocking rebel. Œdipus—for a long time banished by the Censor. Phædra and Elektra, not even so virtuous as Mary, who failed of being what she should be! And coming to more familiar persons—Joseph and Moses, David and Elijah, all of them lacked his finality of true heroism—none could

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quite pass muster beside Sir Robert. . . . Long we meditated, and, reflecting that an author must ever be superior to the creatures of his brain, were refreshed to think that there were so many living authors capable of giving birth to Sir Robert; for, indeed, Sir Robert and finality like his—no doubtful heroes, no flower of author, and no mystery—is what mankind at large has always wanted from Fiction, and will always want.

As truly as that oil and water do not mix, there are two kinds of men. The main cleavage in the whole tale of life is a subtle, all-pervading division of mankind into the man of facts and the man of feeling. And not by what they are, or do, can they be told one from the other, but just by their attitude towards finality. Fortunately most of us are neither quite the one nor quite the other. But between the pure-blooded of each kind there is real antipathy, far deeper than the antipathies of race, politics, or religion—an antipathy that not circumstance, love, goodwill, or necessity can ever quite get rid of. Sooner shall the panther agree with the bull, than that other one with the man of facts. There is no bridging the gorge that divides these worlds.

Nor is it so easy to tell, of each, to which world he belongs, as it was to place the lady who held out her finger over that gorge called Grand Canyon, and said:

"It doesn't look thirteen miles; but they measured it just there! Excuse my pointing!"

“The Folk-Song Fallacy”

A Reply*

By Cecil Sharp

I AM not surprised that the first serious and reasoned attack upon the advocates of the folk-song should come from the pen of Mr. Ernest Newman, for there have not been wanting indications in his writings of a growing irritation with their claims. No one, however, will, I am sure, resent the appearance in the lists of so redoubtable and uncompromising a critic. If their case is a valid one, opposition will strengthen, not destroy it. The question is of national interest and merits discussion.

Stripped of all that is subsidiary to the main issue, Mr. Newman's indictment amounts to this:—the assertion that there is no such thing as nationalism in music or, indeed, in anything else; that so-called national traits are mythical; that such expressions as the typical Frenchman, the typical Englishman, and so forth, are merely “high-sounding terms,” “loose generalisations,” which, upon close examination, mean just nothing at all; that “truly great artists are citizens of the world,” and, as such, express those feelings only which lie beneath the level of superficial distinctions, such as nationality.

It will be seen that Mr. Newman realises that if he sets out to deny the reality of a national musical idiom, he must, logically, go a step further and deny the existence of all national characteristics; for, if a nation has distinctive attributes, these must manifest themselves in its music as in everything else. Mr. Newman is thus a whole-hogger, and refuses, point blank, to admit that the Englishman, say, possesses any distinctive qualities by means of which he may be differentiated from the Frenchman or the Spaniard.

Surely this statement carries on the face of it its own refutation. Indeed, Mr. Newman is so hard put to it that he has to fall back upon the difficulty of definition.

* See THE ENGLISH REVIEW, May, 1912.

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"Define your terms," he says in effect, "state precisely what you mean by nationality. Produce your typical Englishman, your typical German."

Now, I do not pretend that it is easy to define in set terms what is meant by a national characteristic. We can, however, say of it, what Lord Morley said of the elephant, that although we cannot define it we recognise it when we come across it. Our conception of *the* German, say, is, of course, an abstraction, a deduction, what mathematicians call the greatest common measure of a large number of more or less dissimilar units. It may well be that it is impossible to produce the typical Frenchman, to point to him in the flesh; the norm is rarely to be found. A typical English summer's day may not occur for years, although we may be favoured with many days on this or that side of the type, from which our conception is deduced. Or, to take a simpler illustration, a cricketer's average may represent a score which he has never actually compiled in a single innings throughout the season.

Had Mr. Newman evaded the general question, and contented himself, however illogically, with questioning the reality of a national musical idiom, he would, probably, have found many to share his hesitation. For music, in that it is intelligible to all listeners irrespective of nationality, is often called a cosmopolitan language, and, on this account, regarded as the one art in which national peculiarities can find no expression. But, in this quality of universal intelligibility, the art of painting is on all fours with music; and yet art critics find no difficulty in distinguishing between the products of the different schools of painting, the pictures of the Italian school, for example, from those of the Dutch. The fact is that music is a cosmopolitan language only so far as the listener, not the composer, is concerned; and each nation uses it in its own distinctive way. For proof of this you have only to glance at the music produced by the several nations of Europe to discern upon each the impress of the national stamp.

And see the absurdities to which this amazing denial leads! If nationality counts for nothing in music, then it was no more than the merest accident that Bach was a German, Verdi an Italian, or Debussy a Frenchman; that Grieg was not born in Italy, nor Schumann in France. And yet this is what Mr. Newman says, and what he must mean when he tells us that "the truly great artists are

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citizens of the world." Who, it may be asked, could have been more violently, demonstrably German, apart from their music, than Bach, Schumann, or Wagner? more Italian than Verdi? more characteristically Scandinavian than Grieg? And why do musical historians perpetually talk of this or that National School of music, if these are mere fictions of the brain, high-sounding terms that mean nothing?

Let me put the matter in this way: Suppose Mr. Newman were to find himself by chance in a concert room, without a programme, where works, old and new, were being performed, none of which he had ever heard—he will, I am sure, forgive the assumption—would he find the smallest difficulty in "spotting" the national origin of all or nearly all the pieces he heard there? Does Mr. Newman ask us to believe that he would be incapable of distinguishing the music which came from Germany from that which was made in Italy? If he does, then, surely, he is doing himself a gross injustice; if not, then the whole of his argument goes by the board.

In citing Napoleon, Wellington, Beethoven, &c., as instances of men who were racially alien to the nations in which they became famous, Mr. Newman is, surely, confusing race with nationality. Beethoven had, it is true, Dutch blood in his veins, but his nationality was German. Napoleon, despite his Italian descent, was born a French subject, and in character was a typical Frenchman; while Wellington, though racially Irish, was by nationality an Englishman, if there ever was one.

Nationality is the controlling factor, not race. The American (U.S.A.) nation, for instance, is the homogeneous product of several races, an amalgam which has developed a clearly defined type, the characteristics of which differ materially from those of the constituent races of which it is the product. Again, we are beginning to talk of the typical Australian, because we see that the effect of the mere change of environment upon a section of our own race has been to produce a new and distinctive national type. The fact is that the characteristics of the races of which a nation is compounded gradually become obliterated and merged into a single type under the unifying influences of a common climate, environment, fatherland, laws, and government.

But I need not labour the point. National traits are

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patent to the most superficial observer. Indeed, I would go further and maintain that, until a community has developed characteristics of its own, it is questionable whether, strictly speaking, it can rightly be called a nation at all.

Now, as I have already said, if a nation has attributes of its own, these must necessarily colour and qualify its music. That is to say, each nation must ultimately evolve a musical style of its own.

And this national musical idiom is, I contend, always to be found in its purest, crudest, and least diluted form in a nation's traditional music. Just as the mixture is strongest at the bottom of the bottle, so are the peculiar characteristics of a nation concentrated in its humblest class. This is natural enough; because the peasantry, as a class, is, of all others, the most homogeneous and the least affected by alien and outside influences. Unlettered and untravelled, the peasant has had no opportunity of producing an imitative, sophisticated art. What art he does create must of necessity be spontaneous, natural, and un-selfconscious.

Now, if music be a genuine art in a nation, not merely an exotic, it must somewhere exist in germinal form as a natural and spontaneous expression; it must lie deeply rooted in the bed-rock of the national character. Art can only be built up from below; the instinct for music cannot suddenly appear for the first time when civilisation has attained the flowering stage; it must be innate in the nation, and be present, therefore, in some form or other, in all the earlier periods of its development.

The value, therefore, of the recent discovery of our folk-songs is just this—that it proves incontestably that music of a primitive, unsophisticated type actually does exist in, and is indigenous to, England; and that, consequently, the development of music in this country on national lines is at least possible and legitimate. So long as we believed that we had no folk-songs of our own, we had no reply to the charge that we were an unmusical nation. Indeed, had that belief been founded in fact, music in England could never have been anything more than an artificial, exotic art.

That these folk-songs should have been found amongst uncultivated people, Mr. Newman's "chawbacons," is not in any way surprising; in the nature of things they could

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have been found nowhere else. Wild flowers do not grow in hothouses. It is equally natural and inevitable that our folk-songs should be beautiful; otherwise the whole reason for the existence of music falls to the ground. In other words, folk-songs, so far as they are the natural, spontaneous product of uncultivated minds, must of necessity be beautiful, in the same way, and for the same reason, that all elemental things, the trees, clouds, hills, and rivers, are beautiful.

Mr. Newman will, probably, not agree with this; he will probably call me a sentimentalist. This, I believe, is because, with the trained mind of the critic, he is ever on the alert for just those qualities in music which must, in the nature of things, be absent from folk-song. It is all in the point of view. Mr. Newman, as critic, is looking for what he can admire and appreciate in folk-song, and he finds, of course, very little; if, however, he were to silence his analytical mind and tried to *feel* the beauty of the folk-song, I believe he would succeed, and, incidentally, he would begin to understand what we are all driving at.

The gardener, *quâ* horticulturist, will see but little to admire in the wild flower; but if he is a true lover of flowers, and keenly sensitive to their æsthetic appeal, he will be especially attracted by the wild, natural specimens, and see in them, not corrupt and debased forms of conservatory plants, but beautiful and tender things that are necessary and vital to his art, without which, indeed, that art could not exist or flourish, and without which many of these conservatory plants could not exist or flourish.

Now, it seems to me that what is wrong with so much of the music that has of late years been written in England is not that it is badly made, but that there is nothing English about it. We do not hear in it the national note which sings in the music of every other nation. Its style is foreign, or the pale reflection of an alien one; its idiom borrowed from Germany, or France, or, maybe, Russia. And no wonder! We have been trying to acclimatise highly developed foreign flowers by transplanting them to our own soil, to which they are, of course, unsuited, instead of taking our own native flowers, studying them, cultivating them in their own natural soil, and developing them under natural conditions. Why, then, is it so absurd to call upon the English composer to discard his cosmopolitan notions, and, by studying and assimilating the

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indigenous music of his own country, to form a style of his own? to point out that if his music is to appeal not merely to his own countrymen but to those beyond his frontier, he must express himself in his own way, not in somebody else's? After all, this is merely to advise him to follow in the footsteps of the great masters of music of all time, to do, in fact, what history tells us every successful composer, past and present, has done.

But here again Mr. Newman disputes the way. He will not admit that there is any inherent, organic connection between folk- and art-music; and he ridicules the notion that English composers can derive any benefit from studying English folk-song.

Does Mr. Newman really believe that there is no relation, no artistic nexus, between, say, the themes of the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto and German folk-tunes; or between the tunes in Schubert's Müllerlieder and those in the Liederbuch? That Wagner was wrong when he wrote: "This world was longing to paint *men* again, to set men to sing—not pipes; so it seized the folk-tune for its purpose, and constructed out of it the opera-air"? Or untruthful when, speaking of the influences which governed him in his composition of "The Flying Dutchman," he said: "I derived a reimbursement for my melody from the spirit of the Folk-song. . . . Already in that Ballad, I was governed by an instinctive feeling of the peculiarities of national Folk-melismus; yet more decisively in the Spinning-Chorus, and most of all in the Sailors' Song"? That Grieg was talking nonsense when, speaking of our English folk-songs, he said: "They will doubtless be able to form the basis of a national style, as they have in other lands, those of the greatest musical culture not excepted"?

Again, will Mr. Newman seriously ask us to believe that Russian music received no fresh and vital impetus from Glinka, Balakireff, Borodin, Glazounoff, men who avowedly went to Russian folk-song for their inspiration, who wrote symphonies, rhapsodies, and what not, founded upon Russian folk-airs? And, finally, will Mr. Newman maintain that the distinctive character of Grieg's music, that element which won for it world-wide recognition, had nothing whatever to do with the folk-tunes in which it was so deeply rooted?

I may be wrong, of course, and Mr. Newman may be

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right; but at any rate I am sinning in good company. So when Mr. Newman asks me: Suppose a composer never to have heard a folk-song in his life, how much worse off would he be? I would vary his question and ask, How much worse off *could* he be? And when Mr. Newman goes on to ask, "Would the music of 'Gerontius' have been any the better if Elgar had known all the folk-songs of England?" I can only point out that, as Wagner found a similar prescription beneficial, others might conceivably find the experiment worth trying.

I am, of course, aware that in its later developments the art-music of a country is less directly dependent upon folk-music than in its earlier stages; for when once a national style has been established, the need and value of the model diminishes. But this, unfortunately, is not the stage at which we have yet arrived in this country. In the meanwhile, so long as our students remain unacquainted with their own traditional music, and acquire their technique from the study of German or French models (often under the guidance of a foreigner), so long, presumably, will they continue to pour forth diluted Brahms, Wagner, and Debussy. Is it too much to hope that one or other of our musical institutions will put this question to the test, and establish an English school of composition which shall include, as an integral part of its curriculum, the study and analysis of our native folk-song? Here, it may be, is the opportunity for the Faculty of Music of one of our younger universities. English students, even if they gain but little by the experiment, will at least suffer no harm in learning how much can be expressed in music by simple means.

Mr. Newman points out quite truly that the technique of an art is not the substitute for inspiration (I never said or thought that it was); but, if the technique happens to be of the wrong kind, it will either direct the flow of inspiration into the wrong channel or staunch it altogether. A German technique, for instance, is not the right instrument to place in the hands of the English student. If he is to express himself in his own way, his tools must be English as well as his material. This is not to advise him, however, to boycott the works of the great foreign musicians, nor to attempt to evolve a technique, *ab initio*, out of English folk-song. Both courses would be manifestly ridiculous. The student must learn his craft by studying, without imitating, the works of the great

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musicians. But it is clear that if we are to have a distinctive school of English music, our native composers must in some way or other develop a national style, one that is intimately related to the folk-music of their own country. How this is to be done I do not pretend to say. But it will not be done by ignoring all foreign music on the one hand, nor, on the other, by slavishly imitating it. Grieg showed that the difficulty is not insurmountable. Although, it will be remembered, he studied music in Germany in the ordinary way, he managed afterwards to evolve a distinct style and technique of his own, based upon the musical idiom of the Norwegian folk-song.

It is not my intention to traverse Mr. Newman's criticisms of my book. The purpose of that book was to place on record the following conclusions, to which my experiences as a collector irresistibly led me:—

- (1) That folk-music is not the deliberate and conscious invention of the individual, but the spontaneous product of the sub-conscious mind of the community.
- (2) That communal authorship and communal expression are the natural corollaries of oral transmission.

How far I succeeded in establishing these propositions it is for others to say. In self-defence, however, I must be allowed to point out that many of the passages which Mr. Newman quoted were presented in a way that obscured and, to some extent, misrepresented their meaning. This, perhaps, was inevitable. In any case the question of the origin of the folk-song is, in the main, an academic one, and of minor importance. The major questions in dispute are (1) the intrinsic value of our English traditional music; and (2) the effect that the discovery of our folk-song may or should have upon the art-music of this country. The latter question I have already dealt with. A word now with regard to the former.

Personally, as Mr. Newman knows, I think that we may justly rate our folk-song as high as that of any European country. I do not say, as Mr. Newman charges me, that all the songs and tunes that have been collected during the past few years are of superlative or of equal value. The fact that I have published only 10 per cent. of the 3,000 tunes that I have collected should be enough to dispose of this charge so far as I am concerned. And

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I do not know of any collector who has exceeded this percentage, if we omit the tunes that have been printed in the Folk-Song Society's Journal, which were not necessarily chosen for their artistic excellence. Dr. Vaughan Williams, for example, has published only 30 of the 450 tunes he has collected; about the same number have been printed of the 800 tunes which the late Mr. Hammond gathered together; while Mr. Percy Grainger has published no more than 10 tunes out of the 400 that he has noted.

At all events, in assessing the value of our traditional music, we must examine the best examples, not the worst. And here again this is a matter of individual taste, as to which it would be unwise to dogmatise. I may see swans where Mr. Newman only sees geese, and *vice versa*. The question at issue is whether the best of our English folk-songs are really noble tunes, or whether they are the worthless trash that some of our critics would have us believe. And this, which is the vital question, is not going to be settled by Mr. Newman, or by me, or by any other individual. The verdict rests with the public. At present the omens are propitious—but I am not going to prophesy.

Richard Middleton

1882—1911

By Henry Savage

RICHARD BARHAM MIDDLETON, poet and essayist, on the first of December, 1911, died by his own hand in Brussels at the age of twenty-nine. "I am going adventuring again," he said in a last message. . . . "I shall have some pleasant memories in my knapsack. As for the many bitter ones, perhaps they will not weigh so heavy now as they did before." Upon this subject what more can be said?

The previous adventures alluded to were of a less desperate character. Twice before, in England, with some faith in "the unexpected," he had left his lodgings to tramp the high roads; on each occasion to return, deeper in experience but with grim memories of its price. He found, moreover, no kind of ease. "The man who is hard ridden by his desires," he said later in one of his essays, "will find peace no easier to win in the midst of the desert than by his own fireside. His body may travel ceaselessly between the two Poles; his mind and his heart are imprisoned still in their lifelong cells." One advantage only he saw in moving from one place to another: "We shall never discover Arcadia or escape the anguish of existence but in a fresh environment we may succeed in exploring some untrodden byway of our own natures." He knew what it was to be hard ridden by his desires and to feel the anguish of existence. From childhood he suffered more than was imagined by most of those who met him. With the Paganism of his poems is a melancholy deepening at times to acute despair. Some almost autobiographical studies of boyhood; much of his prose work, in fact; verbal confidences with, and passages from letters to myself; all confirm this opinion. At the same time, however, his por-

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trait of himself as drawn in his work and letters is just a little too sombre. With much self-knowledge there was yet that in himself which escaped him. "The little more and how much it is, the little less and what worlds away." A lover, he would have questioned Keats' judgment that "too many tears for lovers have been shed," although he himself could write—

"Dear heart, I do not know
That there is anything but love
To tune a song or make amends
For our sad lives and tuneless ends."

But what worlds away, again—the distance between the dogma of Keats and the element of doubt in that "I do not know." I am, of course, comparing here, not poetry, but different points of view. The world to Middleton was dream-stuff, and he himself a dream. To use an expressive phrase of Nietzsche, he had not invented a soul. Right out of his heart came the cry:—

"No more than a dream that sings
In the streets of space:
Ah, would that my soul had wings
Or a resting place!"

With the consciousness of his failure to realise himself in poetry he hoped to do so in prose.

But though he suffered, he enjoyed many exquisite moments. "I shall have some pleasant memories." Something he had, earlier, of the bitterness of A. E. Housman; more, later, of the gentle melancholy of Thomas Ashe; much in general of the bravery of Stevenson. Dionysian of spirit and broken, he also invites comparison with Wilde. Like Wilde, again, he was naturally unfitted to bear a cross. But here the likeness ends. The author of *De Profundis* exalted sorrow above happiness. His study of Christ is unsurpassed, but he saw less of the Eternal Child than of the Man of Sorrows. Middleton saw little more than the Child. Suffering bewildered him. He was himself in many respects a child. His was a child's egoism. "Indeed," he wrote latterly, with a flash of his old humour, "it is not hard to put a name to my disease; but one man is an egoist just as another is a negro, and the Ethiopian changes his skin more easily than the egoist gets rid of his heavy bundle of eggs." There is a hint of the struggle

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between Love and self in his very beautiful poem, *The Welcome* :—

“And where Pan squanders with his court,
Love shall not spare the hornèd king,
With red lips drawn to wanton sport
And teeth to bite and hands to cling.
And where the wood boys bathe and fling
Across the world their limbs made cool,
Love tarries with his almsgiving,
And there is trouble by the pool.”

The sheer beauty of those last four lines thrills me as I recall them. Poets, however, in moments of inspiration, not only create beauty, they often sing more wisely than they know. He was yet to learn that in very truth Love does not spare Pan; and Love did, indeed, in his case, tarry with his almsgiving. But although, as I have said, he was eventually broken, it was not without some compensation. In his later letters is a spirit very touching and humane. When we were last together—some two months before his death—I was surprised at the change in him. There was about him a gentleness, a benignity, usually associated with wise old age. Gentle and kindly he had always been in simple company, and particularly in that of young children, but this was a deeper thing. Two other strong impressions I have of him. I remember once seeing him fighting silently with his pride. On another occasion I saw a little one tiptoe lovingly up to him to kiss good-bye. And that was a fine thing to see. “Far off like a perfect pearl one can see the city of God. It is so wonderful that a child could reach it in a summer’s day.” He had love to give, and he gave it. A witty man among men, he did all he could in some circles to spare others pain. Indeed, in this respect I once or twice remonstrated with him upon the trouble to which he put himself. “What struck me about Middleton,” says a lady who knew him, “was that he always did the nice thing. That and his great sympathy. . . . He never ‘grew up’; knew about everything, and told you in a baby way.”

He loved the good things of life.

“Song and laughter, food and wine,
Roses, roses red and white,
And a star or two to shine
On my dewy world at night.”

—these are what he asks for in his *Pagan Epitaph*. In

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Baudelaire's *Letters* is a description of a chance meeting with Proudhon in some eating-house:—

"Il jasa beaucoup, violemment, amplement . . . et lâchant involontairement, pour ainsi dire, une foule de bons mots. J'observai que ce polémiste mangeait énormément. . . . Pour un homme de lettres, lui dis-je, vous mangez étonnamment.—C'est que j'ai de grandes choses à faire, me répondit-il, avec une telle simplicité que je ne pus deviner s'il parlait sérieusement ou s'il voulait bouffonner."

That is a near likeness of Middleton in congenial society at table. He talked royally, and though not Gargantuan of appetite he would eat with gusto, with relish. To the poet's question he would have returned just such another reply, but with mischief twinkling in those fine eyes of his. He had, indeed, a remarkable sense of humour, though he could write seriously and sometimes spoke heatedly upon subjects about which he felt deeply. One such subject was that of the English attitude towards art and artists, and with at one time a fairly free hand on *Vanity Fair* he must have considerably puzzled the readers of that journal. It is not surprising that he wrote upon the attitude mentioned. The years were passing, and he was still struggling practically unrecognised. Poor and often hungry, the sordidness of his life at times of spiritual inaction was to him acutely repellent. Not that he was an advocate of that subtle form of materialism which is uneasy before poverty. "England," he wrote once, commenting upon the death of John Davidson, "does starve her poets, but on the whole it is better that she should do so than that she should make them a pauper's allowance of boiled beef and rice pudding." His own solution of the problem, put forward, of course, not too seriously, was that the State should provide certain poets with at least ten thousand a year. There was a type of poet to whom the "trifles" that wealth could buy were necessary. These, he considered, now more in earnest, killed themselves because they had not enough money to "exhaust the emotional possibilities of concrete pleasure. . . . The majority lives for what life gives it, the minority dies for what life withholds." The luxurious dreams suggested by these passages were to suffer something of a sea change. In his last year he lived chiefly in Brussels, where he enjoyed at first a certain tranquillity, and devoted himself to prose; and with the feeling that he was gradually mastering this medium, he wanted now no more than enough money to live upon. "In

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this place with a hundred and fifty a year of my own I could write great works." But even this dream was not to be realised. The harassing problem of ways and means, long bouts of neuralgia, and a growing feeling that he would never make a living by his pen, were tending more than ever to tell on him. After a pleasant holiday at Heyst in August and a journey to England, he went back to Brussels. Within two months he was writing of having "lost faith in himself," and of having had "a sort of neurasthenic ragtime." And then came the end. At Calvoet, on the outskirts of Brussels, he lies now on a fine windy hill.

A Defence of Men

By May Sinclair

It is commonly supposed that no man really understands woman, and that no woman understands man. Genius (in the male sex) is held to be an exception. When George Meredith had the courage to draw women as he saw them, each with a brain and a conscience of her own, it was said that he drew women as God sees them. And Shakespeare is admitted to have known a thing or two about them. But genius in a woman is not considered to involve any such supernatural insight.

Genius apart, people seem to have made up their minds that the two sexes are and must ever be a mystery and an enigma to each other, and that their mutual attraction lies in this. Stripped of their mystery, presented, woman to man and man to woman, as they are, uninteresting, if not repulsive, in the baldness, the ugliness, the poverty of Nature's suicidal scheme, their indifference to each other would, you are to imagine, positively imperil the continuance of the Race.

Brutal cynics among men have done their best to take away her mystery from woman; and woman's mystery has only grown around her more mysterious, more magical than ever. But—whether from tenderness, or from her greater care for the Race—woman, until yesterday, has spared the mystery and glamour of the male.

And now we are confronted with the Woman Question, and with it comes Miss Cicely Hamilton and strips man bare. Not the shred of a veil, not the film of a halo, not a virtue, not a grace has she left him, beyond the doubtful splendour and courage of the brute, and physical force, the power to subdue and intimidate his mate. Oh, and the power to create comfort, the genius that evolves menus and designs easy chairs. And even this poor virtue springs from his vices, for man is before all things a gossip and a glutton.

If he be indeed the pitiful thing Miss Hamilton says he is, I can see no place for him but a monastery, a modern

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monastery, a monastery *de luxe*, modelled on the Bath Club or the Carlton. For no woman could bring herself to mate with such a worm. Let him eat and drink, for to-morrow he dies, and Posterity with him.

Now I cannot think that things are as bad with him as all that. I have a certain knowledge of the creature. I was brought up with boys. Until I was twenty-seven (but for a few inconsiderable terms at school) I spent the greater part of my life with men, sharing largely in that open air life which shows my sex what is best in theirs, besides being mixed up even more in those critical and intimate family relations which most infallibly reveal the worst in it. And I have observed in most of them the classic virtues of honour, tenderness, and a splendid courage. It was by a man of my own generation that I was taught chivalry and charity; never to gossip, never to speak or to think malignantly of any woman. And later experience has done very little violence to this impression. They were not angels, far from it, those men that I have known; and if they had been it would be ruin to my point. My point is that they were simply men, average and typically male.

I do not say that chivalry and charity, courage, tenderness and honour are exclusively male virtues; I know that they are not. It is only that, confronted with my own experience, my own memories, I am bewildered by all this showing up of man. And I cannot but think that in her spirited onslaught Miss Hamilton has forgotten many things. Old General So-and-so, surveyed from the top of a 'bus, in his club, brooding over a menu, or snoring, mouth open, in an easy chair, may not be a heroic figure. But what if he has earned his dinner and his snooze by the hardships and appalling dangers he has faced? It is only by danger and hardship faced and endured by men that civilisation and comfort have been made possible for any of us. It cannot be said that Miss Hamilton has swept the field with a comprehensive eye, that she has "ransacked the ages, spoiled the clines" to find her instances; in fact, she ignores all those that tell against her case, such as firemen, and steeple-jacks, and the Mercantile Marine.

It is not only Miss Hamilton who has shown man up. There has been recently a perfect outbreak of revelation. First there was Sir Almroth Wright. He was out, to be sure, against Feminism; but by some logical misfortune

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or inadvertence it was his own sex that he contrived to give away. Woman, he informed us, will never realise her dream of working side by side with man, because man is so ungovernably an animal that his best work cannot be done within sight or sound of her. He has no virtue—no decency, no self-control—that is proof against the subtly inimical suggestions of a petticoat. And other things—less distinctly stated—meanesses, vanities, pomposities, vacuities, profundities of pitiable egoism appeared in this ultra-medical showing up of man. On the strength of it the animal himself came out from under his cover. For weeks afterwards a frenzied impulse to speak out seemed to have seized upon every man you met at dinner. Revelations began with the soup and confessions with the *entrée*. Everywhere you went you were assured by his own once so reticent sex that man was an untamed and untamable brute, that under the immaculate whiteness and polish of his shirt-front he hid a heart of cruelty, violence, and lust; that his interest in woman, though civilisation compelled him to disguise its essential nature, was and could only be a physiological one; and that it would be better for women if they realised that fact at once (wherein, granting the premises, I entirely agreed).

And last of all came Mr. Laurence Housman, on a platform, and in a speech addressed to the Women's Freedom League he showed up man as I should imagine man had never yet on this earth been shown up before. He wiped that platform floor with him, and with the last shreds of mystery and glamour. Mr. Housman was not, of course, bringing any wholesale charge against his sex, but the mass and quality of his evidence had all the effect of it.

Now I don't for a moment contend that all this plain-speaking on both sides is not good. It is good. It clears the air. It destroys prejudice. It makes in the long run for mutual understanding. I do not believe, as Miss Hamilton apparently does, that man is done for, because he has "been found out." I agree that he is being found out more and more, in the sense that he is becoming more and more comprehensible to woman. But so far from being done for, he, like woman, is only just coming into his own. The Woman Question has brought a most formidable Man Question in its train. And I believe (if *tout comprendre* is not always *tout pardonner*) man, that

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is to say the Race, has nothing to fear from a more perfect understanding. In the long run he can only come out purified from this fiery ordeal of women's eyes.

In the long run. But now, when you have sifted all the evidence, what do you find at the bottom of the showing up? What does it all amount to? Simply to what most people knew perfectly well before, not that man has no virtues, but that "virtue" is not conspicuously one of them, that in matters of sex feeling and of sex morality man (let us admit it at once) is different from and inferior to woman.

I will not say how far this difference, this inferiority, is fundamental and final; how far the difference is based on a vital difference of physiological function, and the inferiority on a social tradition that has almost the force and sanction of a vital law. There is a considerable divergence of opinion on both these heads. But it would seem that, though the difference may be final because fundamental, the inferiority is by no means so. Hitherto the difference and the inferiority have been bound up together, because hitherto the social tradition has followed more or less the laws of physiological function. These demand from the one sex an endurance, a devotion, a capacity for self-immolation, which, for the ends of Nature and the Race, would be not only a superfluous but a suicidal tax upon the other. That only one sex should pay is Nature's economy. It happens to be woman. And you are bound, on a one-sided arrangement of this sort, to get, in sexual relations, a profounder feeling, a finer moral splendour, a superior sex virtue in the sex that pays. And that, I contend against all the Feminists, is not man's fault. It is something more primordial, more fundamental, and therefore more inevitable than his lust for possession, his sense of property in woman, or the subtle allurements of chastity for the unchaste. These things may have followed from many causes in the course of ages, but they belong to the superstructure, not to the foundation. Primordially and fundamentally, the superior virtue of woman is not man's but Nature's care.

Now you cannot get behind a difference so fundamental, so primordial as this. That consecration of woman's womanhood to suffering, that fore-ordained sacrifice of her flesh, that perpetual payment in blood and tears, is no more to be altered than it is to be gainsaid. And if

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man is not responsible for it, neither, up to a certain point, is he responsible for the inferiority in sexual virtue that springs from the ethical inferiority of his sexual rôle. Up to a certain point that difference and inferiority is bound to be.

And that is man's tragedy. It is tragic that, in the stern economy of Nature, woman's spirituality has been bought at the sacrifice of his. My friends the Feminists no doubt will tell me that the deplorable creature cannot sacrifice what he hasn't got. True—but he can perfectly well sacrifice what he might have had. He, too, has paid. He has paid with his spiritual prospects as she has with her body.

I am not sure that this indictment of man comes with a good grace from a sex that has been compelled to accept that sacrifice; a sex that not only has received the larger share of Nature's stock of virtue, but that has been schooled, disciplined, and tortured both by Nature and by civilisation into the practice of it. That sex has monopolised virtue at man's expense. He may plead, in extenuation of his frailty, that he is the spoiled darling of Nature, and that he hasn't had a chance.

It is a plea that Feminists cannot disregard. When the inferiority of woman in any branch of art or science is brought up against them, their answer is that she hasn't been so long at it as man, and that circumstances have been against her. She hasn't had a chance. And so it is with this inferiority of man in sexual morality. He hasn't been so long at it, and circumstances have been against him. He has been handicapped throughout the ages. First, by this cruel economy of Nature that has condemned him for ever to the inferior moral rôle. Next, by the very conditions of his life. Throughout the ages he has been the getter, the procurer of life and of the means of life; and the struggle and labour of getting are not favourable to the development of the highest spirituality. "The upward look while the hand is busy" has not been possible for man, since his very existence has depended on the alertness of his earthward gaze. Spirituality, so difficult for him to come by, has been positively thrust upon woman. Born of her sacrificial destiny, it has been expected of her, nourished in her, guarded by all the sanctions of her life. She has had time for it, all the time of all the ages.

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And yet, in spite of that, in spite of the comparative grossness of the male, fostered in him by Nature and by circumstances, it has been men who throughout the ages have been the founders of religion, the pioneers of spiritual progress. Man's physical rôle has asserted itself on the immaterial plane. He is the begetter and the creator there. Woman has guarded and preserved the spiritual life his impulse gave her, if she has added to it inexhaustibly of her own. Insist, if you like, on man's grossness; it is hard to reconcile with the passion and vitality that has charged his spiritual impulse, if it be not the defect of his quality, the corruption of the best in him.

In England that corruption has been seldom more apparent than at the present day. For it is a day of getting, of concentration on material things. At the top of the social scale there is a struggle for the means of wealth and yet more wealth—at the bottom, a fiercer struggle for the very means of life. And whatever spiritual ferment works in the present industrial disturbance, man, immersed in the material welter, is more than ever handicapped. He is handicapped also by the past. What with past and present, he hasn't had a chance.

And he may plead further that what chance he might have had has been taken from him by women. Women have, up till now, so played into his hands that, like Warren Hastings on his trial, he might protest that, when he considers his opportunities, he is astounded at his moderation. Women have been sedulously guarded from opportunity. Man, throughout the ages, has had opportunities hurled at him. All the princesses of Oude have thrown themselves at his feet or at his head.

And here, before I proceed further with this defence, let me say that I am aware of every count in the indictment. Much of it is justified, for in a wholesale charge many bullets find their billet. Much of it, equally, is bound to be wide of the mark. I have never known a wholesale charge that was not based on generalisation from a collection of the worst cases. Arguments of that sort are dangerous, for they cut both ways. If man, brutal man, has preyed upon woman's weakness as well as on her strength, woman, the woman that civilisation has produced, preys no less upon his. She preys with her strength, with her comparative coldness and security of temperament, upon passions whose violence and significance she realises

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only as so much tribute to her power. She preys, not only with her strength, but with the irresistible appeal of her weakness. I do not hesitate to say that the pass we have come to, the extreme shakiness of man's standard of sexual morality to-day, is largely due to the debilitating, the disastrous influence of the Early and Mid-Victorian woman. Her wilful ignorance, her sentimentalism, her sex-servility, amounted to positive vice, and could only be productive of viciousness in the unhappy males exposed to it. I say *hers*, because, if we may judge from the letters and memoirs of their times, the women of a century and more before her were not like her. Outspokenness, courage, an utter absence of the deceptions, hypocrisies, and corruptions of sentimentalism characterised the Stellas and Vanessas of the first half of the eighteenth century and the women of Fanny Burney's generation. Prone to excess and trained to repression, the Victorian woman "took it out" in orgies of emotion. The perilous stuff in her showed itself either in supine adoration of the male, or in an exalted sensibility which was a subtle sensualism disguised. The man was not human who was not deceived and corrupted by it. His mother, his sisters, his wife, his aunts, and his cousins worshipped him as a god on his own hearth, and when he left it he couldn't rid himself of the superstition of his divinity. No enlightenment came to him, for his women never saw him as he was. A god-like impunity sheltered him in all his lapses. He ran no risk of being found out, for he knew that his women did not want to find him out. They would have died rather. In the Victorian age man hadn't the ghost of a chance.

And the same matchless impunity hangs round him to-day, though we are far from the superstition of the hearth.

My friends the Feminists will here remind me that man made that servile and insidious woman what she was, and that man makes her successor (a more frankly sensual enchantress) what she is. And there is some truth in it; but not the whole truth. The two sexes hang together, and there cannot be a low standard of sexual morality on man's part without some corresponding, if more secret, laxity on woman's. If we are what men have made us, men are, on the most favourable showing, what we have permitted them to be.

And we must remember that it is not always man alone who is burdened with the excess of temperament that urges

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towards laxity. There are women who work in his own kind and in his own manner at his perpetual undoing. Whether these women are all pathological and abnormal cases I leave to medical experts to determine. If it comes to pathology I am inclined to think that the monstrous male, the creature of cruelty and brutal passion who has figured so much in recent table-talk, is a pathological case not much less abnormal than the wretch exposed on suffragist platforms—and very rightly and properly exposed—in connection with the White Slave Traffic. You might as well present a dipsomaniac as typical of masculine humanity. Like the dipsomaniac, such cases are produced, not only by hereditary excess in their own kind, but by hereditary alcoholism, by the unnatural repression and more unnatural licence of their adolescence, and by the ever multiplying causes that make for nervous degeneration.

They tell me that the breed is on the increase. Well—it may be, and that is the most hopeful thing about it, for when it increases beyond a certain point it will not be tolerated. The Society of the future will eradicate it, and if it does not Nature will. The degenerate tends more and more to become sterile. Besides, he will not be able to tolerate himself. The furious inebriety of a hundred years ago is largely responsible for the temperance of to-day. Driven reluctantly to barley-water by the super-human six-bottle virility of his grandfathers, the modern man has ended by getting fond of barley-water. And so it may well be with other heroic displays of masculinity. Man will abandon them first of all because he finds that they do not pay, that his fitness depends upon the Greater Temperance. He may not end by getting fond of one innocuous woman of the barley-water type. But he will end by caring, and caring supremely, for the virtue that preserves for him, not only the best in life, but the higher potentialities of passion. Up till now he hasn't had a chance to care. He never could have succeeded in his struggle towards sobriety if it had not been for the pressure of public opinion which began, and could only begin, in the good taste—the solitary and apparently fantastic ideal—of the few. Allowing, as we must allow, for every difference in the degree and quality of the temptation, so it will be with his progress towards the Greater Temperance, which seems now an ideal even more solitary, fantastic, and forlorn.

Hitherto the public opinion of men and the private

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opinion of women has been all against his caring for it. For women, as a body representative of public opinion, have had no existence up till now. Up till now the best of women had no knowledge to justify her opinion, and no courage to enforce it if she had. Even now she has no political status to enforce her opinion. But let that pass; for up till now she herself has not greatly cared.

But look at the change that has come upon her. It is a spiritual change; a change in her whole consciousness, a two-fold change. Not only is she conscious for the first time of Herself as an individual with inalienable rights, as an end in herself, she is profoundly conscious of the Race. The Race whose guardian and saviour she is. The Race that has its sanctuary in her blood and flesh. Yesterday she was not consciously aware of it. Yesterday she was tolerant of waste. On the subject of the prodigal husband Edwardian Peggy was complacent and frivolously allusive. She closed her eyes to probability, and could greet her Dicky with a dubious levity. "Dicky," she said, "if you *will* go out all night on the razzle-dazzle, you'll soon be quite, quite bald. I hate a bald man. And it's waste of hair." That was Edwardian Peggy's cheerful attitude. And Mid-Victorian Angelina was every bit as pointless. She was tender and tearful over the recurrent and incomprehensible absences of Edwin. "Isn't it a pity, Edwin dear," she said, "to waste your time and health sitting up this way—at your club?" But the woman of to-day is not allusive; she says nothing about waste of hair, nothing about waste of time and health—*his* health. She says: "It is the flesh and blood and nerves of *my children* you are wasting. And I won't stand it. For I *know!*" And the woman of to-morrow will not need to say it, for by that time man will himself know and care.

The modern woman will have given him his chance.

My Feminist friends again remind me that he has never given her hers, that he has obstructed her at every stage of her progress, her emancipation; that he is in deadly opposition to her at the present moment. "Can you," asks Miss Hamilton, "for sheer small spitefulness exceed—can you even equal—the attitude of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge towards those women who, were they men, would be entitled to its honours?" Well, perhaps you can't. Yet medical and university women have acknowledged and praised the courtesy, the understanding, the sympathy of men, the lecturers, demonstrators, tutors who

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helped them to their knowledge, men who would be the first to deplore the prejudice that still bars them from the recognised advertisement of it. Many women must consider that to have compelled the irony of "Above the Senior Wrangler" is a finer distinction than the actual degree. I, for one, would be sorry to lose this historic landmark. The opposition to women's professional career is a dead thing, and that landmark is its monument. The opposition to her political emancipation will be a dead thing to-morrow. And in the possible denial to her of a place in the Cabinet its monument may be "Above the Prime Minister." For man cannot get rid of his habit of putting her above him on a pedestal.

Naturally, in the confusion and antagonism of this present moment of transition, both sides have lost sight of the pedestal and the woman on it. Woman, with every possible vehemence, with her last breath, is protesting against that pedestal. But the pedestal is there all the same.

And somewhere in the dim future, close beside it and of equal height, there is being gradually erected a pedestal for man. The women, the "unsexed," the emancipated women, are building it for him very much against his will. For man has never been put on a pedestal before. He doesn't know how it will feel, but he is pretty sure he won't like it. And it is partly the horror of that pedestal, raised for him so gratuitously out there in the Unknown, that is filling him with passion and fury and antipathy at the present hour. He is afraid, not only of his destiny, but of he knows not what; of the invasion of the monstrous Epicene. He is oppressed with a nightmare vision of the *Nimmerweibliche*. But of one thing he need not be afraid. He won't be put on any pedestal till he is ready for it.

But it is there, in that equality of elevation, that the dream of the Feminists—the equality of the sexes—lies. Not, as Sir Almroth Wright would have us think, in any unnatural inversion of their rôles; not in the invasion of the Epicene; not even in the subjection of man (in "more licence for her and more restraints for him"), but in his emancipation. Woman is labouring at man's deliverance through her own. She desires to make easier for him what is so hard now, the approach to her quality in the spirit and degree in which she has approached his.

For what, in all these years, has actually happened? The more woman has come close to man in comradeship, and has shared his life in ways that are not sexual, the

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more she has absorbed his virtues. She is, of course, infinitely the more absorbent of the two. But man, though change in him may be slower, less apparent, and more painful, is not impervious to the influences of change. You might almost wonder whether the two sexes are really so different, after all. Go down to the roots of language, and you find that virtue is very much man's affair, that it signifies capacity to continue, and, in continuing, to guard the Race. Only "by virtue" of her superior capacity, her more elaborate equipment, is woman's "virtue" superior to his. And it is in this radical sameness under all the difference that I find the justification of that hope, entertained even by advanced Feminists, that the inferiority of man's sexual morality is not for all time. Once convinced that temperance all round is good for him, he will approximate to woman's standard in this as he has already done in another direction. He is bound to come to it, seeing that his body is equally with hers the sanctuary of the Race.

What is there degrading to his virility in this approximation? What is there Epicene in it? Where is the unsexing? It is merely the inevitable adjustment of the balance of sex on the lines of a more complex evolution.

If you ask, in terms of practical politics, how that evolution is to come about, my friends the Feminists will tell you that, for the enormous middle classes, the first step has been taken already in the increasing economic independence of woman. When the average woman can afford to choose her mate well, or abstain from mating, let her demand inexorably a finer quality in man, and man must ultimately develop it. Nature herself will see to that. It sounds simple, but I confess I do not see how economic independence is going to carry us very far. It might even prove disastrous by consigning to celibacy the exponents of the spiritual idea. I have more hope in that spiritual change in woman which has made a man of her, and which will inevitably inspire her with the tenderness, the courage, and the chivalry of giving man his chance. In that change there will be no danger of unsexing; least of all, of the unsexing of woman. Nature would not permit it for a moment. Whatever happens, the *Immerweibliche* will not be destroyed, for Nature has too much need of it; too much need of woman's womanhood, of her eternal magic and eternal passion.

This Desirable Planet to Let

By Gerald Stanley Lee

As I was wandering through space the other day—just aeroplaning past on my way over from Mars—I came suddenly upon a neat, snug little property, with a huge sign stuck up in the middle of it:—

THE EARTH: THIS DESIRABLE PROPERTY TO LET.

Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, & Co.

I was just about to pass it by, inferring naturally that it must be a mere bank, or wholesale house, or something, when it occurred to me it might do no harm to stop over on it and see. I thought I might at least drop in and inquire what kind of a firm it was that was handling it and what was their idea, and what—if anything—they thought their little planet was for, and what they proposed to do with it.

I found, on meeting Mr. Rockefeller, and Mr. Carnegie, and Mr. Morgan, to my astonishment, that they did not propose to do anything with it at all. They had merely got it. That was as far as they had thought the thing out apparently—to get it. They seemed to be depending, so far as I could judge, in a vague pained way, on somebody's happening along who would think, perhaps, of something that could be done with it.

Of course, as Mr. Carnegie (who was the talking member of the firm) pointed out, if they only owned a part of it, and could sell one part of it to the other part, there would still be something left that they could do; but merely owning all of it, so, as they did, was embarrassing. He had tried—Mr. Carnegie told me—to think of a few things himself, but was discouraged, and he intimated he was devoting his life just now to pulling himself together at the end, and dying a poor man. But that was not much, he admitted, and it was really not a very great service on his part to a world, he thought, his merely dying poor in it.

When I asked him if there was anything else he had been able to think of to do for the world, "No," he said,

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"nothing really, nothing except chucking down libraries on it—safes for old books."

"And Mr. Morgan?" I said.

"Oh! He is just chucking down old china on it, old pictures and things."

"And Mr. Rockefeller?"

"Mussing with colleges, some," he said, "just now. But he doesn't, as a matter of fact, see anything—not of his own—that can really be done with them, except to make them more systematised and business-like, make them over into sort of Standard Oil Spiritual Refineries—fill them with millions more of little Rockefellers—and they won't let him do that. Of course, as you might see, what they want to do practically is to take the Rockefeller money and leave the Rockefeller out. Nobody will really let him do anything. Everything goes this way when we seriously try to do things. The fact is, it is a pretty small helpless business, owning a world," sighed Mr. Carnegie.

"This is why we are selling out, if anybody happens along; anybody, that is, who really sees what this piece of property is for and how to develop it, can have it," said Mr. Carnegie; "and have it cheap."

Mr. Carnegie spoke these last words very slowly and wearily and with his most disgraced look; and then, recalling himself suddenly, and handing me a glass to look at New York with and see what I thought of it, he asked to be excused for a moment, and saying: "I have fourteen libraries to give away before a quarter-past twelve," he hurried out of the room.

* * * * *

I found, as I was studying the general view of New York as seen from the top through Mr. Carnegie's glass, that there appeared to be a great many dots—long rows of dots for the most part—possibly very high buildings; but there was one building, wide and white, and low, and more spread-out and important-looking than any of the others, which especially attracted my attention. It looked as if it might be a kind of monument or mausoleum to somebody. On looking again I found that it was filled with books, and was the Carnegie Public Library.

A few days later, when I began to do things at closer range, I took a little trip to New York and asked the man who seemed to have it in charge, who there was who was writing books for Mr. Carnegie's libraries

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just now, or if there were any really adequate arrangements Mr. Carnegie had made for having a few great books written for all these fine buildings—all these really noble book racks—he had had put up. The man seemed rather taken aback and hesitated. Finally, I asked him point blank to give me the name of the supposed greatest living author who had written anything for all these miles of Carnegie libraries, and he mentioned doubtfully a certain Mr. Rudyard Kipling. I at once asked for his books, of course, and sat down without delay to find out (if he was the greatest living author the planet had) what it was he had to say for it, and about it; and more particularly, of course, what he had to say it was for.

I found among his books some beautiful and quite refined interpretations of tigers and serpents, a really noble interpretation or conception of what the beasts were for—all the glorious gentlemanly beasts—and of what machines were for—all the young, fresh, mighty, worshipful engines—and what soldiers were for. But when I looked at what he thought men were for, at what the planet was for, there was practically almost nothing. The nearest I came to it was a remark, apparently in a magazine interview, which I cannot quote correctly now, but which amounted to something like this: "We shall never have a great world until we have some one great artist or poet in it, who sees it as a whole, focuses it, composes it, makes a picture of it, and gives the men who are in it a vision to live for."

* * * * *

Not unnaturally, of course, I turned to see what had already been done by the more powerful men the planet had produced, in the way of arranging for the necessary seers and geniuses to run the world with, and I soon found that by far the most intelligent and far-seeing attempt that had been made yet in this direction had been made by an inspired, or semi-inspired, millionaire in Sweden, named Alfred Nobel, an idealist, who had made a large but unhappy fortune out of an explosive to stop war with. His general idea had been that dynamite would make war so terrible that it would shock people into not fighting any more, and that gradually people, not having to spend their time in thinking of ways of killing one another, would have more time than they had ever had before to think of other and more important things. It was the disappointment of his life that his invention, instead of being used creatively,

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used to free men from fighting and make men think of things, had been used largely as an arrangement for making people so afraid of war that they could not think of anything else. Whichever way he turned he saw the world in a kind of panic, all the old and gentle-minded nations, with their fair fields, their factories, and art galleries, all hard at work piling up explosives around themselves until they could hardly see over them. As this was the precise contrary of what he had intended, and he had not managed to do what he had meant to do with making his money, he thought he would try to see if he could not yet do what he had meant to do, in spending it. He sat down to write his will, and in this will, writing as an inventor and a man of genius, he tried to express, in the terms of money, his five great desires for the world. He wished to spend £8,000 a year, every year for ever, after he was dead, on each of these five great desires. There were five great inventors that he wanted, and he wanted the whole world searched for them, for each of them, once more every year, to see if they could be found. There seems to have been comparatively little trouble from year to year in awarding the prize to some adequate inventor in the domain of Peace, of Physics, of Chemistry, and of Medicine; but the Nobel Prize Trustees, in trying to pick out an award each year to some man who could be regarded as a true inventor in Literature, have met with considerable difficulty in deciding just what kind of man Alfred Nobel had in mind, and had set aside his eight thousand pounds for, when he directed that it should go—to quote from the will—"To the person who shall have produced in the field of Literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency."

Allen Upward, for instance, an Englishman unknown in Stockholm, invented and published a book four years ago called *The New Word*, which was so idealistic and distinguished a book, and so full of new ideas and of new combinations of old ideas, that there was scarcely a publisher in England who did not instinctively recognise it, who did not see that it would not pay at once, and that therefore it was too important a book for him to publish, and after a long delay the book was finally printed in Geneva.

A copy was sent to the Nobel Prize Trustees.

One would have thought that here was precisely the situation for which Alfred Nobel, who had been the struggling inventor of a great invention that would not pay

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at once, himself, would have been looking. A book so inventive, so far ahead, that publishers praised it and would not invest in it, one would have imagined to be the one book of all others for which Alfred Nobel stood ready and waiting to put down his eight thousand pounds.

But Mr. Nobel's eight thousand pounds did not go to the comparatively obscure, uncapitalised inventor, who had written a book to build a world with, or at least a great preliminary design or sketch, towards a world. The Nobel Prize Trustees, instead of giving the eight thousand pounds to Allen Upward, looked carefully about through all the nations until their eyes fell on a certain Mr. Rudyard Kipling. And when they saw Mr. Rudyard Kipling, piled high with fame and with a pound a word, they came over quietly to where he was, and put softly down on him eight thousand pounds more.

I do not know, but it is not inconceivable, that Kipling himself would rather have had Allen Upward have it.

One must hasten to admit that Mr. Upward's book is open to question, that, in fact, it is the main trait of Mr. Upward's book that it raises a thousand questions, and that it would be a particularly hard book for most men to give a prize to, quietly go home, and sleep that night. I must hasten to admit also that, unless they had a large fund for butting through all nations for obscure geniuses, and for turning up stones everywhere to look for embryo authors—unless they had a fund for going about among the great newspapers, the big magazines, and peeping under them through all the world for geniuses—and unless they had still another large fund for guaranteeing their decision when they had found one, a fund for convincing the world that they were right—the Trustees have taken a fairly plausible position. In default of perfectly fresh brand new great men, and in view of the fact, in a world like this, that geniuses in it are almost invariably, and as a matter of course, lost or mislaid until they are dead, much the best and safest thing that Trustees of Idealism could do was to watch the drift of public opinion in the different nations, to adopt the course of noting carefully what the world thought were really its great men, and then (at a discreet and dignified distance, of course) tagging the public, and wherever they saw a crowd,

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a rather nice crowd, round a man, standing up softly at the last moment and handing him over eight thousand pounds. This has been the history of the Nobel Trustees of Idealism, thus far.

But in a way, we are all the trustees of idealism, and the problem of the Nobel Prize Trustees is more or less the problem of all of us. We are interested as well as they in trying to find out how to recognise and reward men of genius. What would we do ourselves if we were Nobel Prize Trustees? Precisely what was it that Alfred Nobel intended to achieve for literature when he made this bequest of eight thousand pounds a year in his will, for a work of literature of an idealistic tendency?

To take a concrete case, I can only record that it has seemed to me that if Alfred Nobel himself could have been on hand that particular year, and could have read Mr. Upward's book, he would not have given the prize to Mr. Kipling (he would have given it twenty years before). He would have given the prize to Allen Upward, and he would have hurried.

* * * * *

I would like to put forward at this point two inquiries. First, why did the Trustees not award the prize to Allen Upward? And second, what would have happened if they had?

First, the Trustees could not be sure that Mr. Upward in his work of genius was telling the truth.

Second, they could not be sure that the world would approve of his having eight thousand pounds for telling the truth. Perhaps the world would rather have had him paid eight thousand pounds for not telling it.

Third, Mr. Kipling was safe. No creative work had to be done on Kipling. All they had to do was to send him the cheque, great crowds had swept in from all over the world—and nominated Mr. Kipling, the Committee merely had to confirm the nomination.

Fourth, Mr. Upward, like all idealists, like all men who have the power of throwing this world into the melting-pot and bringing it out new again, partly unrecognisable (which, of course, is the regular historical, almost conventional, thing for an idealist to do with a world), bewildered the Nobel Prize Committee. They could not be sure but that Mr. Upward's next book would be thought in the

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wrong, and make their having given him eight thousand pounds to write it ridiculous.

* * * * *

What would have happened if the Trustees had given the prize to Mr. Upward?

First, practically no one would have known who he was, and twenty-five nations would have been reading his book in a week to see why the prize was given to him. The book would have been given the most widespread, highly stimulated, eight-thousand-pounds-power attention that any book in any age has had.

Only now and then would a man go over and take down his old Kiplings from the shelf and read them, because he had heard that Mr. Kipling had eight thousand pounds more than he had had before.

Second, Mr. Upward's new book would have the stimulus of his knowing while he was writing it that every word would be read by everybody. All the draught on the fire of his genius of the listening of a whole world would result in a work that even Mr. Upward himself perhaps would hardly believe he had written. As events turned out, and Mr. Upward did not get the prize, there might be many reasons to believe that his next book may be out of focus, may be a mere petulant scolding book, his exultation spent or dwindled, because his last tremendous wager—that the world wanted the truth—was lost.

I have sometimes wondered if even Christ, if He had not died in His thirty-third year, made His great dare for the world on the cross early, would not have stopped believing so magnificently in other people at about forty or forty-five or so, and would not have spent the rest of His days in railing at them, and in being very bitter and helpless and eloquent about Rome and Jerusalem. I have caught myself once or twice being glad Abraham Lincoln died suddenly, just when he did, his great faith and love all warm in him, and his great oath for the world—that it was good—still fresh upon his lips!

Writing a book like Allen Upward's for a planet with a vision of a thousand years singing splendidly through it, and then just reading it all alone afterwards when he has written it, and going over the score all alone by himself, would seem to be a good deal of a strain. To be contradicted out loud and gloriously by a world might be inspiring, but to be

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contradicted by a solid phalanx of silent nations, trooping up behind one another, unanimous, impervious, is enough to make any radiant long-accumulated genius pause in full career, question himself, question his vision as a chimera, as some faintly lighted Northern Lights upon the world, that would never mean anything, that was an illusion, and would flicker in the great dark once more and go out.

I do not say that this is true, or that it would be true of Allen Upward.

But I have read his book. I should think it might be true.

What Alfred Nobel had in mind, his whole idea in his will, it seems to some of us, was to put in his eight thousand pounds at the working end of some man's mind, at the end of the man's mind where the eight thousand pounds would itself be creative, where the eight thousand pounds would get into the man, and work out through the man and through his genius into the world. It does not seem to me that he wanted to put his eight thousand pounds at the idle, old, remembering end of a man's mind, that he meant it should be used as a mere reward for idealism. I doubt if it even so much as occurred to Alfred Nobel, who was an idealist himself, that idealism, after a man had managed to have some in this world, could be rewarded or could possibly be paid for by anyone. He knew, if ever a man knew, that idealism was its own reward, and that it was priceless, and that any attempt to reward it with money, to pay a man for it after he had had it, and after it was all over, would make his eight thousand pounds look shabby, or, at least, pathetic and ridiculous. What he wanted to do was to build his eight thousand pounds over into a Man. He wanted to feel that this money that he had made out of dynamite, out of destruction, would be wrought through and through this man, into exultation, into life. He had proposed that this eight thousand pounds should become poetry in this man's book, that it should become light and heat, a power-house of thought and of great events. What Alfred Nobel had in mind, I think, with his little eight thousand pounds, was that it should be given a chance to become an intimate part of some man's genius, that it should become perhaps at last a Great Book, that great foundry of men's souls, where the moulds of History are patterned out, and where the hopes of nations and the prayers of women and children and of great men are, and

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where the ideals of men, those huge drive wheels of the world, are cast, in a strange light and silence.

I wondered if they could have thought of this when they voted on Allen Upward's book that day three years ago, those twenty grave, quiet gentlemen in frock coats in Stockholm!

* * * * *

I have picked out Mr. Upward's book because it is the most difficult, the most hazardous, and the least fortunate one I know, to make my point with, and because a great many people will get the reaction of disagreeing with me, and feeling about it probably, the way the Nobel Prize Trustees did. If Mr. Upward had been given the Prize by the Nobel Prize Trustees it will have to be admitted a howl would have gone up round the world that would not have quieted down yet, and it is this howl that Mr. Nobel intended his Prize for, and that he thought a man would need about eight thousand pounds to meet.

I might have taken any one of several other books, and they would have illustrated my point snugly and more conveniently, but just that right touch of craziness that Nobel had in mind, and that goes with great experiment of spirit, the chill Nietzsche-like wildness, that bravado before God and man and before Time, that swinging oneself out on Eternity, which make Upward a typical man of genius, would have been lacking. It was this way Allen Upward has of taking his reader apart or up into a high place (like the Devil), and dizzying him, taking away his breath with Truth that Nobel had in mind. He wanted to spend eight thousand pounds a year on providing for the world one more book which would give the ordinary man the personal feeling of being with a genius, of cold lonely cosmic genius, the sense of a chill wind of All Space Outside blowing through.

Alfred Nobel was the inventor of an explosive, a rearranger of things assumed and things imbedded, and it was this same expansive half terrible, half sublime power in other men and other men's books he wanted to endow, the power to free and mobilise the elements in a world, make it budge over a little toward a new one. He wanted to spend eight thousand pounds a year on the man in literature who had the pent-up power in him to crash the world's mind open once more every year like a Seed, and send groping up out of it once more its hidden thought.

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I may not be right in anticipating the eventual opinion of Allen Upward's book, but even if I am wrong it will have helped perhaps to call attention to the essential failure of the Nobel Prize Trustees to side with the darers and experimenters in literature, to take a serious part in those great creative centrifugal movements in the souls of men in which new worlds and the sense of new worlds are swept in upon us. For the Sciences, which are more matter of fact and tangible, the Nobel Prize is functioning more or less as Mr. Nobel intended, but certainly in Literature it will have to be classed as one more of our humdrum regular millionaire arrangements for patting successful people expensively on the back. It acts twenty years too late; falls into line with our usual worldly ornamental D.D., LL.D. habit, and has become, so far as Literature is concerned, a mere colossal kindly doddering old-age pension from a few gentlemen in Stockholm. It adds itself as one more futile effort of men of wealth, or world owners, to be creative and lively with money—very much on the premises with money, after they are dead.

II

I have sometimes wished that Mr. Carnegie would post the following sign up on his libraries:—

A MILLION POUNDS REWARD.

WANTED, A GREAT LIVING AMERICAN AUTHOR FOR MY LIBRARIES IN THE UNITED STATES. AT PRESENT OUR GREAT AUTHOR IN AMERICA APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN LOST OR MISLAID. ANYONE FINDING HIM OR ANYONE THAT MIGHT DO FOR HIM TEMPORARILY, PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH ME.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Mr. Carnegie's libraries must be a source of constant regret to the author of *Triumphant Democracy*. They are generally made up of books written in the old world. It would be interesting to know what are the real reasons great libraries are not being written for Mr. Carnegie in America, and what there is that Mr. Carnegie or other people can do about it.

If Mr. Carnegie would establish in every town where he has put a library, by endowment or otherwise, a Commission, or what might be called perhaps a Searching Party, in that community, made up of men of inventive and

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creative temperament, who instinctively know this temperament in others, men in all specialities, in all walks of life, who are doing things better than anyone wants to pay them to do them, and if Mr. Carnegie would set these men to work, in one way and another, looking up boys who are like them, about the town (*i.e.*, boys who are doing things better than anyone wants to pay them to do them), he would soon get a monopoly of the idealism of the world—he would collect in thirty-five years, or in one generation, an array of living great men, of national figures, men who would be monuments to Andrew Carnegie, as compared with which his present libraries, big, thoughtless, innumerable, humdrum, sogging down into the past, would be as nothing. Mr. Carnegie has given forty libraries to New York, and I venture to say that there is at this very moment running round the streets of the great city, one single boy who has it in him to conceive, to imagine, and hammer together a new world, and if Mr. Carnegie would invest his fortune, not in buildings or in books, but in buying brains enough to find that boy, and if the whole city of New York were to devote itself for one hour every day for years to searching about and finding that boy, to seeing just which he is, to going over all the other boys five hours a day to pick him out, it would be—well, all I can say is—all those forty libraries of Mr. Carnegie's, those great proud buildings, would do well if they did not do one thing for six years but find that boy!

There is a boy at this very moment with strings and marbles and a nation in his pocket, a system of railroads, a boy with a national cure for tuberculosis, with sun engines for everybody—there is a boy with cathedrals in him too, no doubt—or some boy, like young Pinchot, with mountains full of forests in his heart.

This is what Mr. Carnegie himself would like to do, but with his big stiff clumsy libraries trailing their huge senseless brick and mortar bodies, their white pillars and things about the country, unmanned, inert, eyeless, all those great gates and forts of knowledge, Coliseums of paper, and with the mechanical people behind the counters, the policemen of the books, all standing about protecting them—with all this formidable array, how can such a boy be hunted out or drawn in, or how would he dare go tramping in through the great gates and hunting about for himself? He could only be hunted out by people all wrought through with human

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experience, men and women who would give the world to find him, who are on the daily look-out for such a boy, by some special kind of eager librarian, or by disguised teachers, anonymous poets, or by diviners, by experts or geniuses in boys.

If Mr. Carnegie could go about and look up and buy up wherever he went the men who have this boy-genius in them, deliver them from empty, helpless, mere getting-a-living lives; and if he could set these men, and set them about thickly, among the books in his libraries—those huge anatomies and bones of knowledge he has established everywhere, all his great literary steel-works—men would soon begin to be discovered, to be created, to be built in libraries . . . but as it is now. . . .

Gentle reader, have you ever stood in front of one of them, looked up at the windows, thought of all those great tiers, those moulds and blocks of learning on the shelves; and have you never watched the puny weary people that dribble in from the streets and wander coldly about, or sit down listless in them, in those mighty, silent empires of the past? Have you never thought that somewhere, all about them, somewhere in this same library, there must be some white, silent, sunny country of the future, full of children and of singing, full of something very different from these iron walls of wisdom? And have you never thought what it would mean if Mr. Carnegie would spend his money on searching parties for people among the books, or what it would mean if the entire library, if all the books in it, became, as it were, wired throughout with live, splendid, delighted men and women, to make connections, to establish the current between the people and the books, to discover the people one by one and follow them to their homes, and follow them in their lives, and take out the latent geniuses, and the listless poets, and the Florence Nightingales—all the still sturdy little men of valour?

The same people, too, specialists in detecting and developing inventors, could be supplied also to all other possible callings. They would constitute a universal profession, penetrating all the others. They would go hunting among foremen and in machine shops, all the misplaced geniuses, tried by wrong standards, underpaid for having other gifts. They would keep a look-out through all the schools and colleges, looking over the shoulders of scolding teachers and absent professors. They would go about

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studying the playground, mastering the streets. We do not a little for the submerged tenth, and the sons of the poor, and we have schools or missions for the sons of the rich; but one of the things we need next to-day is that something should be done for the sons of the great neglected respectable classes.

Far more important than one more library—say in Denver, for instance—would be a Denver Bureau of Investigation, to be appointed of high-priced, spirited men, of expert humanists, to study difficulties and devise methods and missions for putting all society in Denver through filters or placers, and finding out the rich human ore, finding out where everybody really belonged, and what all the clever misplaced people were really for. Of course, it would take money to do all this, and flocks of free people who are doing the work they love. But it is not book racks, nor paper, nor ink, nor stone steps, nor white pillars—it is free men and free women America and England are asking of their Andrew Carnegies to-day.

Mr. Carnegie has not touched this human problem in his libraries. If society were fitted up all through with electric connections, men with a genius for discovering continents in people, Columbuses, boy geniuses; and if there were established everywhere a current between every boy and the great world, this would be something on which Mr. Carnegie could make a great beginning with the little mite of his fortune. If we were to have even one city fitted up in this way, it would be hard to say how much it would mean—one city with enough people in it who were free to do beautiful things, free to be curious about the others, free to follow clues of greatness, free to go up the streams of society to the still faint little springs and beginnings of things. It would soon be a memorable city. A world would watch it, and other cities would grope toward it. Instead of this, we have these big, hollow, unmanned libraries of Mr. Carnegie's everywhere, with no people practically to go with them, no great hive of happy living men and women in and out all day among the shelves, cross-fertilising boys and books.

There seems to be something unfinished and stolid and brutal about a Carnegie library now. The spirit of the garden and the sea, of the spring and the light, and of the Child is not in it. They have come to seem to some of us mere huge Pittsburgs of brains—all these impervious, un-

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wieldy, rolling mills of knowledge. I should think it would be a terrible prospect to grow old with, just to sit and see them flocking across the country from your window, the huge smoke-stacks of books in the weary, sordid cities; and the boys who might be great men, the small Lincolns with nations in their pockets, the little Bells with worlds in their ears, the Pinchots with their forests, the McAdoos and Roosevelts, the young Carnegies and Marconis in the streets!

Some Aspects of the Admirable Inquiry

By Joseph Conrad

I HAVE been taken to task by a friend of mine on the "other side" for my strictures on Senator Smith's inquiry into the loss of the *Titanic*, in the May number of this REVIEW. I will admit that its motives may have been excellent, and probably were; my criticism bore mainly on matters of form and also on the point of efficiency. In that respect I have nothing to retract. The Senators of the Commission of Inquiry had absolutely no knowledge and no practice to guide them in the conduct of such an investigation; and this fact gave an air of unreality to their zealous exertions. I think that even in the United States there is some regret that this zeal of theirs was not tempered by a larger dose of wisdom. It is fitting that people who rush with such ardour to the work of putting questions to men yet gasping from a narrow escape should have, I wouldn't say a tincture of technical information, but enough knowledge of the subject to direct the trend of their inquiry. The newspapers of two continents have noted the remarks of the President of the Senatorial Commission with comments which I will not reproduce here, having a scant respect for the "organs of public opinion," as they fondly believe themselves to be. The absolute value of their remarks was about as great as the value of the inquiry they either mocked at or extolled. To the United States Senate I did not intend to be disrespectful. I have for that body, of which one hears mostly in connection with tariffs, as much reverence as the best of Americans. To manifest more or less would be an impertinence for a stranger. I have expressed myself with less reserve on our Board of Trade. That was done under the influence of warm feelings. We were all feeling warmly on the matter at that time. But, at any rate, our Board of Trade inquiry, conducted by an experienced President, discovered a very interesting fact, on the very

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second day of its sitting : the fact that the water-tight doors in the bulkheads of that wonder of naval architecture could be opened down below by any irresponsible person. Thus the famous closing apparatus on the bridge, paraded as a device of greater safety, with its attachments of warning bells, coloured lights, and all these pretty-pretties, was, in the case of this ship, little better than a technical farce.

It is amusing, if anything connected with this stupid catastrophe can be amusing, to feel the secretly crestfallen attitude of technicians. They are the high priests of the modern cult of perfected material and of mechanical appliances, and would fain forbid the profane from inquiring into its mysteries. We are the masters of progress, they say, and you should remain silently respectful. And they take refuge behind their mathematics. I have the greatest respect for mathematics as an exercise of mind. It is the only manner of thinking which approaches the Divine. But mere calculations, of which these men make so much, when unassisted by imagination and when they have gained mastery over common sense, are the most deceptive exercises of intellect. Two and two are four, and two are six. That is immutable; you may trust your soul to that; but you must be certain first of your quantities. I know how the strength of materials can be calculated away, and also the evidence of one's senses. For it is by some sort of calculation involving weights and levels that the technicians responsible for the *Titanic* persuaded themselves that a ship *not divided* by watertight compartments could be "unsinkable." Because, you know, she was not divided. You and I, and our little boys, when we want to divide, say, a box, we take good care to procure a piece of wood which will reach from the bottom to the lid. We know that if it does not reach all the way up the box will not be divided into two compartments. It will be only partly divided. The *Titanic* was only partly divided. She was just sufficiently divided to drown some poor devils like rats in a trap. It is probable that they would have perished in any case, but it is a particularly horrible fate to die boxed up like this. Yes, she was sufficiently divided for that, but not sufficiently divided to prevent the water flowing over.

Therefore to a plain man who knows something of mathematics but is not bemused by calculations, she was, from the point of view of "unsinkability," not divided at

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all. What would you say of people who would boast of a fireproof building, an hotel, for instance, saying, "Oh, we have it divided by fireproof bulkheads which would localise any outbreak," and if you were to discover on closer inspection that these bulkheads closed no more than two-thirds of the openings they were meant to close, leaving above an open space through which draught, smoke, and fire could rush from one end of the building to the other? And furthermore, that those partitions, being too high to climb over, the people confined in each menaced compartment had to stay there and become asphyxiated or roasted, because no exits to the outside, say to the roof, have been provided! What would you think of the intelligence or candour of these advertising people? What would you think of them? And yet, apart from the obvious difference in the action of fire and water, the cases are essentially the same.

It would strike you and me and our little boys (who are not engineers yet) that to approach—I won't say attain—somewhere near absolute safety, the divisions to keep out water should extend from the bottom right up to the uppermost deck of *the hull*. I repeat, the *hull*, because there are above the hull the decks of the superstructures of which we need not take account. And further, as a provision of the commonest humanity, that each of these compartments should have a perfectly independent and free access to that uppermost deck—that is, into the open. Nothing less will do. Division by bulkheads that really divide, and free access to the deck from every water-tight compartment. Then the responsible man in the moment of danger and in the exercise of his judgment could close all the doors of these water-tight bulkheads by whatever clever contrivance has been invented for the purpose, without a qualm at the awful thought that he may be shutting up some of his fellow creatures in a death-trap; that he may be sacrificing the lives of men who, down there, are sticking to the posts of duty as the engine-room staffs of the Merchant Service have never failed to do. I know very well that the engineers of a ship in a moment of emergency are not quaking for their lives, but, as far as I have known them, attend calmly to their duty. We all must die; but, hang it all, a man ought to be given a chance, if not for his life, then at least to die decently. It's bad enough to have to stick down there when something disas-

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trous is going on and any moment may be your last; but to be drowned shut up under deck is too bad. Some men of the *Titanic* died like that, it is to be feared. Compartmented, so to speak. Just think what it means! Nothing can approach the horror of that fate except being buried alive in a cave, or in a mine, or in your family vault.

So, once more: continuous bulkheads—a clear way of escape to the deck out of each water-tight compartment. Nothing less. And if specialists, the precious specialists of the sort that builds “unsinkable ships,” tell you that it cannot be done, don’t you believe them. It can be done, and they are quite clever enough to do it too. The objections they will raise, however disguised in the solemn mystery of technical phrases, will not be technical, but commercial. I assure you that there is not much mystery about a ship of that sort. She is a tank. She is a tank ribbed, joisted, stayed—but she is no greater mystery than a tank. The *Titanic* was a tank 800 feet long, fitted as an hotel, with corridors, bedrooms, halls, and so on (not a very mysterious arrangement truly), and for the hazards of her existence I should think about as strong as a Huntley and Palmer biscuit tin. I make this comparison because, Huntley and Palmer biscuit-tins being almost a national institution, are probably known to all my readers. Well, about that strong, and perhaps not quite so strong. Just look at the side of such a tin, and then think of a 50,000 ton ship, and try to imagine what the thickness of her plates should be to approach anywhere the relative solidity of that biscuit-tin. In my varied and adventurous career I have been thrilled by the sight of a H. and P. biscuit-tin kicked by a mule sky-high, as the saying is. It came back to earth smiling, with only a sort of dimple on one of its cheeks. A proportionately severe blow would have broken the *Titanic* or any other “triumph of modern naval architecture” into several pieces—I am willing to bet.

I am not saying this by way of disparagement. There is reason in things. You can’t make a 50,000 ton ship as strong as a H. and P. biscuit-tin. But there is also reason in the way one accepts facts, and I refuse to be awed by the size of a tank bigger than any other tank that ever went afloat to its doom. The people responsible for her, though disconcerted in their hearts by the exposure of that disaster, are giving themselves airs of superiority—priests

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of an Oracle which has failed, but still must remain the Oracle. The assumption is that they are ministers of progress. But the mere increase of size is not progress. If it were, elephantiasis, which causes a man's legs to become as large as tree-trunks, would be a sort of progress, whereas it is nothing but a disease, and a very ugly disease at that. But directly this very disconcerting catastrophe happened, the servants of the silly Oracle began to cry, "It's no use! You can't resist progress. The big ship has come to stay." Well, let her stay on, then, in God's name. But she isn't a servant of progress in any sense. She is the servant of commercialism. For progress, if dealing with the problems of a material world, has some sort of moral aspect—if only, say, that of conquest, which has its distinct value since man is a conquering animal. But bigness is mere exaggeration. The men responsible for these big ships have been moved by considerations of profit to be made by the questionable means of pandering to an absurd and vulgar demand for banal luxury—the seaside hotel luxury. One even asks oneself whether there was such a demand? It is inconceivable to think that there are people who can't spend five days of their life without a suite of apartments, *cafés*, bands, and such-like refined delights. I suspect that the public is not so very guilty in this matter. These things were pushed on to it in the usual course of trade competition. If to-morrow you were to take all these luxuries away, the public would still travel. I don't despair of mankind. I believe that if by some catastrophic miracle all ships of every kind were to disappear off the face of the waters, together with the means of replacing them, there would be found, before the end of the week, men (millionaires, perhaps) cheerfully putting out to sea in bath-tubs for a fresh start. We are all like that. This sort of spirit lives in mankind still uncorrupted by the so-called refinements, the ingenuity of tradesmen, who look always for something new to sell, offers to the public.

Let her stay—I mean the big ship—since she has come to stay. I only object to the attitude of the people, who, having called her into being and having romanced (to speak politely) about her, assume a detached sort of superiority, goodness only knows why, and raise difficulties in the way of every suggestion—difficulties about boats, about bulk-heads, about discipline, about davits—all sorts of diffi-

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culties. To most of them the only answer would be: "Where there's a will there's a way"—the most wise of proverbs. But some of these objections are really too stupid for anything. I shall try to give an instance of what I mean.

This Inquiry is admirably conducted. I am not alluding to the lawyers representing "various interests," who are trying to earn their fees by casting all sorts of mean aspersions on the characters of all sorts of people not a bit worse than themselves. It is honest to give value for your wages; and the "bravos" of ancient Venice who kept their stilettos in good order and never failed to deliver the stab bargained for with their employers, considered themselves an honest body of professional men, no doubt. But they don't compel my admiration, whereas the conduct of this Inquiry does. And as it is pretty certain to be attacked, I take this opportunity to deposit here my nickel of appreciation. Well, lately, there came before it witnesses responsible for the designing of the ship. One of them was asked whether it would not be advisable to make each coal-bunker of the ship a water-tight compartment by means of a suitable door.

The answer to such a question should have been, "Why! certainly," for it is obvious to the simplest intelligence that the more water-tight spaces you provide in a ship (consistently with having her workable) the nearer you approach safety. But instead of admitting the expediency of the suggestion, this witness at once raised an objection as to the possibility of closing tightly the door of a bunker on account of the slope of coal. This with the true expert's attitude of "My dear man, you don't know what you are talking about."

Now would you believe that the objection put forward was absolutely futile? I don't know whether the distinguished President of the Court perceived this. Very likely he did, though I don't suppose he was ever on terms of familiarity with a ship's bunker. But I have. I have been inside; and you may take it that what I say of them is correct. I don't wish to be wearisome to the benevolent reader, but I want to put his finger, so to speak, on the inanity of the objection raised by the expert. A bunker is an enclosed space for holding coals, generally located against the ship's side, and having an opening, a doorway in fact, into the stokehold. Men called trimmers

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go in there, and by means of implements called slices make the coal run through that opening on to the floor of the stokehold, where it is within reach of the stokers' (firemen's) shovels. This being so, you will easily understand that there is constantly a more or less thick layer of coal generally shaped in a slope lying in that doorway. And the objection of the expert was: that because of this obstruction it would be impossible to close the watertight door, and therefore that the thing could not be done. And that objection was inane. A watertight door in a bulkhead may be defined as an iron plate which closes a given opening by being made to descend by some mechanical means. And if there were a law of Medes and Persians that a watertight door should always close downwards and never otherwise, the objection would be to a great extent valid. But what is there to prevent those doors to be fitted so as to close upwards, or horizontally, or slantwise? In which case they would go through the obstructing layer of coal as easily as a knife goes through butter. Anyone may convince himself of it by experimenting with a light piece of board and a heap of stones anywhere along our roads. Probably the joint of such a door would weep a little—and there is no necessity for its being hermetically tight—but the object of converting bunkers into spaces of safety would be attained. You may take my word for it that this could be done without any great effort of ingenuity. And that is why I have qualified the expert's objection as inane.

Of course, these doors must not be operated from the bridge because of the risk of trapping the coal-trimmers inside the bunker; but on the signal of all other watertight doors in the ship being down (as would be done in case of a collision) they could be closed on the order of the engineer of the watch, who would see to the safety of the trimmers. If the rent in the ship's side were within the bunker itself, that would become manifest enough without any signal, and the rush of water into the stokehold would be cut off directly the door-plate came into its place. Say half a minute on the very outside. Naturally, if the blow of a right-angled collision, for instance, were heavy enough to smash through the inner bulkhead of the bunker, why, there would be then nothing to do but for the stokers and trimmers and everybody in there to clear out of the stoke-room. But that does not mean that the pre-

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caution of having watertight doors to the bunkers is useless, superfluous, or impossible.*

And talking of stokeholds, firemen, and trimmers, men whose heavy labour has not a single redeeming feature; which is unhealthy, uninspiring, arduous, without the reward of personal pride in it; sheer, hard, brutalising toil, belonging neither to earth nor sea, I greet with joy the advent for marine purposes of the internal combustion engine. The disappearance of the marine boiler will be a real progress, which anybody in sympathy with his kind must welcome. Instead of the unthrifty, unruly, nondescript crowd the boilers require, a crowd of men *in* the ship but not *of* her, we shall have comparatively small crews of disciplined, intelligent workers, able to steer the ship, handle anchors, man boats, and at the same time competent to take their place at a bench as fitters and repairers: the resourceful and skilled seamen-mechanics of the future, the legitimate successors of these seamen-sailors of the past, who had their own kind of skill, hardihood, and tradition, and whose last days it has been my lot to share.

One lives and learns and hears very surprising things—things that one hardly knows how to take, whether seriously or jocularly? How to meet—with indignation or with contempt? Things said by solemn experts, by exalted directors, by glorified ticket-sellers, by officials of all sorts. I suppose that one of the uses of such an Inquiry is to give some people enough rope to hang themselves with. And I hope that some of them won't neglect to do so. One of them declared two days ago that there was "nothing to learn from the catastrophe of the *Titanic*." That he had been "giving his best consideration" to certain rules for ten years, and had come to the conclusion that nothing ever happened at sea, and that rules and regulations, boats and sailors, were unnecessary; that what was really wrong with the *Titanic* was that she carried too many boats.

No; I am not joking. If you don't believe me, pray look back through the reports and you will find it all there. I don't recollect the official's name, but it ought to have been Pooh-Bah. Well, Pooh-Bah said all these things, and when asked whether he really meant it, intimated his readiness to give the subject more of "his best consideration"—for another ten years or so apparently—but he believed, oh

* Since writing the above, I am told that such doors are fitted in the bunkers of more than one passenger ship in the Atlantic trade.

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yes! he was certain, that had there been fewer boats there would have been more people saved. Really, when reading the report of this admirably conducted Inquiry one isn't certain at times whether it is an Admirable Inquiry or a felicitous *opera-bouffe* of the Gilbertian type—with a rather grim subject, to be sure.

Yes, rather grim—but the comic treatment never fails. My readers will remember that in the May number of this REVIEW I quoted the old case of the *Arizona*, and went on from that to prophecy the coming of a new seamanship (in a spirit of irony far removed from fun) at the call of the sublime builders of unsinkable ships. I thought that, as a small boy of my acquaintance says, I was "doing a sarcasm," and regarded it as a rather wild sort of sarcasm at that. Well, I am blessed (excuse the vulgarism) if a witness has not turned up who seems to have been inspired by the same thought, and evidently longs in his heart for the advent of the new seamanship. He is an expert, of course, and I rather believe he's the same gentleman who did not see his way to fit watertight doors to bunkers. With a sort of ludicrous earnestness he assured the Commission of his intense belief that had only the *Titanic* struck end-on she would have come into port all right. And in the whole tone of his insistent statement there was suggested the regret that the officer in charge (who is dead now, and mercifully outside the comic scope of this Inquiry) was so ill-advised as to try to pass clear of the ice. Thus my sarcastic prophecy, that such a suggestion was sure to turn up, receives an unexpected fulfilment. You will see yet that in deference to the demands of "progress" the theory of the new seamanship will become established: "Whatever you see in front of you—ram it fair." . . . The new seamanship! Looks simple, doesn't it? But it will be a very exact art indeed. The proper handling of an unsinkable ship, you see, will demand that she should be made to hit the iceberg very accurately with her nose, because should you perchance scrape the bluff of the bow instead, she may, without ceasing to be as unsinkable as before, find her way to the bottom. I congratulate the future Transatlantic passengers on the new and vigorous sensations in store for them. They shall go bounding across from iceberg to iceberg at 25 knots with precision and safety, and a "cheerful, bumpy sound"—as the immortal poem has it. It shall be a teeth-loosen-

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ing, exhilarating experience. The decorations shall be Louis-Quinze, of course, and the *café* shall remain open all night. But what about the priceless Sèvres porcelain and the Venetian glass provided for the service of Transatlantic passengers? Well, I am afraid all that will have to be replaced by silver goblets and plates. Nasty, common, cheap silver. But those who *will* go to sea must be prepared to put up with a certain amount of hardship.

And there shall be no boats. Why shall there be no boats? Because Pooh-Bah has said that the fewer the boats, the more people can be saved; and therefore with no boats at all, no one need be lost. But even if there was a flaw in this argument, pray look at the other advantages the absence of boats gives you. There can't be the annoyance of having to go into them in the middle of the night, and the unpleasantness, after saving your life by the skin of your teeth, of being hauled over the coals by irreproachable members of the Bar with hints that you are no better than a cowardly scoundrel and your wife a heartless monster. Less boats. No boats! Great should be the gratitude of passage-selling Combines to Pooh-Bah; and they ought to cherish his memory when he dies. But no fear of that. His kind never dies. All you have to do, O! Combine, is to knock at the door of the Marine Department, look in, and beckon to the first man you see. That will be he—very much at your service—prepared to affirm after “ten years of my best consideration” and a bundle of statistics in hand, that: “There's no lesson to be learned, and that there is nothing to be done!”

On an earlier day there was another witness before the Court of Inquiry. A mighty official of the White Star Line. The impression of his testimony which the report gave is of an almost scornful impatience with all this fuss and pother. Boats! Of course we have crowded our decks with them in answer to this ignorant clamour. Mere lumber! How can we handle so many boats with our davits? You people don't know the conditions of the problem. We have given these matters our best consideration, and we have done what we thought reasonable. We have done more than our duty. We are wise, and good, and impeccable. And whoever says otherwise is either ignorant or wicked.

This is the gist of these scornful answers which disclose the psychology of commercial undertakings. It is the same psychology which fifty or so years ago, before Samuel Plim-

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soll uplifted his voice, sent overloaded ships to sea. "Why shouldn't we cram in as much cargo as our ships will hold? Look how few, how very few of them get lost, after all."

Men don't change. Not very much. And the only answer to be given to this manager who came out, impatient and indignant, from behind the plate-glass windows of his shop to be discovered by this Inquiry, and to tell us that he, they, the whole three million (or thirty million, for all I know) capital Organisation for selling passages, has considered the problem of boats—the only answer to give him is: that this is not a problem of boats at all. It is the problem of decent behaviour. If you can't carry or handle so many boats, then don't cram quite so many people on board. It is as simple as that—this problem of right feeling and right conduct, the real nature of which seems beyond the comprehension of ticket-providers. Don't sell so many tickets, my virtuous dignitary. After all, men and women (unless considered from a purely commercial point of view) are not exactly the cattle of the Western-ocean trade, that used some twenty years ago to be thrown overboard on an emergency and left to swim round and round before they sank. If you can't get more boats, then sell less tickets. Don't drown so many people on the finest, calmest night that was ever known in the North Atlantic—even if you have provided them with a little music to get drowned by. Sell less tickets! That's the solution of the problem, your Mercantile Highness.

But there would be a cry, "Oh! This requires consideration!" (Ten years of it—eh?) Well, no! This does not require consideration. This is the very first thing to do. Right away. At once. Limit the number of people by the boats you can handle. That's honesty. And then you may go on fumbling for years about these precious davits which are such a stumbling block to your humanity. These fascinating patent davits. These davits that refuse to do three times as much work as they were meant to do. Oh! the wickedness of these davits!

One of the great discoveries of this admirable Inquiry is the fascination of the davits. All these people positively can't get away from them. They shuffle about and groan around their davits. Whereas the obvious thing to do is to eliminate the man-handled davits altogether. Don't you think that with all the mechanical contrivances, with all the generated power on board these ships, it is about time

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to get rid of the hundred-years-old, man-power appliances. Cranes are what is wanted, low, compact cranes with adjustable heads, one to each set of six or nine boats. And if people tell you of insuperable difficulties, if they tell you of the swing and spin of spanned boats, don't you believe them. The heads of the cranes need not be any higher than the heads of the davits. The lift required would be only a couple of inches. As to the spin, there is a way to prevent that if you have in each boat two men who know what they are about. I have taken up on board a heavy ship's boat, in the open sea (the ship rolling heavily), with a common cargo derrick. And a cargo derrick is very much like a crane; but a crane devised *ad hoc* would be infinitely easier to work. We must remember that the loss of this ship has altered the moral atmosphere. As long as the *Titanic* is remembered, an ugly rush for the boats may be feared in case of some accident. You can't hope to drill into perfect discipline a casual mob of six hundred firemen and waiters, but in a ship like the *Titanic* you can keep on a permanent trustworthy crew of one hundred intelligent seamen and mechanics who would know their stations for abandoning ship and would do the work efficiently. The boats could be lowered with sufficient dispatch. One does not want to let rip one's boats by the run all at the same time. With six boat-cranes, six boats would be simultaneously swung, filled, and got away from the side; and if any sort of order is kept, the ship could be cleared of the passengers in a quite short time. For there must be boats enough for the passengers and crew, whether you increase the number of boats or limit the number of passengers, irrespective of the size of the ship. That is the only honest course. Any other would be rather worse than putting sand in the sugar for which a tradesman gets fined or imprisoned. Do not let us take a romantic view of the so-called progress. A company selling passages is a tradesman; though from the way these people talk and behave you would think they are benefactors of mankind in some mysterious way, engaged in some lofty and amazing enterprise.

All these boats should have a motor-engine in them. And, of course, the glorified tradesman, the mummified official, the technicians, and all these secretly disconcerted hangers-on to the enormous ticket-selling enterprise, will raise objections to it with every air of superiority. But don't believe

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them. Doesn't it strike you as absurd that in this age of mechanical propulsion, of generated power, the boats of such ultra-modern ships are fitted with oars and sails, implements more than three thousand years old? Old as the siege of Troy. Older! . . . And I know what I am talking about. Only six weeks ago I was on the river in an ancient, rough, ship's boat, fitted with a two-cylinder motor-engine of $7\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. Just a common ship's boat, which the man who owns her uses for taking the workmen and stevedores to and from the ships loading at the buoys off Greenhithe. She would have carried some thirty people. No doubt has carried as many daily for many months. And she can tow a twenty-five ton water barge—which is also part of that man's business.

It was a boisterous day, half a gale of wind against the flood tide. Two fellows managed her. A youngster of seventeen was cox (and a first-rate cox he was too); a fellow in a torn blue jersey, not much older, of the usual riverside type, looked after the engine. I spent an hour and a half in her, running up and down and across that reach. She handled perfectly. With eight or twelve oars out she could not have done anything like as well. Those two youngsters at my request kept her stationary for ten minutes, with a touch of engine and helm now and then, within three feet of a big, ugly mooring buoy over which the water broke and the spray flew in sheets, and which would have holed her if she had bumped against it. But she kept her position, it seemed to me, to an inch, without apparently any trouble to these boys. You could not have done that with oars. And her engine did not take up the space of two men, even on the assumption that you would pack people as tight as sardines in a box.

Not the room of two people, I tell you! But no one would want to pack a boat like a sardine-box. You couldn't. You must have room enough to handle the oars. But in that old ship's boat, even if she had been desperately overcrowded, there was power (manageable by two riverside youngsters) to get away quickly from a ship's side (very important for your safety and to make room for other boats), the power to keep her easily head to sea, the power to move at five to seven knots towards a rescuing ship, the power to come safely alongside. And all that in an engine which did not take up the room of two people.

A poor boatman who had to scrape painfully the few

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sovereigns of the price had the idea of putting that engine into his boat. But all these designers, directors, managers, constructors, and others whom we may include in the generic name of Yamsi, never thought of it for the boats of the biggest tank on earth, or rather on sea. And therefore they assume an air of impatient superiority, and make objections—however sick at heart they may be. And I hope they are; at least, as much as a grocer who has sold a tin of imperfect salmon which destroyed only half a dozen people. And, you know, the tinning of salmon was “progress” as much at least as the building of the *Titanic*. More, in fact. I am not attacking shipowners. I care neither more nor less for Lines, Companies, Combines, and generally for Trade arrayed in purple and fine linen than the Trade cares for me. But I am attacking foolish arrogance, which is fair game; the offensive posture of superiority by which they hide the sense of their guilt, while the echoes of the miserably hypocritical cries along the alleyways of that ship: “Any more women? Any more women?” linger yet in our ears.

I have been expecting from one or the other of them all bearing the generic name of Yamsi, something, a sign of some sort, some sincere word, in the course of this Admirable Inquiry, of manly, of genuine compunction. In vain. All trade talk. Not a whisper—except for the conventional expression of regret at the beginning of the yearly report—which otherwise is a cheerful document. Dividends, you know. The shop is doing well.

And the Admirable Inquiry goes on, punctuated by idiotic laughter, by paid-for cries of indignation from under legal wigs, bringing to light the psychology of various commercial characters who are too stupid to know that they are giving themselves away—an admirably laborious Inquiry into facts that speak, nay shout, for themselves.

I am not a soft-headed, humanitarian faddist. I have been ordered in my time to do dangerous work; I have ordered others to do dangerous work; I have never ordered a man to do any work I was not prepared to do myself. I attach no exaggerated value to human life. But I know it has a value for which the most generous contributions to the Mansion House and “Heroes” funds cannot pay. And they cannot pay for it, because people, even of the third class (excuse my plain speaking), are not cattle. Death has its sting. If Yamsi’s manager’s head were forcibly held

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under the water of his bath for some little time, he would soon discover that it has. Some people can only learn from that sort of experience which comes home to their own dear selves.

I am not a sentimentalist; therefore it is not a great consolation to me to see all these people brevetted as "heroes" by the penny and halfpenny Press. It is no consolation at all. In extremity, in the worst extremity, the majority of people, even of common people, will behave decently. It's a fact of which only the journalists don't seem aware. Hence their enthusiasm, I suppose. But I, who am not a sentimentalist, think it would have been finer if the band of the *Titanic* had been quietly saved, instead of being drowned while playing—whatever tune they were playing, the poor devils. I would rather they had been saved to support their families than to see their families supported by the magnificent generosity of the subscribers. I am not consoled by the false, written-up, Drury Lane aspects of that event, which is neither drama, nor melodrama, nor tragedy, but an exposure of arrogant folly. There is nothing more heroic in being drowned very much against your will, off a holed, helpless, big tank in which you bought your passage, than in quietly dying of colic caused by the imperfect salmon in the tin you bought from your grocer.

And that's the truth. The unsentimental truth stripped of the romantic garment the Press has wrapped around this most unnecessary disaster.

The German Opportunity

By the Editor

NOT often does an Ambassador take up a new position with a harvest so big with opportunity as that awaiting Baron Marschall v. Bieberstein in this country; nor, it must be confessed, since the Napoleonic era has any diplomatic mission been fraught with graver responsibility. He bears, of course, as befits the representative of the greatest military power in history, no ultimatum and no olive branch, and he will be received here in like spirit perfectly frankly as the strong man who has come to succeed. It is indeed essential that this attitude be maintained both here and in Berlin; we, on our part, because we have nothing to gain by any other policy, he and the Germans, on their side, because the alternative, failure, must inevitably lead to a condition of European tension as unnecessary as it is unchristian, disastrous to the whole trend of modern civilisation.

The first thing is to divest Baron Marschall's mission of all sensational newspaper pomp and clatter, seeing that the primary object of his presence among us is to unsensationalise the whole political situation. Nothing positive is to be achieved between England and Germany by circumstance. The question being neither remotely dynastic, princely, personal, nor historical, but solely one of national force and continuity, the manner and personality are of entirely secondary importance, the three essentials being on the English, and particularly on the German, side, frankness, clarity, and disposition. Baron Marschall comes to us with no ordinary diplomatic mission—he has nothing to sell, for we do not want a sovereign's worth of any territory or possessions that are German: we are not buyers, or vendors, or pleaders. All forms of diplomatic journalistic inspiration, pressure or champagne razzias, are doomed to failure. As there is no "nigger in the fire," so there is no secret to be extracted; there is simply nothing

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doing at all that must not be publicly known and discussed in the whole gamut of Anglo-German transactions and whatever agreement there may be between the two peoples.

The German Ambassador, then, is most cordially welcome. It would be a great mistake to assume that he is sent to us to patch up a makeshift compromise, to pick up broken bits, to cajole, terrify, or entrap us, for as the sole bar to Anglo-German friendship is the question of the growing German Navy, so the sole arbiter of the issue is the solid articulate voice of the English nation. Admitting that Baron Marschall comes to do what he can, to seize the opportunity, that by no means represents the problem or offers the solution. Behind him, watching him, far higher than any authority of his or of his master, there is the watch-dog opinion of both England and Germany, against which no diplomatic contrivance will avail in the least. And it is well that he should thoroughly grasp at the outset of his task this fundamental condition of result. For this is no diplomatic contest either of skill or persuasion. It is an issue of facts; it can only be settled by facts. The three diplomatic points of wisdom—circumstance, conjecture, conjuncture—are rattles that may be left at once in the closet of the new Embassy. Whatever card he has to play, he must show it—our cards are all laid upon the table. We are not playing with a “joker.” We are not playing at all. But all the disposition at our disposal will be his, and comity and goodwill. He will find a people, and especially the women, immensely fond of his Sovereign, a Government without any *arrière pensée*, and a Press which is perfectly acquainted with German policy and methods.

In a word, all the ingredients of success with most of the thinking minds in both countries anxious for its consummation. *Den Augenblick ergreifen* is what England expects of him. And, moreover, it is a duty, if civilisation has any meaning at all, and the German and English peoples are not to drift apart in an attitude of tacit warfare leading almost inevitably to disaster, senseless and barbaric.

It is not to be expected that the Baron has anything new to divulge; indeed, obviously he has not. He is here

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as the strong man representing a strong nation, not with a mandate of explanation or excuse, but far rather to express and enforce a policy which may or may not be brought into harmony with ours, but which is perfectly clear and, from the German standpoint, intelligible enough. Now this German view is precisely where the hitch arises, and the trouble is that it is not the English view. If Kant was right in defining truth as the exact relation between cause and effect, that point in this pother is the German Navy, and it is the reality of this cause that has produced the effect of our unfortunate relations with a Power whom no sane person in this country desires to attack, or, for the matter of that, could attack except with our Naval arm.

For us, as we all know, the Naval supremacy of England is the key of our whole life and Imperial continuity. It is not a matter men may argue about. We either hold the seas or we forfeit our existence as a First-class Power, sinking down at once to the position of Holland among the nations of Europe, shorn of our glory and history. In the idealistic interests of humanity, that may or may not be a desirable realisation; we are not discussing idealism, nor is the Baron likely to demand it. Theory of that kind may be put aside. If any solution is to be found, it can only be on the basis of materialism, on the assumption, which is the moving force of German political philosophy, that power is the *ultima ratio* of the State, as that the right to use it is arbitrary.

Our English point of view is thus clearly defined and admits of no abrogation. We claim the right to live. We demand as an Island Power, controlling the largest and richest Empire ever known in history, the right of its defence—the right, that is, to possess now, and as long as the coffers of the people are able to provide for it, a Navy strong enough to safeguard the national life, which is our heritage from the days of Nelson. That is the axiom of our whole political reason. It is the expression of our whole national consciousness, without which we have neither being nor justification.

And the Germans admit it, with this proviso: that what applies to the one must necessarily apply to the other. If England (they say) has the right to have as strong a

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Navy as she likes, so too have we. There is no finality in the expression of force any more than there is in the finality of space, and the laws of chance are inscrutable. What England claims we may claim, covering ourselves under the same cloak of righteousness. A German has just as much right to live as an Englishman. The German Empire has as much right to attain to her natural expression as has England to hers. If we choose to sink our entire national capital in ships, it is our affair, and no one else's. The resentment of England may be intelligible, but it is not logical; it is not fair; it is not scientific. Why should any nation accept permanency or finality in any form, seeing that there is no such thing? And so on, with the result that Germany claims the right to build as many ships as she can afford to, until the proposition has grown into its present proportions, which are nothing less than critical.

The question is: What can be done? Theory cannot help us. Germany's bid for maritime supremacy may be no affair of ours philosophically, but actually it is of the gravest concern to us. It is the concern that we have with Baron v. Marschall. Already we have seen how the problem affects us. Our whole Naval force is now concentrated in home waters; there is talk even of our abandonment of the Mediterranean. The whole balance of sea power has changed. Our Naval Budgets are growing to an absolutely outrageous figure. On both sides exasperation is taking the place of controversy. We have to keep supplementary Naval Budgets up our sleeve in expectation of the next German shipbuilding initiative. It has become a race of useless expenditure, senseless recrimination and chronic trepidation, setting back the march of human progress, and all because the two most vital nations in Europe cannot agree as the result of nineteen centuries of Christianity upon the first principles of morality.

Humanly viewed, the thing is intolerable. In vain a man may ask what are the Churches doing, the philosophers, the thinkers, the statesmen, the women, that two such splendid people submit to be thus terrorised and impoverished for an eventuality that can help neither of them and that in itself is sheer savagery? All this we grant and deplore heartily. Unfortunately, it will not help us. The

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working classes may eventually get to understand the position and solve it through Socialism or some doctrine of negativism, but for the nonce there is no such hope. The only alternative is to face it, to bring to the problem the same hard, materialistic attitude that characterises the German conception of policy and to see what there is to be done.

For always something may be done, whereas apathy is invariably fatal. It will be in this case.

The supposition is that Germany's central object is to separate us from France, when possibly she may be willing to come to terms. This supposition we should at once destroy. Our friendship with France must stand. We do not complain of Germany's Alliances with Austria and Italy; she has not the smallest right to protest against our *entente* with France. This should be made quite clear at the very beginning. In dealing with German aims and ambitions we must remember that the German Naval movement is an artificial and organised one, dictated originally from the throne, though now generally supported by the country. The whole Pan-German agitation is, after all, but the logical outcome of Sedan, the cry of a victorious people welded together once more after centuries of internecine strife and chaos, the net result of the Thirty Years' War. The whole sum of German resentment resolves itself into a petty rigmarole of grievances, such as the *Engländerei* of the Empress Frederick, a remark of Palmerston's about the Prussian flag, our attitude towards the Danes, and latterly our South African War and the feeling about the late King Edward's "isolation" policy, which caused the Wilhelmstrasse to regard poor "C.-B." as the modern Machiavelli of destruction. Eleven years ago a cut-and-dried treaty of agreement between the two peoples was drawn up and considered, and only escaped signature through the obtuse prejudice of Prince Bülow; so that what only a decade ago nearly became a *fait accompli* need not now be regarded as an impossibility. That, by the way, was a flagrant example of the evil of secret diplomacy. Without a doubt had that treaty of agreement been submitted to the Parliaments of England and Germany it would have been accepted. As it is, it is only another record of the futility of those in authority,

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and it still remains a secret to both the English and German peoples.

True, it is more difficult to-day to frame such an agreement. From our point of view, there is in fact little need of any paper pact. The only thing needful for us is to insist upon the supremacy of our fleet, and not to irritate Germany by calling her Navy a "luxury," which it most certainly is not, for it is growing as the avowed expression of a policy which some day is to challenge ours. Practically the only diplomatic weapon we need is brutal frankness. We have to convince the Baron that England is determined to maintain her Naval position at all costs and whatever happens, so that it may become clear to Germans that their shipbuilding race is a futile pursuit, and may be wisely exchanged for a sound one; for bargains that are really tangible; lands, it may be, that are really habitable; railway concessions and what not that are not extortions, such as the no-white man's territory cut out of Morocco.

The danger to us lies in the increasing reduction of our safe fighting margin. In no case can we rely upon France to defend our interests. The two-power standard must be our irreducible minimum. Unless we desire war, it is not for us to demand from Germany any reduction in her Naval programme or even to expect it. That is the *quid pro quo* of any conceivable arrangement that may be made with her. We would be only too delighted to consider any scheme for checking Naval construction, but it is not for us to propose it. We can only define our position in the matter and lie on our oars. If Germany has any genuine wish for a deal she will realise then that ships are the condition and position of all negotiation, as of all settlement and agreement. For no other question is relatively of the smallest import to us; prospectively, no other issue is at stake.

One of the main difficulties is the Party view in this country and the groups of extremists in both countries both for and against an *entente*. Thus till quite recently official Liberalism refused to see any significance in the growth of the German Navy, while only the other day Lord Haldane sallied forth to Berlin to settle the issue, and—failed because even he has never properly understood

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the German case, which, so far as the armament question is concerned, is the proud and not unnatural one of "hands off." This treating of the matter as a Tory or Radical stump is unnational and most evil. It has led the Germans to misunderstand us completely, to count on Liberal Governments, on individual Liberal politicians, with the result that Mr. Lloyd George, whom Tories so much abuse for his Little Englandism, is actually regarded in Germany since last summer's quite quiet and innocent speech as the arch-hater of the Fatherland.

On the other hand, there are the fire-eaters—those here who see in the clouds a fleet of Zeppelin airships, who anticipate a German invasion every morning, and, in Germany, those professional pamphleteers and lecturers who spend their energies rousing Germans to the sense of their great mission which is to plant the Prussian Eagle on the Bank of England. Happily Liberalism is now aware of the German danger. Sir E. Grey knows; Lord Haldane knows now; Mr. Winston Churchill is even becoming popular in Conservative circles for his handling of the King's Navy. On this score, at any rate, England is one. And it is a highly important factor in any question of *rapprochement*. It is an attitude Germans understand. It is, in short, their own attitude, for they are poor diplomats, and the big fist is their ensign.

The question of England and Germany is none the less the great issue of twentieth-century Europe. It can be decided in three ways only: (1) War; (2) a Treaty between the two countries agreeing to a limitation of Naval armaments, allowing England always what experts would call a fighting margin of superiority; (3) our setting to work to build so monstrously powerful a Navy that Germany never could have the smallest chance of catching us up when, it is conceivable, she might herself see the folly of the waste. Whatever other Treaty may be arranged, it will alter nothing. Nor is it a question of feeling either here or in Germany. The rise of nations is elemental in its force and compulsion. Growth is not necessarily associated with wisdom, but force is its own master. And this growth of German fighting power is an act of conscious national expression, as natural as the laws of life. No man, no nation, no Empire can hope always to be supreme. The German

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justification is self-evident. But the only real justification in a world admittedly governed by force is this ability of self-assertion. All power, physical or mental, which is based on illusion rather than on fact is doomed ultimately to fall, as is the reputation of the individual, the creation of genius, or the imperial sway of peoples. Every man in this world has the right to squeeze out of himself what is best and strongest, to develop his body until he measures 142 inches round the chest (if he can), to write a finer tragedy than *Lear*, to drive a golf ball further than a ball hit by Braid and Duncan together—and peoples, Empires too, have the same right. That is the German case, what Treitschke called their historical mission. It only affects us because we are the nation who possess the strongest Navy. From the German point of view it is extremely selfish of England to try to keep this superiority, a very dog-in-the-manger exhibition of Albionism; but from our point of view it is a noble aim, the blood reason of all progeny and continuity.

We differ merely in this claim of existence. That is why Baron Marschall cannot hope to diplomatise us, for the Navy is our toll to history. And this is the only interest that his visit has to us. Our differences with Germany are so slight that they can all easily be arranged, and should be arranged anyhow. Animosities are soon forgotten. Nothing would be simpler than to stir up a Kaiser ovation in London. The question of force is another thing. Force begets force; it is also the parent of fear, of envy, of hatred. The stronger the German Navy grows, the more able, that is, it is likely to come into clash with ours, the more must the two peoples look askance at one another. Until the millennium of universal brotherhood, this truism will hold. If we were to disarm to-morrow, the probabilities are that Germany would overrun Europe to the mouth of the Rhine, would within a very short time possess herself of our Colonies. The effort of continuation is always severe; it is so much easier to grow and to desire to grow, which is the case of modern Germany. Our Imperial stomach is full, whereas that of Germany is young and hungry. It is the question of youth *versus* ripe middle-age—the time of life's climacteric. We have, whereas Germany has not. We are, whereas Germany is not yet. We own enough, we are sufficient—Germany has little, her mission is to be.

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He must be a sanguine man who anticipates success from the Baron's mission. That is why the less said about his task the better, and the more straightforward his task will be. The German Emperor spoke a significant word the other day, quoting from an old Hanseatic dictum: "It is easy to put up a little flag, but it costs a great deal to pull it down." The Baron has not come to us to pull down any flag. He has come to uphold it. He will have, first of all, to sound the national spirit, to take his bearings, to look about. If he is wise he will do this quietly without trapping or fuss. We can help him a good deal by keeping a dignified silence, by allowing the problem to grow into him, as it were, naturally rather than to seek to correct him. And the only three things that he need have in mind always are these: that we are determined to maintain our Naval superiority; that we are bound to an understanding with France; that the English people thoroughly realise the gravity of the problem as it presents itself to the Island Empire, at the present time, economically, owing to the vast expenditure on ships needful, and in the future, militarily, the fatal issue of which would decide the destiny of this country.

Fortune favours the brave; no brave man ever had so splendid an opportunity. Everyone in this country would welcome with joy a *détente* in the present tension of Anglo-German relations, but unless there is a *détente* in the race of ship-building, all the fine words and protestations of the Hohenzollern Empire will mean nothing to our Admiralty, which has the nation's keeping in trust. Failure, inability to arrive at any reasonable agreement, will, of course, be the matter of grave omen to Europe. For the present that need not be considered. In either case we have nothing to fear, and that is our chief asset. The Baron's mission is really a humanitarian one. We will certainly respond to any common-sense view of the situation. Willingness to accept our claim of national life will find hearty reciprocity. Let the Baron give his countrymen to understand that we are ready to be friends, or fight now and at any time, and the platform of common cordiality will have been built. Not by newspaper articles or speeches will anything be achieved, by show or protestation. The basis of any agreement must be the acceptance of the reciprocal right to live and let live.

An Anglo-Turkish Entente

By Dr. E. J. Dillon

THE time seems to have come for a thorough overhauling of our Near Eastern policy, which since the death of our last great Ambassador to Turkey, Sir William White, has run directly and steadily counter to our best interests. And the sooner we set to work to ascertain what is wrong about it, and how it had best be remedied, the better for ourselves, for the Turks, and for Europe generally. I regard the present moment as particularly opportune for this revision, because during the past four or five months Turkey has undergone a profound but by no means obvious change towards us, which calls for a responsive change on our side. The nature of this new mood is worth examining. Outwardly, indeed, things and people related to the struggle with Italy are the same. So, too, are ends and means. The war is being waged as vigorously as ever. The fire of patriotic enthusiasm burns as fiercely as at the outset, and the nation's resolve to fight on to the bitter end is as steadfast as in the beginning. But the leaders of the Turkish people, with many of whom I have recently discussed these matters in detail, now profess to be painfully conscious of the grave blunders they committed since they took over the reins of government, and to be eager and able to rectify them. And chief among these was their attitude towards our country.

Immediately after the Revolution, Great Britain's star in the Near East was in the ascendent. The very name of the classic land of parliamentarism stirred latent political instincts in the Young Turkish breast, and the conviction was widespread that a closer connection with England—which formed part of the unwritten programme of the new Government—would satisfy active political needs and help the young democratic community to enter upon that normal national life which it knew only as a remote ideal. In those days the nation's "affection" for the British people was literally frenzied. I remember discerning from afar on more than one occasion the serene countenance of the

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British Ambassador in Constantinople beaming benevolently on an enthusiastic crowd of Britain-worshippers like the sun on a hazy morning. The heart of British residents in Pera and Galata beat loud with pride and gladness thereat. But Young Turkey's tender passion for us, which was, so to say, thrust at us, was also thrown away upon us. The official British attitude towards the new Constitutional Government may be described as good-natured aloofness streaked with mild surprise at the unwonted and unconventional spectacle. The ordinary outings of the Ambassador were festive processions, which no British official was conscious of having done anything to provoke. The Germans, who were still anxious for the completion of the Baghdad Railway, feared that the Anglophile spirit which actuated these manifestations would be utilised by wily British diplomacy, translated perhaps into terms of concessions, or, worse still, turned into spokes to be thrust in the wheels of the Baghdad Railway carriages. But nothing could be further from the thoughts or habits of the British Government. We simply drew back, a little shocked at Turkey's "forwardness," smiled correctly, waited, and neglected to watch.

Gradually Young Turkey's passion abated for want of pabulum, and a few excusable errors of judgment on our part extinguished it altogether. And instead of standing in Germany's way we contributed indirectly but efficaciously to rid her of a dangerous rival. Then came Hakki Pasha as Grand Vizier, with a programme which was ostentatiously Germanophile, and inaugurated a series of international transactions which have been commented upon sufficiently already. That his policy dove-tailed with Germany's interests is, after all, no concern of ours. When I mentioned these matters to the War Minister, Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, a few days ago, he said with reason: "Neither Hakki Pasha, nor I, nor any other Minister is Germanophile or Anglophile. We are all Turks, and we have the interests of our own country, and only of our own country at heart. At one time those interests may run parallel with England's, whereas at another time they may coincide with those of Germany or France. And our action will vary congruously. But to label us Germanophile or Anglophile for thus doing our duty and readjusting means to changing circumstances is hardly just." The War Minister's argument is conclusive so far as it goes. But it

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does not touch the root of the matter. The alleged ground on which Hakki Pasha was set down as Germanophile was that, in spite of big differences between the interests of the two countries, he caused the whole policy of Turkey to take its "orientation" from Germany.

An instance of this subordination of Turkey's interests to Germany's recurred to me at the time, and I mentioned it to Mahmoud Shevket Pasha. It had reference to the Baghdad Railway. The concession for this line, which may aptly be compared to the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée of France, was of course given for the entire extent, from terminus to terminus, to the German company. But the actual construction was made to depend on the ability of the Turkish Government to provide the kilometric guarantee. By the time Hakki Pasha had become Grand Vizier the railway was built, all but the last section, six hundred kilometres long. Turkey lacked the money necessary for the guarantee. The negotiations for a loan in France came to nothing, and Hakki Pasha entered into negotiations with Germany. This was Turkey's opportunity, it seems to me, to take as well as to give. If she were then pursuing a coherent and continuous policy in furtherance of her own national aims, here was her chance. She has many needs, to satisfy which she must move many wills, and Germany's is one of these. Turkey yearns for economic liberty, for the right of making commercial treaties with various countries, and denouncing them when they expire if they damage instead of benefiting her. She demands the same independence that every other Power has to draft a customs tariff adapted to the wants of her own people. And she is also eager for a speedy revision of the capitulations. As all these claims to be granted have to be allowed by the various Powers, any one of which may veto them effectually, one would have thought that Hakki Pasha would make the most of his opportunity and negotiate with Germany on the basis of *do ut des*, with a view to obtaining her assent to all these prerogatives of a full-fledged Power. He did nothing of the kind. He did not make the emancipation of the Ottoman Empire from economic and political servitude part of the bargain. He arranged for the building of the last section of the Baghdad Railway and went his way. And that, people hold, was at once a fundamental blunder, and a proof of that political bias to which the term Germanophile is applied.

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I mentioned this a few days ago to the War Minister, Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, who was a colleague of Hakki's, and this was his remark: "If you think that Germany will stand in our way when the question of our economic emancipation or the revision of the capitulations comes up for discussion, you are mistaken. Hakki Pasha ran no risks. Germany is well disposed towards us, and will show her good disposition in all these matters as soon as the opportunity arises." I accepted his assurance all the more readily that I had assumed all this already without any authoritative statement on the subject. However this may be, it will not be gainsaid that during Hakki Pasha's tenure of office there was no love lost between Young Turkey and Great Britain. Nor is the reason to be sought solely in the strong feeling aroused in England by accounts of the racial struggles going on in Turkey and the high-handed action of the dominant race against the others. Foreign policy should not shape itself in accordance with our approval or reprobation of the domestic conduct of a Government.* Once go on that tack, and you may say good-bye to continuity of purpose in establishing and maintaining satisfactory relations with your neighbours. Turkey is a political entity with which we must reckon, an organism which we cannot ignore. We must therefore adopt some intelligible attitude towards it and enter into certain relations with it. The nature of those relations should be determined by our national interests. It would be unfruitful now to inquire why our Foreign Office, instead of taking that simple line, held thus persistently aloof from the Near East at the risk of neglecting political and commercial interests there, and losing political prestige in the Moslem world as well. As the motive lies fairly near the surface, and can be discerned by the average student of international relations, it is needless here to dwell upon it. The important point is that it be rendered henceforward inoperative. Turkey is again enamoured of Great Britain, spontaneously of course, and would fain find favour in her sight. A cynical outsider may object that the motives of the Young Turkish party are less sentimental than they are made to look. Probably they are.† But, in any case, all that we are, all that we can reasonably be asked to do,

* My own opinion of the Committee's home policy is fairly well known.

† At present they are hard pressed for money, without which they can do nothing, not even maintain themselves in power.

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is to regulate our intercourse with the Ottoman Empire in accordance with our own national interests. And that is a pressing duty. To persist in the well-bred aloofness and courteous indifference which are the alpha and omega of our Near Eastern policy to-day—as it appears to the Turks—is to deal a severe blow to our trade, industry, and political prestige without any counterbalancing advantage or the faintest hope of any. To this ill-advised line of action, which has been too long pursued, must be attributed the circumstance that whereas Germany, with none of the odds in her favour that we had, has by dint of diplomatic skill and business enterprise created a group of most valuable interests in Asia Minor, the Central Government energetically supporting the Embassy and the Embassy ably seconding the Central Government; here our pushing rival has supplied us with an object-lesson in the art of creating something worth having out of nothing at all. France, too, possesses a firm financial and commercial hold of the Near East, which she acquired by her capital, her technical skill, and her cautious diplomacy. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that she would to-day have a much more extensive footing in Turkey were it not for the restraining influence of our Foreign Office, which was actuated by motives of a political order and by well-meant but chimerical politico-commercial combinations. The only matters which to-day can be dignified by the name of British interests in the Near East are, with one exception, political. That exception turns upon the arrangement yet to be made respecting the last section of the Baghdad Railway, and hopes are entertained that an acceptable agreement will have been come to by the time the *ENGLISH REVIEW* for July is in the hands of its readers. From patience springs hope, says the Turkish proverb.

It is on the slender basis of these British interests that our understanding with Turkey is to be grounded. Outstanding differences between Great Britain and the Porte respecting our international status on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and the deliverance of Egypt from Turkish financial guardianship, practically exhaust the list of demands, the grant of which would probably satisfy British diplomacy. Turkey's requirements, on the other hand, are much more extensive and more difficult of attainment: she asks for economic emancipation and the abolition of the capitulations. These claims are worth examining.

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By "economic emancipation" is meant the right wielded by all independent nations of making terminable commercial treaties with neighbouring countries. At present goods coming into the Ottoman Empire are dutiable to the extent of only eleven per cent. on their value, irrespective of their nature and their origin. And Turkey, whose hands are bound by old treaties, the parchment of which is long since shrivelled, may not raise this duty nor even modify it by introducing a specific tariff in lieu of the *ad valorem* percentage unless all the Powers give their consent, which some of them seem reluctant to do. To state this galling restriction is to condemn it as obsolete. No independent nation would tolerate it, and it is doubtful policy on the part of the other Powers—whatever may be their feelings towards the dominant race in the Ottoman Empire—to constrain Young Turkey to abide by stipulations which ought to have been cancelled three years ago. At present the Porte is bound for all time to content itself with things as they are—unless Europe dispenses it from observing the treaties. Bulgaria, the ex-vassal of Turkey, Belgium, Portugal, Servia can all conclude commercial treaties with other Powers on the basis of a specific tariff which discriminates among imports and is regulated on the principle of give and take. Turkey alone, with its large population and well-trained army, is denied this right, and condemned to economic bondage which is incompatible with real independence. Yet there is no conclusive reason why this should be so. Turkey is not an industrial country, and is therefore not a rival of the other Powers for her own markets. If she raised her tariff, her aim would not be protection, but solely the acquisition of a larger source of revenue. Consequently, industrial nations have no serious motive to thwart her efforts to free herself from her present disability. They have potent reasons for seconding them; for not only does the system which obtains to-day involve a pecuniary loss to the Turkish treasury, it is also a standing humiliation, a brand-mark of inferiority.

I hold that the moment has come to sweep away the parchment barriers which keep Turkey from her legitimate rights. The Powers are, I have reason to believe, on the whole disposed to lend a ready ear to her demand for relief. Not unconditionally. They will demand a *quid pro quo* of some kind, all except Austria-Hungary, who when settling the Bosnian problem assented in advance to the

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abolition of all irksome limitations of Turkey's domestic rule, including the capitulations. The Turks have a shrewd saying on which their neighbours are now acting: "Without a previous understanding, open no door."

The right at present enjoyed by the Powers in Turkey is highly lucrative. They can export the produce of their soil and the output of their factories to the Ottoman Empire on the payment of a duty which, taken all round, is relatively small. They can be certain, too, that it will not be raised suddenly to upset the calculations of their princes of industry, nor indeed at all. They, on the other hand, have it in their power to increase the amount which some or all Turkish imports into their country must pay without fearing reprisals. Now to forgo this precious privilege is to incur a heavy loss. Moreover, the renunciation once made can never be rescinded. These considerations render some people reluctant to face the problem, and desirous of maintaining the *status quo*. But whether they face or shirk it, the issue will shortly come up for discussion, and the sacrifice, however painful, must be offered up.

To-day (8th June) I was talking to the Director of the Turkish Customs, Sir Richard Crawford, whose services to the Ottoman Government are inestimable, and I obtained from him a practical insight into the disadvantages of the present arrangement. The *ad valorem* duty is time-killing, for it necessitates invoices from merchants, and sometimes a wearisome correspondence which culminates in a request for an affidavit from the firm that manufactured the goods. It is costly, because this procedure, as well as the work of verifying the hundreds of thousands of statements made, entails the maintenance of a large staff of trained and trustworthy officials, many of whom are needed only for this work. It encourages fraud, which cannot always be detected, and it puts a premium on smuggling, which is largely carried on by water. And even when all is said and done, when every test, including the affidavit, has been applied without disclosing any attempt at deception on the part of the exporters, the guile is none the less so apparent that the Custom House officials are obliged to fall back upon the capitulations, which authorise them to decline the money and demand the payment of the duty in kind. It is little short of wanton barbarity to inflict these losses and put this humiliation upon the Ottoman Government to-day. How much easier would it be if the Porte could, like every

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other Government, levy a specific duty upon each separate category of goods, and by weighing or measuring the imported articles, determine the amount of duty payable. Sir Richard Crawford, who has transformed the Turkish Customs into a model institution, has also drawn up a specific customs tariff on goods which will serve as the basis of commercial treaties later on.

How soon this contingency will arise depends mainly upon the Powers. Mainly, but not wholly. The consent of Austria-Hungary has been obtained. That of Italy will be given as one of the terms on which peace will be concluded. Germany, the War Minister tells me, will offer no objection, and we know that several years ago she was quite ready to strike up a commercial convention with Turkey on such a basis; that, in fact, she actually drew up the terms, which, of course, so long as the other States held aloof, could not be observed. France, too, whose economic interests in the Near East are vast and growing, is quite ready to enter into negotiations on the subject, and has her little list of desires ready for presentation, consisting of railway concessions and contracts for the construction of harbours. There can be no doubt that it would be to the certain advantage of Great Britain to accept and reciprocate Turkey's advances to-day and enshrine her friendly sentiments in a diplomatic instrument which would bestow upon the Ottoman Empire as much economic home rule as is attainable at the present conjuncture.

On the other hand, the Turks themselves ought to facilitate this consummation by meeting our Foreign Office half way and dealing with the differences between us in a broad, business-like spirit of compromise. It is the lack of that spirit in all the dealings of Young Turks and Old Turks with Europeans which shakes my belief in the future of the Empire more than all the other charges preferred against them combined. The Turk will talk, argue, repeat himself, and perhaps agree with you at last. But his assent settles nothing. Between words, however precise, and deeds, however harmless, he perceives a chasm and no bridge. The Turks can weave words endlessly without feeling the need of doing anything to supplement them. And when engaged in bargaining, they cannot give as well as take. Thus in many of their negotiations they had rather leave things in the unpleasant condition which at first moved them to seek for betterment than by yielding

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on some points to get the other contracting party to make corresponding concessions. In a word, they are devoid of the spirit of compromise, of what the French would term *l'esprit transactionnel*. Set the average Turk to drive a political bargain with the members of another nationality and you discern no end to the discussions. *Ils peuvent se comprendre mais pas s'entendre*. That was the outcome of their disputes with the Persians about their respective boundaries: each side argued exhaustively, respected its opponent's view, kept its own, and returned home, leaving things as they were..

The present conversations between the Porte and the British Foreign Office about the Baghdad Railway offer a similar spectacle. A man of business eager to come to a reasonable settlement would make or accept a workable scheme in a single day. The issues are simple, the alternatives clear, the motives for settling the differences promptly are overwhelming. Yet there is very little headway made. One looks in vain for adequate grounds. At present the Ottoman Government is bent on giving tangible proofs of its desire to win the friendship of the British people. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Assim Bey, is a man of parts whose psychology and mentality differ nowise from those of Western statesmen. He has spent twenty years of his life abroad, and is accustomed to gauge persons and things by Western standards. Well, this exceptionally gifted Minister sent the official Jurisconsult of the Porte to London in order to expedite matters. Six weeks ago, to my question when the conversations on the Baghdad Railway and Great Britain's relation to it would be likely to terminate in a written agreement, the answer was returned: "In about ten days from now." About ten days! Over six weeks have passed since then, leaving things about where they were. Yesterday I again put the same query to an influential member of the Government here in Constantinople, and I received the self-same answer: "In about ten days from now."

It is only fair to remark that if in this matter of striking up an understanding the Turks are dilatory, the British on their side are deliberate, not to say averse to action. The two together might be termed sleeping partners, were it not that they do occasionally exchange proposals and counter-proposals—at least, the minor gods among them do. The Olympian deities have not yet descended into

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the diplomatic arena. They will not appear until the next act. This is a pity from our point of view, because an arrangement of some kind is become a necessity; and it is well to have it before certain questions of international interest crop up—and before two months are gone some of them will have become actual—which may embarrass our diplomacy and render a desirable convention less easy to conclude than it would be to-day. Assim Bey, who now presides at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, is actuated by a fervid desire to associate his name with a *rapprochement* between the two States, and he seems to be bounteously endowed with that *esprit transactionnel* which is wanting to so many of his colleagues, and without which there is no salvation for the statesman. He is acquainted with the ground taken up by the British Foreign Office in the matter of the Baghdad Railway and of the emancipation of Egypt from financial dependency on Turkey. He is also conversant with the claims advanced by our Government on the shores of the Red Sea, and he is confident that the conversations now going on will be worked out to a completely satisfactory issue. All these characteristics are excellent qualifications for a successful negotiator. What surprises one is the length of time it takes, despite these auspicious conditions, to come to a settlement. Possibly each side may be responsible for the delay. In the boundary dispute between Turkey and Persia much less headway has been made. In fact, I have reason to fear that the parties will have to give it up as a hopeless task and refer their differences to the Hague tribunal. And yet here too Turkey, or rather Assim Bey, put forth two efforts to compromise the matter in a business-like way: at the outset, when he proposed that the Persian and Turkish members of the Boundary Commission should take a large map of the districts and trace out a frontier in a rough and ready way without reference to treaties. That sporting offer was rejected. A second suggestion he made a few days ago which encountered the same cold reception; and with the utterance of Persia's *non possumus* every prospect of an agreement appears to have vanished.

Another reform dependent for its realisation on the good will of foreign States, for which the Ottoman Government displays considerable ardour, is the abolition of the immunity which the subjects of other countries resident in Turkey enjoy from the impost on trades and callings. The

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wonder is that such a preposterous discrimination in favour of strangers should have survived the nineteenth century. In Turkey every subject of the Sultan who works for a living, whether manually or mentally, the carpet-weaver and the banker, the journalist and the goldsmith, all pay a tax for the right of following their respective professions and trades. Alone the foreigner is exempted. He is a privileged being, and may exploit the soil, the mineral wealth, the people, without paying a piastre for the privilege. That is his birthright. He is a superman to the native. Turkey exists for the foreigner, not for the Turk. In order to realise to some extent what this means, we have only to put ourselves in the place of the indigenous population. Suppose for a moment that Germans, Russians, Italians, Chinamen, &c., were permitted to earn their livelihood among us without paying the trade licence or the income tax to which British subjects are liable. That is precisely the position of the Sultan's subjects. Walk along the streets of Stamboul or Pera and look at the shops there. On either side of the thoroughfare are, say, five bootmakers or mercers, of whom four are Americans and one an Ottoman. The latter has a heavy tax to bear for the right of plying his trade, and the cost of production is raised accordingly by that amount. The former are dispensed from this burden, and the cost of production is lessened for them by the same amount. The foreigners are thus enabled to undersell the native in the native's own country! The Sultan's subjects have thus to compete against considerable odds. When incongruities of this flagrant character have been set forth in words, there is no need of discussing them. The facts carry their own commentary.

Doubtless such a privilege is worth keeping. And once gone, it can never be revived. Hence many foreigners fail to perceive why they should give up such a valuable prerogative. "Besides, what has the Turk done," they ask, "to merit our generosity?" That is not the point. One may condemn the Ottoman Government without appeal on numerous counts of a long indictment, but however guilty it may be in these respects, it cannot be expected to endure such galling restrictions as these. It possesses rights as representatives of the nation. Turkey may be broken up by the Powers and the fragments partitioned among the new and old claimants, if they can be got to agree upon a fair

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division of the booty. But unless Europe is ready to proceed to this vivisection of the Ottoman Empire, it must treat that Empire as a Power sufficiently independent and sovereign to re-establish equality in the eyes of the tax collector between the native and his foreign guests and competitors. The perpetuation of the present system of discrimination is a scandal in the face of the civilised world. In contributing to do away with it, our Foreign Office would be availing itself of one of several opportunities to apply new methods to the new requirements of a tangled situation.

I venture to think that with advantage to ourselves, to Turkey, and to the cause of peace we might move a step further and lay a moderating hand on the Capitulations. The Turks themselves clamour for the abolition of them all at one stroke. And this demand is not surprising if we consider that Austria-Hungary has already consented to their repeal, whenever the other Powers do likewise; that the late Russian Ambassador Tsharykoff proclaimed his conviction that they should be revoked as soon as possible; and that Italy is virtually certain to bind herself by the Peace Treaty to acquiesce in their abrogation in the same way as did Austria-Hungary. But although not surprised by this sweeping demand, neither am I convinced that the hour has struck for according it. Modification, not abolition, is the measure which seems to me to be called for by the present situation. So long as fanatics of the Committee like Talaat Bey form part of the Government of the country, no British Minister in his right mind would agree to entertain a proposal to go even a single step further in that direction than simple justice demands.

The Capitulations are marks of Cain, stigmata of political and cultural inferiority which sting every thinking Turk to the quick. They are constant reminders that he cannot be trusted to deal fairly with the foreigner in his country. They are odious symbols which bring home to him the fact that he is not master in his own house. The manner in which they are worked hampers him when making his most earnest efforts to reform, turns the conceptions of justice and fair play into caricatures, and demoralises the people. In virtue of the Capitulations, no foreigner may be imprisoned by the Turkish police even if caught red-handed in a breach of the law. And under Abdul Hamid the police was not allowed even to arrest the foreign

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criminal. Since the Revolution this and other practices have been modified. To-day, for instance, a foreigner if he break the criminal law is arrested by the Turkish police, but he can be kept in custody only by his own Consul. At his trial the Consular Dragoman has to be present, and his approval of all the proceedings must be obtained before the verdict of guilty and the sentence have the force of law. And if the Dragoman declines to sign the minutes, the proceedings of the tribunal become null and void!

A man, for instance, who has committed, say, murder, and has been proven to be guilty to the satisfaction of everybody, cannot be punished even after his trial and sentence unless the Dragoman of his Consul gives his assent. It may be urged that the official in question would not hesitate, under these conditions, to sign the minutes and impart validity to the proceedings. And, on the whole, this is true of cities where there is an Ambassador, a Minister Plenipotentiary, or a Consul-General, who is usually a man of broad views and a certain judicial fairness of judgment. By such an official facts will be treated as facts, and justice will not be deliberately baulked at that early stage. But even in cities it has happened that the Dragoman refused his signature on the flimsiest of pretexts when friction between the Porte and the Government of the country which he represented would lend to such acts the colour of patriotic reprisals. And in the provinces this game of venomous chicanery is of frequent occurrence when the foreign country is represented by a Vice-Consul new to the work and place and prompted by some native Dragoman who has grudges of his own against the authorities.

But bad as these things are, they do not reveal the worst aspect of the abuse. If the Dragoman is reasonable and the criminal's deserts have been determined by the Court, justice, one may imagine, will at last be done. For no Consulate, however patriotic, has any sane motive for aiding and abetting evil-doers to escape the penalties they have incurred. And yet the arm of Turkish justice is never quite long enough to reach the foreign malefactor, who can always snap his fingers at the authorities and continue his career of crime. Let us suppose, for instance, that the guilty man has been condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment. He cannot be confined in Turkish prisons, because most of them are scarcely fit for foreign misdemeanants. The Turks therefore rely upon the man's

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Consular Court to see that he is incarcerated for that term. But the Consular Court has no penitentiaries or keeps in which long sentences can be carried out. They have cells in which individuals may be locked up for a few days while awaiting their trial, but it is out of their power to keep watch and ward over him for a term of years. There is no proper place for this at their disposal, no staff of gaolers, nothing. On the other hand, the criminal cannot be sent home to undergo his sentence there, because the writs of a Turkish law court are of no account in other countries. And thus the condemned man is left without any suitable place of refuge, like the soul in the mediæval legend which was successively denied admittance to heaven, hell, and purgatory. A case of this description will very shortly have to be dealt with in one of the larger cities of the Turkish Empire. The man will be condemned for a long term of years, and his Consul cannot undertake to execute the sentence or to see that it is carried out. How this difficulty will be finally settled I cannot say. I know how people were wont to evade it when Abdul Hamid was Sultan. A petition would be drafted, signed, and sent to his Majesty praying that he would graciously exercise his prerogative of mercy and give the felon a free pardon. And the Sultan never refused. But such a scandalous system as that cannot be taken over and perpetuated by the present Government, nor can the Powers wish it to continue. Justice is the rock on which all political community life is built up. Whether the ruling elements of Turkey cultivate it among themselves and with what results are questions which have no bearing on the attitude of the Powers towards an iniquitous state of things which cannot but demoralise all who come in contact with it.

In that particular, I venture to think that the Capitulations ought to be revised as soon as possible.

It is no part of my task to suggest an alternative to this shameful mode of proclaiming the superiority of the foreigner over the Turk. But I can perceive more than one way of having justice done. The Turks, of course, employ these and other crying abuses as arguments in favour of entire abolition of the Capitulations. They also point to the Japanese, and ask to be treated by the Powers as that people was treated, forgetting how long it took Nippon to clear the ground by root-reaching reforms at home and apostolic propaganda abroad before the Capitu-

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tions were abolished. If the Turks follow that example they are likely to attain their aim more rapidly than the Japanese did. But they should go to work systematically, and see that their endeavours are characterised by adaptability to changing circumstance and perseverance. Elasticity of method and continuity of policy are the two essentials to success. Unhappily the Turk cannot always be made to realise this. "What is the good of our obtaining Austria's consent to the abolition of the Capitulations?" said a Turkish Minister to me during the Bosnian crisis. "As the other Powers will not follow suit, the concession is worthless." It was to no purpose that I argued that this was a beginning, and a very promising one, and that if the Government pursued the aim with steadfastness of purpose it might hope to attain it in a shorter time than my interlocutor deemed likely. The sight of the vast array of difficulties in the way of any cherished scheme always disheartens the Turk. It attunes him to resignation rather than active resistance and systematic effort.

For the abolition of the Capitulations the time has not yet arrived. But a modification of them is become a peremptory necessity. The Powers might, for instance, without any inconvenience, consent to two important departures from the letter of the Conventions. In the first place, they might have reports drawn up on the condition of certain of the better prisons in Turkey with a view to accepting them as places in which subjects of theirs convicted of crime might be confined, provided that the treatment meted out to these, periodically checked by visitors, did not fall below a certain humane standard. That would be the first step. And I have some grounds for believing that a few of the existing prisons might, with an effort on the part of the Turkish authorities, pass muster. Of course, the standard employed must not be that of such *prisons de luxe* as we find in Belgium and Bosnia, but rather of gaols of less progressive types which exist in large numbers in other parts of Europe. One might then arrange for periodic visits to be made to the British, French, or other prisoner by an agent of his Consul, who should be allowed to see him alone and receive any complaints he had to prefer.

There is one point, however, on which one could not recommend the Foreign Office to make any concession as yet: that of preventive imprisonment. I would veto the

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suggestion that any British subject should be handed over to the Turkish police before his trial. Preventive custody must still continue to be a care of the Consulates. For the delays of justice in various parts of Eastern Europe, not only in Turkey, are appalling. In Russia the other day, for example, some scores of Armenians were tried for being members of a revolutionary organisation, and many of them were found guilty and sent to prison for a number of years. With the verdict and the sentences I am not concerned. But several of the accused were acquitted *after having spent four years, more or less in confinement*, the sole professed object of which was to ensure their coming up for trial! That similar delays are likely to occur in Turkey is self-evident. And for that reason preventive custody of the accused by the native police ought not to be included among the modifications of the Capitulations. In due time, of course, this and other reserves will disappear, provided that real progress, a truly modern judicial procedure, a Bench above suspicion, and certain other needful reforms have been introduced in the meantime.

None of these improvements can be effected without money, and for the present not a piastre can be allotted to cultural reforms of this category.

Meanwhile, although the Capitulations remain intact, the manner in which they are applied differs widely from the way in which they were observed under Abdul Hamid. It is instructive to note the difference. In those halcyon days a foreigner was inviolable. The Turkish police might not lay hands upon him, however heinous the crime of which he was accused. To-day such undesirables are arrested by the police without more ado and delivered up to their Consuls, who are surety for their appearance before the tribunal. The inviolability has partially vanished. So long as Abdul Hamid's interpretation of the Capitulations prevailed, the Turk ground his teeth and clenched his hands at the sight of the relative impunity of the malefactor. And I am convinced that the feeling of suppressed hatred and envenomed racial pride which these exhibitions aroused were among the explosive forces which swept Abdul Hamid from the throne. To-day, when it is no longer suppressed, it tends to find expression in a powerful bias against foreigners—which in time will considerably abate.

An amusing incident will serve to exemplify the spirit of the two *régimes* in applying the Capitulations, and also

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the accuracy with which the difference is gauged by the common man. In Abdul Hamid's days the troops were obliged to present arms whenever an Ambassador, Minister Plenipotentiary, or other high dignitary representing a foreign Power passed their way. The moment they recognised him they had to do their duty, even though the illustrious diplomatist happened to be in a bathing costume. But on the morrow of the Revolution the War Minister issued an order that arms should be presented only when the foreign representative was wearing his uniform, and could be recognised even by those who had never seen him previously. After that order whenever a diplomatist attired in flannels for his lawn-tennis match, or in another costume for golf, strolled along, the soldiers looked but made no sign. Some foreign diplomatists were saddened thereat, but there was no remedy. Then came the counter-revolution of April. On one of the following days a certain eminent foreign representative was tearing along the street in a light tweed costume and straw hat, when he passed a military post. Unhesitatingly the soldiers presented arms. This they did on their own responsibility, instinctively. They had had no fresh instructions. Their flair told them that that was the correct thing to do, and they did it. But no sooner did Mahmoud Shevket Pasha enter Constantinople at the head of his troops than the military reverted to the democratic habit of leaving unnoticed foreign statesmen in white flannels and knickerbockers.

In other ways, too, there are differences in observing the Capitulations. For instance, the smaller the State whose subject claims privileges, the less punctilious are the authorities. Greeks enjoy a smaller slice of ex-territoriality than Britons or Frenchmen. The circumstance that there are Turkish Greeks and foreign Greeks, Turkish Bulgarians and foreign Bulgarians, between whom it is not easy for the Turkish police to distinguish, explains why malefactors of these nationalities are sometimes dealt with ungently. Thus it happens that Greeks come from abroad to perpetrate some illegal *coup* together with Greek confederates of Ottoman nationality. In Smyrna a few years ago the police captured such a band, but had to hand over the chief criminals to their Consul and practical immunity while consigning their accomplices to a Turkish prison. In another case the property stolen by the gang was hidden in the house of one of the members, but as he happened to be a

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foreign subject, and as his Consul was then at loggerheads with the local authorities, the police, who may not enter a foreigner's house without his Consul's authorisation, were effectually kept out until the booty was removed.

To sum up : Recent events are creating a new political situation in Europe, by which our interests in the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf may be particularly affected. The impolicy, with this perspective before us, of continuing our indifference towards Turkey is manifest. Whether the present Ottoman Cabinet is united or divided, whether the Committee is likely to live long or to die speedily, are matters which should have no direct bearing on the trend of our foreign relations. Turkey has need of Great Britain's friendship. It is to our advantage as a Mohammedan Power to dispose of the good will of the spiritual head of the Moslem world and of its more tangible concomitants in South-eastern Europe. The moment seems auspicious. We have lost several opportunities already. This may be the last. The French nation, too, is awaking to the consciousness that it must prefer the substance to the shadow, and abandon a line of action which deprived it of its legitimate share in the Baghdad Railway enterprise. Other kindred questions calling for a prompt solution are also about to crop up in the near future, and the temptation to handle them irrespectively of our best interests will be formidable. Unhappily, forewarned is not always forearmed.

On the other hand, the Turks, who dread nothing so much as making up their minds, will have to turn a new leaf, and substitute prompt and decisive action for endless talk. For internal reform we cannot hope while the present Cabinet lasts. Present conditions are not unfavourable to their desire for a *rapprochement*, but require pressing. Nothing can be accomplished without a strenuous effort. The Turks would do well to bear in mind the saying current among their fellow-citizens the people of Macedonia : "God gives, but He does not carry home."

Church Disestablishment in Ireland and in Wales

An Analogy and a Forecast

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THE question of the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales—in the term Disestablishment I include Disendowment—presents in several aspects analogies so close to the question of the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland in 1869, that I am induced to direct public attention to some of the points of similarity between the two Churches as State institutions, and to venture to forecast that the career of the Welsh Church after Disestablishment will be as prosperous as the career of the Irish Church since her severance from the State has been testified by the very highest dignitaries of that institution to have been and to continue to be.

The proposal to disestablish the Welsh Church is avowedly based on the precedent of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons, when moving the second reading of an Established Church (Wales) Bill as Home Secretary, on March 21st, 1895, said:—

"We have placed on the Statute Book within the lifetime of the present generation and within the memory of most of those whom I have the honour of addressing in the Irish Church Act, the most complete assertion which this or any other Legislature has ever made of its power to do as it pleases with the status of an Established Church, and to divert the endowments of such a church if it likes to purely secular uses. . . . Morality does not change its colour when it crosses St. George's Channel. That which Parliament assented to in the measure for the second reading—to which, I believe, Lord Salisbury gave his vote in the House of Lords in 1869—a measure which now at any rate stands upon the Statute Book with the assent of the Queen, Lords, and Commons, has never been in any way repealed, and that measure may surely be pointed to as a sufficient justification and precedent when we are assailed with these charges of sacrilege and plunder."

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Mr. Asquith the other day emphasised the position he deliberately assumed seventeen years ago. Speaking in the House of Commons on May 15th, he said :—

"When the Houses of Parliament in 1869 gave their assent to the Statute dealing with the Irish Church, they put on record a legislative precedent which, until it is wiped off our Statute Book, you cannot get rid of, that it is within the constitutional competence of Parliament, and not contrary, we may presume, to the ordinary laws of morality and honesty, to deal both with the establishment and the endowment of a so-called National Church."

The charge that Church disestablishment and disendowment are tantamount to the "robbery of God," has been continuously made by the opponents of the Welsh Church Bill. That charge, however, was, when raised in the Irish Church debates, refuted by no less a personage than a Bishop of a Welsh See, Dr. Connop Thirlwall, the eminent historian, who was Bishop of St. David's from 1840 till his death in 1875, whom Mr. Gladstone described as "one of the most masculine, powerful, and luminous intellects that have for generations been known among the Bishops of England." Dr. Thirlwall's words have not, so far as I am aware, been hitherto quoted in the "robbery of God" controversy. It will accordingly be of interest to reproduce them. They constitute the repudiation with scorn and indignation, by a Prelate of the Welsh Church, of the assumption that disestablishment and disendowment of a Church is "sacrilege" and "the robbery of God," and should lay for ever the ghost of this calumny. The Bishop, speaking in the House of Lords in debate on June 15th, 1869, on the motion for the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, for which he voted, said :—

"My Lords, I feel myself bound to advert for a moment to one or two points which lie at the threshold of the whole subject, and to which I believe persons who are entitled to the highest respect, both inside and outside of your Lordships' House, attach very great importance, and I feel, occupying the place I do in your Lordships' House, that I can hardly consistently with the respect I owe to those persons, and to many of my right reverend brethren who share their view, pass them over in silence. To those persons the measure now proposed for our approval seems so plainly stamped with the character of a sacrilegious spoliation as to supersede the necessity and even to preclude the right of entering upon the discussion of the subject on other grounds. The noble Duke (of Rutland) who took part in the debate last night, said, 'The property of the Irish Church is not the property of the Roman Catholic Church; it is not the property of the Protestant Church; it is the property of God.' I do not attempt to bring over anyone to my own way of thinking on this point, but I must own that I am inclined to envy those who are able to satisfy themselves with this summary way of settling the question. Of course, there is a sense in which the proposition of the noble Duke is unquestionable. We know that 'the earth is the Lord's and the

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fulness thereof.' But it was not in that sense he meant the phrase, 'the property of God,' to be used. He used it as involving an argument which he conceived to bear great weight on the present question. And I must own that in this sense the phrase, 'robbery of God,' grates upon my ear. It seems to me to correspond to a view of the Deity which is neither Christian nor even Judaical, but heathenish. When I open the Old Testament I find several passages familiar no doubt to your lordships, in which the Jewish people are severely reprov'd for cherishing the vain and superstitious notion common to the heathen nations around them that material offerings may be accepted by the Most High as supplying some want of the Divine nature. My Lords, when I read those passages, when I read others in the New Testament, in which the sacrifices with which God is well pleased are described, together with the nature of a pure religion or worship, I am led to the conclusion that no material offerings are so acceptable to the Almighty as those which are most beneficial to man. Let me suppose a case not wholly imaginary to illustrate my meaning. A wealthy and munificent gentleman builds a magnificent cathedral in Dublin. A wealthy and munificent lady builds a public market in London. My Lords, I believe that each of those acts was, in the intention of the donor, an offering to God, and I believe each of them to have been an equally acceptable offering to Him. But let me suppose that a fund had been bequeathed to be appropriated at the discretion of a trustee to one or other of these purposes. I should like to know on what principle the decision of that trustee, if he were worthy to exercise so important a trust, ought to depend. I think I shall have the assent of your Lordships when I say that his decision ought to depend, not on the superior sanctity of the destination, but on the local need or the general usefulness. It is not a question between God and man, but between one kind of gift beneficial to society and another. My Lords, the word sacrilege has been heard very often of late in this House, and I must say its use reminds me of some instructive pages in the history of the early Christian Church. The cry sacrilege was raised against St. Ambrose, and it was raised by a party with which, I am sure, my right reverend brethren do not feel the slightest sympathy—the Arians. Why? Because St. Ambrose had sold the sacred vessels of the Church of Milan in order to apply the proceeds to the professed purpose of ransoming prisoners who had fallen into the hands of the Goths. My Lords, in my opinion that was not the least meritorious or the least holy act of that holy man's life. And observe, what does it imply? It implies that, in the opinion of one who was undoubtedly a very sincere Christian, and not at all a Low Churchman, circumstances might arise in which Church property, even while it continued to be capable of serving its original purpose, might be diverted to another and a wholly different use. I am not saying that in this case such circumstances have arisen, but what I say is the possibility of such circumstances arising, if that be admitted, at once transfers the question to the broad ground of expediency and common utility. It shows that such expressions as 'sacrilege' and 'robbery of God,' applied to this subject are as irrelevant, as they are irritating and offensive. There may be an error of judgment in the estimate of the circumstances in the calculation of results in the comparison of advantages, but there is no fair room for the imputation of sin or of crime."

The parities of circumstance between the Irish Church and the Welsh Church are very remarkable. The Welsh Church, like the Irish Church of the Establishment period, is a Church of the minority. The description given of the Irish Church by Mr. Lecky, writing in 1861, on the eve of its Disestablishment, is applicable to the Welsh Church to-day: "The Protestant Church seems doomed to a hope-

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less unpopularity in Ireland. Its position is so obviously a false one, its estrangements from the people so patent, that mere arguments avail little on its behalf. Its opposition to the national cause reacts fatally upon itself. The Church that has sold the birthright will never receive the blessing." The Welsh Church has been termed an alien Church. The epithet is, however, more appropriate to the Irish Church. Though now the very stronghold of Dissent, Wales, till the beginning of the eighteenth century, was wholly under the dominion of the Anglican Church. According to the largest estimates, all the Nonconformists together did not form an eighth of the population. North Wales was almost wholly Anglican, and in 1735 it contained only ten, according to another account only six, congregations of Dissenters, most of them very small. Evangelists arose from the Welsh themselves when the Methodist movement was yet unborn, of whom the most notable was Griffith Jones, a clergyman of the Established Church, who was born in 1684 and was ordained in 1709. David Rowlands, another cleric of the Welsh Establishment, obtained as an Evangelistic preacher enormous popularity and influence. He is said on one occasion to have administered the Sacrament to more than two thousand communicants, and the action of the Bishop of St. David's in withdrawing from him his license was one of the causes that contributed most powerfully to precipitate Wales into Nonconformity. In Wales the mass of the people are Nonconformists because their forefathers were driven from the Establishment by the worldliness, the heartlessness, and the faithlessness of the clergy of the Anglican Church, just as similar failings in the clergy of the Anglican Church in Ireland drove a large proportion of the members of their scanty congregations from Anglicanism to Rome. The Irish Church was from the first an alien Church. In Ireland the Reformation never prevailed, and the Irish Church was meant from the first to be the church of the settlers and a political instrument for the government of the country and the preservation of caste privileges. The Irish clergy were forbidden to conduct the services of the State Church in the Irish language. When the ministers did not know the English language they were directed to read the prayers, not in Irish, but in Latin, whereas a statute passed in 1662, which, however, was not observed, enacted that the Book of Common Prayer

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should be translated into the Welsh tongue, and after its publication the whole divine service should be used and said throughout all Wales in Welsh in the districts where the Welsh tongue was commonly used.

The history of the Welsh Church and the Irish Church possess the common feature that in both cases for the better half of two hundred years the Established Church in Ireland and the Established Church in Wales devoted their energies, not to the spiritual requirements of the population for which they existed, but were used by the English Government as political instruments for the distribution of patronage amongst unworthy men, whose promotion was based on political and at times social corruption. Mr. Asquith mentioned the cases of two Bishops of Welsh Sees during this period—Dr. Hoadley and Dr. Watson. Dr. Hoadley was Bishop of Bangor for six years, but literally never set foot in his diocese. His aim in life seemed to be to preach the glories of the Hanoverian succession, and George I. was present at the delivery of his sermon, in 1717, on the Kingdom of Christ, from which sprang the Bangorian controversy. Dr. Watson was Bishop of Llandaff; he visited his diocese but once in every three years, and was noted rather as a chemist and a party hack than as a divine. Both Hoadley and Watson have associations with Irish history. Hoadley's younger brother, John Hoadley, was by fraternal influence quartered on the Irish ecclesiastical establishment, at first as Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, then as Archbishop of Dublin, and finally as Irish Lord Primate. In 1746, a few months before his death, Archbishop Hoadley shows that his episcopate was devoted, not to spiritual, but to political purposes. "I attended," he says, "what by principle I thought right the King's service. For sixteen years I have chiefly borne the burden (not of the cure of souls, but) of the Privy Council and the House of Lords." Dr. Watson, Mr. Asquith's other example of a Welsh absentee Bishop, was very anxious to promote in his political capacity the Irish Union. In the House of Lords, where he was more at home than in his diocese, on April 11th, 1799, in a speech in support of the Irish Union, he made the remarkable statement that in 1785 he wrote to the Duke of Rutland, who was then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, urging him to try to bring about a Union between Great Britain and Ireland. "His answer," said the Bishop, "to this

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suggestion was so remarkable that I shall never forget it. It was to the effect he wholly approved of the measure, but added that the man who should attempt to carry it into execution would be tarred and feathered."

There is an instance of the "translation" of a Court favourite from a Welsh diocese to an Irish Archbishopric. Dr. William Stuart was a good man and a highly estimable clergyman. The fact that he was a younger son of the Earl of Bute, the notorious Prime Minister in the early period of the reign of George III., rather than his piety, procured for him by family influence the See of St. David's. He was promoted from that See early in the last century to the Archbishopric of Armagh, when his conscience was outraged by the use of Episcopal appointments for Government purposes. The following extract from a letter of Dr. Stuart to the Prime Minister can explain the reason why both the Welsh and the Irish Church Establishments excite no passionate devotion in the hearts of nations who, in the words of Mr. Asquith, "have long memories." In 1802 an Irish Bishopric fell vacant, and Mr. Addington, the Prime Minister, nominated George Beresford, a member of the Waterford family and the son of John Beresford, a noted political jobber of the Union period, to the vacant See of Kilmore. The appointment itself called for a remonstrance from the Primate, which shall be given in his own words. Comment on them will be needless save to say that the appointment was made and held by Beresford till his death in 1841, and that Beresford's son, Dr. Marcus Beresford, was appointed to his father's See of Kilmore in 1854, and was translated in 1861 to the Irish Protestant Primacy, which he held till his death in 1886. Here is the Primate's protest:—

"I affirm on my honour that I object to Beresford's appointment on public grounds only. Emolument is the only object of this young man, whose character is indisputably infamous. His promotion would, in my opinion, be fatal to the Church Establishment. It exposes us to ridicule and contempt. It encourages the profligacy of manners already too prevalent in Ireland, and it holds forth to the young men of this country that morals are of no estimation in the opinion of the English Ministers. My understanding suggests no surer method of destroying the Church than by placing irreligious and profligate men in those situations where the people have a right to expect examples of piety and virtue. I will not pursue the subject further, but beg the honour, if the appointment is persisted in, to lay my humble request before his Majesty, that he will allow me to resign a situation which I can no longer hold with advantage to the country or credit to myself.—
W. ARMAGH."

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The Bishops of the Irish Protestant Church are now elected by Synods of the vacant dioceses, composed of clerics and laymen, and when the decision of the diocese is not regarded as decisive, under the provisions of the Irish Church Constitution the selection is placed in the hands of the House of Bishops, every one of whom is worthy of the position by his record, his service to the Church, his knowledge and experience, and above all, his zeal for the strengthening of spiritual life. Mr. Asquith has stated that the Irish Church before the Disestablishment, like the Welsh Church at present, had turned over a new chapter and set its house in order, and got more or less abreast of the spiritual requirements of the time. This is no doubt the case, but the State-made Prelates of the Irish Church as they appeared, or were represented, in 1861, in the closing period of the Irish Church as a State Establishment to Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop, first of Oxford, and afterwards of Winchester, were, to put it mildly, no models of perfection. Dr. Wilberforce visited Ireland in 1861. The following entry is in his diary of August 26th, 1861, in which he records a conversation between himself and Dr. James H. Todd, a very learned theologian and Church leader of his time, and a Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Conversation turned on the question of the filling of the Irish Primacy, and the Bishop thus records Dr. Todd's words (I, however, do not give the names of the Prelates):—

"I see no hope unless they will appoint you, not one of our (Irish) Bishops fit A—, very foolish, without learning, piety, judgment, conduct, or sense, was appointed by a job that his uncle should resign — (here an Irish see is mentioned). N.B.—The Primate justifies the Irish Bishops' suspension by saying that 'a tax would make them poor, and they would sell their livings.' Todd replied: If principle will not hinder, wealth won't. The Bishop of —, the richest see, sells all his. C—, the most indolent man I ever knew, used to make me teach his pupils when in college. D—, clever, quite unread, no taste for the episcopate, was scarcely persuaded to be made a Bishop. His living, the best in Ireland, was wanted, and so he was quite pressed into accepting. E—, gentle and pleasing, not learned, and no backbone to boot. F—, nothing but a popular preacher now worn out. G—, very fond of money, and simply a low party man. Todd evidently very low about the whole matter. Alas, alas!"

Dr. Connop Thirlwall, in the speech from which I quoted immediately followed in debate Archbishop Trench, the last State-made Archbishop of Dublin, who was promoted to the position from the Deanery of Westminster, and apologised in his speech for his comparative

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inexperience in Irish ecclesiastical matters, having only been a very few years in Ireland. Dr. Wilberforce, in a letter of the 11th December, 1863, thus speaks of Dr. Trench's promotion to the Archbishopric. His description is of interest as in poignant contrast with the election by popular vote of Irish Bishops to-day:—"If," he writes to the late Lord Stanmore, "we were sitting under that beech tree at Lavington, I might whisper to you the curious under-history of Trench's appointment to the Archbishopric." Is it any wonder that the late Dr. Chester, who was one of the first Bishops elected by the clergy and people after the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, declared that he felt he occupied a much higher position as a Bishop chosen by the popular vote than if he were the nominee of any Party leader? Is it a mere visionary surmise that Welsh Bishops elected after the Disestablishment will view their position in a light similar to that in which the Irish Bishops now regard their position?

The case for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church rested in the main on the following grounds, on which also the case for the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church is based. The Irish Church, though the Church of the minority, was the holder of property which belonged to the whole people, and should be applied to uses beneficial to the people at large. That Church was, moreover, the Church of the rich, but was maintained by the poor, who belonged to a different communion. The Disestablishment had been demanded by a great majority of the representatives of the Irish people, and it was undoubted that the demand was grounded on the passionate, long-cherished desire of the people that there should be religious equality in the State.* The Irish Church, moreover, like every other Anglican Church when united to the State, was a foe to popular rights and liberties, and perpetuated class distinctions and social privileges. In the interests of the Church herself many of her loyal sons desired her severance from the State because, while in this position, she was a Church absolutely without judicial or legislative autonomy. They confidently predicted for the Church when severed from the State renewed energy, greater zeal, more affection be-

* Out of an Irish representation of 105 members in 1868, forty-five were returned to resist, sixty to support Church Disestablishment—a majority of eight to five. In 1910, out of a Welsh representation of thirty-four members, three were returned to resist, thirty-one to support Church Disestablishment—a majority of ten to one.

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tween clergy and laity, and the removal of all causes of jealousy and friction between her sons and members of other communions who, by the establishment of religious equality, would be led to enter into relations of friendship and mutual esteem, to which the Irish Church when a privileged class institution was a barrier. The fallibility of political prescience is one of the commonplaces of the historian. It is, nevertheless, hard to resist the temptation to forecast some features in the future of the Welsh Church after Disestablishment from the following facts in the history of the Irish Church.

In the debates on the Welsh Church question in the House of Commons, the good effects in bringing about a better understanding and a kindlier feeling amongst all sorts and conditions of men likely to result from a system of complete religious equality have been powerfully urged. Take the case of the Irish Church. The Disestablishment and Disendowment of that institution has all but eradicated antipathies, jealousies, and suspicions, which are the sure accompaniments of a State-maintained Church which is not the Church of the nation. In Ireland before the Disestablishment there was a wide social chasm between Protestant and Catholic, constituting a bar to sympathy and friendship. That chasm has all but disappeared. Let me give a few incidents illustrative of this change. Some years ago the Protestant rector of Birr, in the King's County, was made a Bishop. He was a Conservative in politics, but his goodness of heart had endeared him to his Nationalist and Catholic fellow-townsmen. On his return to Birr after his election to the Bishopric had been announced, he received at the railway station a popular ovation. His Catholic and Nationalist friends greeted him with enthusiasm, took the horses from his carriage, which they pulled amid cheers to the rectory, the bands of the various Catholic societies of the town heading the procession. Dr. Reeves, before he became Protestant Bishop of Down, was Dean of Armagh. He was an eminent Celtic scholar and shared the tastes of Dr. McGettigan, the Catholic Lord Primate of the day, with whom he was on intimate terms. When the news of Dr. Reeves' death reached Armagh the passing bell of the Catholic Cathedral was set tolling before the bell of the Protestant Cathedral began to toll. It is not unusual now for clergy of the Irish Church when appointed to Bishoprics to receive public congratulations from Roman Catholic

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bodies. When Dr. Gregg, the Protestant Bishop of Cork, was made Archbishop of Armagh, the Corporation of Cork, a Catholic city, waited on him, headed by the Lord Mayor, with a congratulatory address. The funeral of Lord Plunket, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who died in 1897, was the occasion of a great outburst of genuine sorrow on the part of his Catholic fellow-citizens, the day of the funeral in Dublin being a day of general mourning. The list of such incidents could be almost indefinitely extended, and may be distinctly traced to the removal of all the bitterness of outcry which a privileged religious establishment must in the nature of things produce.

Speaking with some little special knowledge of the subject as a member of the Irish Protestant Church, to whose ministry some of those who have gone before me belonged, I venture to say that there is scarcely any member of that Church who to-day would wish it to be replaced in the position it occupied before Disestablishment. I ground this opinion on the following facts:—One Irish Bishop at the time of the Irish Church Disestablishment, Dr. Knox, the Bishop of Down, expressed himself in favour of the measure. He was hooted and jostled in the streets of Belfast, denounced as “Judas” and “traitor” at a meeting in the Ulster Hall, and severely boycotted. In 1886, when the Church had been disestablished 17 years, Dr. Knox—this “Judas” and “traitor” in 1869—was unanimously elected by the Irish Bishops to the Primacy to fill the first vacancy in that position after Disestablishment.

Lord Plunket, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, to whom I have previously referred, was a Prelate of statesmanlike capacity. He was Precentor of St. Patrick's Cathedral and successively Bishop of Meath and Archbishop of Dublin. He preached as a young man in St. Patrick's Cathedral on January 1st, 1871, the very day the Irish Church Act came into operation, and even then said that Irish Churchmen would no longer be considered as “settlers” by their Catholic fellow-countrymen, but that there would be less estrangement between Protestants and Catholics. In November, 1882, when Bishop of Meath, Lord Plunket, referring to the Disestablishment, said to his clergy, “The which had threatened their downfall had been overreached for their good.” On November 8th, 1892, when addressing his clergy as Archbishop of Dublin,

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Lord Plunket pronounced, albeit unconsciously, the doctrine of religious equality:—

"When I count up the advantages which have followed Disestablishment, when I think of the renewed energy and vitality which our Church has derived from the admission of the laity to an active and responsible participation in her councils, in the disposition of her patronage, in the financial departments of her work, when I observe the spirit of unity and mutual respect which has been engendered by the ordeal of our common adversity, and the increased loyalty and love which are being clearly shown to their Mother Church by those who have had to make some sacrifices on her behalf, when I remember, too, the freedom from agrarian complications which our disconnection with all questions of tithe and tithe rent-charge has brought about, and the more favourable attitude as regards our influence upon the surrounding population which we occupy because of our severance from any State associations, when I remember all this counterpoise of advantage which we enjoy in our new and independent position, and when I try to hold the balance evenly and weigh the losses and the gains of the whole, I say boldly and without reserve that, in my opinion at least, the gain outweighs the loss."

In the same year Dr. Meade, then Archdeacon of Armagh and now Bishop of Cork, said:—

"Disestablishment has brought with it these advantages. It has drawn us all close together. The very fact of having to work and make sacrifices for the Church has made her members love her more. The giving of their time and abilities to her support has made them more earnest and zealous for her service."

The Right Rev. Dr. Bernard, now Bishop of Ossory, and then Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in a sermon preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral on the opening of the General Church Synod, on April 7th, 1910, taking for his text, "Thou shalt remember the way the Lord thy God had led thee these forty years," in a review of the progress of the Irish Church since Disestablishment, said, "It cannot be without significance that the great missionary societies are supported more liberally than in the days of the (Irish) Church's material prosperity, and not only supplied with money but with men from Ireland. We have been permitted to see a revival of the missionary spirit which was the glory of Celtic Christianity. The Irish Church has learned that she has a mission and a responsibility beyond the little flock which she tends in our own land."

The Right Rev. Dr. Orpen, Bishop of Limerick, in an address to the Diocesan Synod last November, said:— "When Disestablishment came forty years ago many thought it would be disastrous to the Church. Who thinks so now?"

The Irish Church precedent augurs well for the future of the Welsh Church.

The Economics of the Insurance Act

By George W. Gough

THE 15th of this month will see the inauguration of the National Insurance Act. It is by far the biggest and boldest piece of legislation standing to the credit of any British statesman, living or dead. It requires only a slight knowledge of the way in which the current of our national life is flowing to enable one to realise that vital issues depend on the working of this Act. For very good reasons the whole nation is busily discussing the subject of Industrial Unrest, and there are a multitude of solutions on hand, ranging from syndicalism to soldiery. In dealing with particular emergencies as they arise, the Government is carrying with it the bulk of each of the opposing forces by conduct which proves that they are the best friends of both. To this sagacity in handling particular manifestations of industrial unrest, the Government has added a wise and wholly admirable boldness in dealing with its root causes. The National Insurance Act is a great experiment, done in the grand manner and on a magnificent scale. We have had examples of social legislation which bore no fruit because they merely scratched the surface of things. The Insurance Act will do what its author intended it to do because he has made it big enough for the task. Mr. Lloyd George knows better than to make war with popguns. To do the work of a Dreadnought requires a Dreadnought, so he builds one for the purpose in hand. That is all, but it is enough to stamp Mr. Lloyd George as a law-maker of unexampled magnitude.

It is not, however, an experiment in the dark. The Tariff Reformers who turned public attention to Germany did an essential service, for it was at once obvious that in Germany social legislation was not merely a name, but a thing; not a trap to catch votes, but a careful and costly system of helping voters. It is true that one of the beliefs

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underlying the social legislation of Germany was that it would counteract Socialism, and that it has signally failed to do so. In essence, however, it was much more than this: it was the deliberate recognition of the duty of the State to protect the economic interests and improve the social conditions of the working classes. There is satisfactory evidence that the German Social Insurance Laws have really done this work well, and the result of looking at Germany has simply been that, in the one important respect in which she was worth imitating, we have improved on her example.

As a piece of legislation the Insurance Act is complex and yet simple. Its complexity is naturally due to the vast scope of the work to be accomplished. The Friendly Societies have contrived, after nearly a century of strenuous and admirable effort, to get about five millions of workers insured against sickness, and to do this has required a complicated network of institutions covering the whole country. Fourteen millions of people, the working classes in one solid mass, become insured on the 15th of July, and therefore complaints that the Act which regulates their insurance is long and complicated are obviously absurd. Yet the truth is that the Act is singularly clear and simple in essentials. This will become obvious in practice, for all the hundred and one difficulties that have been raised by ingenious persons will disappear, as the inequalities of the moon's surface disappear when viewed from the earth, and her edge appears as clean-cut as that of a billiard-ball.

The essential simplicity of the Act is due to the creative power of its author, who applies to the work of statesmanship the same canons that genius unconsciously applies to all other creative work. The simplicity and artistry of the Act makes it a foregone conclusion that it will work well. The system of insurance provided by the Act is familiar to most of the insured persons, for the number of those who have been insured but have "lapsed" is perhaps as great as the number actually insured at the present time. The administrative machinery is of a type with which the nation is equally familiar. The new Approved Societies are simply the old Friendly Societies, swollen in their numbers and strengthened in their finances. Each will preserve its old identity and its familiar name, and carry on its work in its old self-chosen way, may be with its "ritual" somewhat shorn of its splendours, but with its opportunities

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for serious business increased beyond belief. There are many, perhaps, who only know our Friendly Societies by observing them on parade on a Whit Monday or some other Bank Holiday. There certainly lingers on in them somewhat of the mediæval fondness for pageantry which would look incongruous from a railway carriage or a motor-car, even if time had not tarnished its tinsel. In the courts and tents and lodges, however, there goes on a ceaseless round of splendid activities, directed by men who are the pick of their class and the very salt of the national life, and it is certain that these men can and will rise superior to the new responsibilities and the heavier duties which have been imposed on them by the Act.

It is not unfair, and not even ungenerous, to say that the opposition to the Act since it was placed on the Statute Book has been merely factitious and political. The early and joyous acquiescence of the Conservative party in the principles of the Act, and the total absence of any alternative details worth considering during the later tactical campaign against it, are proof enough of the proposition. It is greatly to be hoped that this opposition will not hinder the most essential thing that has to be done in order that the Act may do its work well. This work consists in getting every possible person into an Approved Society. It was originally estimated that the number of Post Office depositors would be 882,000 out of a total of nearly fourteen millions of insured persons. This was on the assumption that Approved Societies would, like Friendly Societies, insist on entrants passing a medical examination. Some of the leading Friendly Societies which have been approved have abolished medical examination, and others will probably follow their example. The margin of financial safety allowed by the Act, in conjunction with the far larger numbers over which the risks will be spread, allows this to be done, with the result that the anticipated number of Post Office depositors should be largely reduced in practice. But while for most persons coming under the Act insurance is compulsory, joining an Approved Society is something which the insured person must do for himself, and the task of gathering nine million men and women into their folds is clearly stupendous. Controversy over details of the Act is not only fruitless and inept, it may well be distracting public attention from the main thing that wants doing. There is nothing in our

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national life at the present juncture more worthy of the best efforts of serious, public-spirited men and women than the task of filling up the ranks of Approved Societies whether new or old. It throws no extra burden on the insured person, and gives him the fullest possible advantages derivable from the new system.

Speculation on the probable effects of the Insurance Act may seem, at first, superfluous and fruitless. The present writer, at any rate, is as sure of the necessity of doing it as he is conscious of his own unfitness for the task. Nor is the reason of this necessity far to seek. The last two generations of statesmen did their work under the influence of a powerful school of economic and political philosophy. Charles Greville, noting the composition of the opposition to the Ten Hours Bill in 1844, writes: "... and all the political economists, of course." Sir William Harcourt—famous for the epigram, "We are all Socialists now"—once thought it quite enough to say in answer to an opponent in the House of Commons, "John Stuart Mill says so," just as if even to his commanding intellect, the appeal to orthodox economic authority was the *ultima ratio* of controversy. Though the study of economics is more widely and usefully pursued than ever before, the unanimity and authority of economists have both vanished, and with them much of their control over public opinion. The present generation has witnessed without compunction the decline and death of *laissez faire*. The intervention of the State is now invoked as a matter of course by men of all parties for all sorts of purposes.

There are two reasons underlying this momentous change, the one open and obvious, because it influences the public conduct of all sorts and conditions of men, the other latent and obscure, because it operates on the inner workings of the mind, though there are distinct lines of communication between the two.

The first cause, which needs only to be mentioned, is the extension of the franchise. The second is the change in political economy. If a middle-aged man, who had "got up" Mill and Cairnes for the "schools" in the early 'eighties, returns, after this long interval, to the study of economics, he finds much in the body of doctrine which appears new. But this change is trifling in comparison with the intellectual atmosphere in which the study is carried on. There is now no "of course" about the economist.

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He no longer considers theories, principles, and maxims of economic conduct of such overwhelming importance that the study of his subject can only be carried on in the quiet of a well-stocked library. Economics has come out into the open. It is an affair of mills and counting-houses, of docks and marts and banks. It is alive to every side of human interests, and the "economic man," of whom economists once wrote as familiarly as if they kept a herd of them, is placed in his proper and subordinate rank in the science.

The detailed study of economic institutions, movements and experiments which absorbs the economist has been of great practical value to the statesman who does his work to-day in a flood of dry light. If he wishes to tackle a problem, he no longer has to be content with the guidance of abstract principles or, at best, of misty generalities drawn from history. He has at his command the work of men who can tell him exactly what has been done elsewhere and with exactly what results. The need for largeness of mind is as great as ever, but the command over facts has improved beyond recognition the practical work of statesmanship. This good result has not been, and cannot be, monopolised by one party, though in this country it has been better utilised by the present Government than by any of its predecessors.

The importance of this lies in observing that, after all, the test in such matters remains economic in character. The modern developments of political economy have rationalised the test, they have not abolished it. If the statement, with or without proof, that proposed legislation is in conflict with the eternal laws of supply and demand simply bores us, it is equally obvious that it will not do to legislate on lines such as those of the Insurance Act without being prepared to submit the results, so far as they can be observed, to a rigid scrutiny. It is necessary to have a clear idea of the social results to be aimed at, and a rigid examination as to whether and to what extent the aims have been realised in practice.

Any forecast of these results has necessarily to be safeguarded with a very emphatic "probable." The economist is apt to have the appearance of hedging himself in with *ceteris paribus* clauses, so that if events turn out precisely the opposite from what he foretold, he may still say, "I told you so." It cannot be helped. The Insurance Act is

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a mighty phenomenon, but when hurled into the current of our national life it will barely make a bubble. It will be rapidly absorbed into the stream of tendencies, and the isolation of its special results will be a laborious undertaking.

One important result of the Act will be that it will add enormously to the stock of economic and statistical information relating to the working classes, and this will, to some extent, vitiate any comparison with pre-existing conditions. Certain main indices remain to be watched: the death-rate, the birth-rate, the age distribution of the population, the rate at which the population is growing, and the statistics of pauperism and trade. All of these will ultimately be affected by the Act, and the nature of the changes cannot be mistaken, though the share to be credited to the Act will remain largely a matter of opinion. There is sound reason for supposing that the effect of the operations of the Insurance Act on these index phenomena will be very favourable.

To come to closer quarters with the subject: we have to ask what will be the effect of the Act on the national industry? The economist admits that in general anything which diminishes the total annual output of wealth and services is, *ipso facto*, bad. In theory, of course, there may be imagined a case in which a smaller aggregate production, accompanied by a more equitable distribution, would be a change for the better, and this theoretical aspect of the problem should not be overlooked, for it indicates that if simultaneously with an improvement in distribution there comes an increase in production, the maximum of economic benefit is likely to be realised.

Text-books of economics tell us that wealth is produced by the co-operation of four factors or agents of production: two of them, land and labour, are the original agents without either of which the production of wealth could never have begun; the other two, capital and organisation, have developed from embryonic conditions during the economic development of the race. On the quantity and quality of these agents of production available in any given area depends the economic progress of the people occupying that area. The only available route by which an estimate of the probable economic effects of the Insurance Act can be reached is to examine its effect on each of these agents by itself. Obviously we may dismiss the first, land,

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with a word, as the effect of the Act on that will be *nil*.

It is a widespread opinion that the Insurance Act will adversely affect our national industry by hitting at capital. To state that the Act will be a burden on industry means that it will injuriously affect the capitalist, and, by diminishing the return on capital, weaken the forces which tend to its growth. It must be granted that a diminution of capital would be a serious thing. There is no more useful mass of capital in the country than the London and North Western Railway, and if by some interposition of demoniacal power it one night vanished into the inane, we should have a drastic object-lesson in the evil effects of a diminution of capital. It should be observed, however, that the "burden on industry" or "blow to capital" argument has always been used in opposition to remedial legislation, and that no amount of experience of its practical futility will suffice to prevent its reappearance in due season.

The fact that in practice industry has grown stronger under successive burdens is not in itself a sufficient reply. For the argument may be made much more formidable by making it concrete. On the 15th of this month it will become obligatory on all employers of insurable persons to pay threepence a week—the comparatively few exceptions to the rule are here ignored—for each such person employed. It is natural to ask: "Will the employer pay these threepences out of his own pocket?"

Generally speaking, he will not. In settling the prices at which he will tender for new contracts or accept further orders, he will add the insurance premiums in with his other expenses of production as a matter of course. His position relative to his competitors will remain unaltered, since all alike have to pay; and if, after the payments have begun, he is defeated in the commercial struggle, his defeat is independent of a cause which has affected the victor as heavily as himself. Similarly the position of his trade as a whole relative to other competing trades, considered as wholes, remains unaltered. This is the general theory, and in practice it means that, *ceteris paribus*, the burden will be passed on to the consumers. In individual cases the passing on process may be slow and painful. If of two competing employers, A and B, in a given industry, the one relies for efficiency on much labour-saving machinery and

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the other on many labourers, the insurance premiums of the former will make a smaller addition to his costs of production than those of the latter, who will to this extent be prejudiced by the Act. It may happen, however, that the demand for the products of A and B is so keen that both can sell their goods even at the price fixed by B's new conditions. Then B does not suffer as a producer, and A gains.

At the outset, then, an infinite variety of results is possible, but when the industrial system has settled down into a new equilibrium, the blow to capital will have entirely lost its sting.

The universality of the burden is thus a decisive factor in making it possible to pass it on to consumers. But where the competing capitalists are foreigners not subject to the new burdens, the case is different. Incidentally it should be noted that Germany last year passed an Insurance Laws Consolidation Act which, in conjunction with further extensions, has raised the financial burden of the German Insurance System by no less than twelve and a half million pounds sterling to a grand total of fifty-three and a half million pounds, an increase of 30 per cent. Germany is thus substantially increasing the cost of her social insurance system at the same time that the United Kingdom is very largely increasing hers. Still, the fact remains that, so far as this country is concerned, the new burdens are almost wholly peculiar to herself, and unless some compensatory force is introduced our foreign trade may be placed for a time in a relatively less favourable condition.

Fortunately the demand abroad for British goods is so keen that the very small addition, about one-half per cent., to the expenses of production entailed by the employers' contributions will hardly be felt. The normal margin of British superiority in neutral foreign markets may with safety be reckoned at more than ten shillings in £100, and to whatever extent this is true our sales will be unaffected, and so much of the employer's share of the insurance contributions as enter into his expenses of production on things sold abroad will be drawn from the pockets of the foreigner. It is not as easy to tax the foreigner as it is to shell peas, but when it can be done it is an eminently proper thing to do.

It will be well to assume, however, for the purposes of

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the argument, that unless the Insurance Act brings some compensatory force into existence, our foreign trade will be in a relatively less favourable position. Is such compensatory action likely? The answer is that it is one of the most probable effects of the new law, and that it will come through the increased efficiency of labour and organisation.

"The evolution of industry," says the Majority Report of the Poor Law Commission, "has necessitated the perfecting of all the tools of production, and this tendency has had full play as regards machinery—and even as regards land since we opened our ports to the competition of crops grown under better conditions than naturally prevail in this northern climate—while, all the time, there are many circumstances, social and otherwise, which have prevented the human instrument of production from being brought to the same point of perfection." And, again, drawing one very obvious moral, "It is probably little, if any exaggeration to say that to the extent to which we can eliminate or diminish sickness among the poor, we shall eliminate or diminish one-half the existing amount of pauperism." The strongest point about the Act is that it is intended quite as much to prevent sickness as to cure and alleviate it. Expenditure on the insurance system should therefore in large measure replace expenditure on the poor-law system, as has been the case with old age pensions.

The efficiency of labour will be increased in two ways. Decreased sickness, due to prevention or to more speedy cure, means an increase of labour-time available. The imagination boggles in attempting to calculate the capital value of the increased efficiency which would accrue from the stamping out of the one single disease of consumption, which might be made, say the experts, as rare as small-pox. It has been calculated to be almost equivalent to the National Debt. The work in modern factories is so closely co-ordinated that the absence of a worker through sickness may have much more serious effects on the output than is represented by his own loss in wages. He might, to take an extreme case, be in charge of a delicate and complicated machine through which all the products of the firm have to pass and which he alone can use, in which case his continual absence unreplaced would choke the whole producing apparatus. The case is an extreme one, but it illustrates the point all the more forcibly because it is so. If the

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Insurance system is so worked as to squeeze out malingering, there is here an abundant source of increased efficiency.

Even when the worker is in his place and in normal health, his efficiency depends on a number of causes, intellectual and moral, to the importance of which economists now draw marked attention. Amongst them a reasonably secure outlook for the future is of first-rate importance. Hopefulness means energy, and energy means greater economic efficiency. In millions of homes to-day the illness of the breadwinner, if prolonged beyond a week or two, means acute suffering, the after-effects of which, in diminishing his efficiency as a worker, are not open to doubt. The provisions for dealing with unemployment, and the express encouragement given to the decasualisation of labour, will check the loss of *moral*, and thus keep the industrial army in better fighting form.

Efficiency will be promoted in one other way. The spending power of the working classes will be regularised and strengthened. It will be slightly diminished everywhere week by week by the payment of the contributions except in the homes of those drawing sick or unemployment pay, where it will be, in the aggregate, much greater for the working of the Act. This equalising effect will be felt by the shopkeeping classes with whom the workers deal, and will by them be passed on to the productive classes who supply their goods. If the weekly contributions could be saved on beer and tobacco, and the money benefits spent on beef and milk, the beneficial effects on the national economy would be obvious almost at a glance.

An increase in price is generally followed by a decrease in demand. Employers will naturally reckon their contributions as part of their expenses of production, as they reckon in all other insurance premiums. They will be anxious, however, to get back to the old price-level, since increased prices under the circumstances limit sales without raising the profits on the sales actually made. Here, then, is a constant pressure on employers to increase their own efficiency, so as to get back as near as possible to the old expenses of production, even though the insurance premiums have now to be reckoned in. In the long run, when all the sources of increased economic efficiency have been brought into operation, the total net addition to the annual national output may well be such as to allow of increased interest on capital, increased wages to labour,

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and increased profits to employers without injury to consumers.

A forecast of the economic results of the Insurance Act may then be both reasonably sound and abundantly hopeful. The obvious economic tests will in all probability be rigorously satisfied, and the way prepared for further careful attempts to improve our social system. The modern world has no use for the doctrinaire, whether he be individualist or Socialist. For a statesman with the heart to believe, the eye to see, and the mind to plan, it has an obvious need and a hearty welcome. It is sometimes said that Mr. Lloyd George is a Jacobin. He is nothing of the sort. He is simply a man who knows that the shortest road between two points is a straight one, and the easiest a broad one. He makes laws as the Romans made roads—for all time.

Mural Decoration

By Walter Sickert

I CANNOT remember who it was that said that as soon as an association was constituted for a given purpose, the purpose for which it was constituted tended to become an aim secondary to that of the mere continued existence of the association itself. An association, that is to say, takes on a life of its own, and, with it, as its primary instinct, the primary instinct of all living organisms, self-preservation.

It was inevitable that this should happen with the organisation of art-teaching, university, private, or municipal. In the old days such apprentices as were to earn their living by the practice of an art learnt their business in the workshop of a master, on strictly trade lines, and eventually, whether they had the genius to become first-rate or not, developed at least into efficient craftsmen. Not only this, but, what is equally important, they grew up in contact with the commercial realities of their trade, gathering a momentum of connections as years went on, either, like the modern forewoman at a dressmaker's, carrying off some of their employer's customers and setting up for themselves, or, marrying their master's daughters, succeeded in the fulness of time to the goodwill of his business. But these boys began their life-work at eleven, twelve, or thirteen years of age, and were accomplished in their craft before a modern art-student has quite decided what career he is going to pursue.

It is not without interest, in view of such efforts as the foundation of the Contemporary Art Society, and the exhibition of designs for mural painting at Crosby Hall, to trace in some detail the fatal cycle of enchained consequences, for no link of which is it possible to hold one individual or one institution responsible. We are unanimous in deploring that we have given to masses of men and women an art education of which the majority are unable to make any practical use. The Keeper of the Tate Gallery has publicly admitted that unless arrangements

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can be made for public galleries to buy pictures, artists will be hard put to to live. The Press is unanimous as to the utter inefficiency of the bulk of the exhibits at Crosby Hall, and, in default of praise, has to fall back on commending the excellent intentions of the organisers.

It is time to ask whether the money and time that is spent yearly in art education in this country is being wisely spent.

We find that we have a whole directory full of mature painters, so-called professional, who find that, instead of being able to build palaces in the Melbury Road, Holland Park, as was usual in the 'seventies, they can with difficulty keep up the most modest of gentlemanly establishments, or properly supplement the few hundreds a year of their own, or their wife's, by the annual sale of oil-paintings framed in handsome gold frames. It is the bitter cry of the gentlemanly man, who finds that what Sir Frederick Wedmore has wittily summarised as the possession of a Norfolk jacket, a camp-stool, and three hundred a year is not a sufficient passport to the market. He is angry and hurt that his moderate and somewhat unconvinced industry does not bring him in the £700 a year that he considers his living wage. With nothing of Vandyck about him but the beard, he thinks his country is ungrateful, and that something should be done to "encourage modern art." He has been for some years a member of two exhibiting societies, both holding Royal Charters. He writes himself "esquire" by right of having been addressed by Queen Victoria as her "trusty and well-beloved" on a vellum document, in which he is incited to show his loyalty by assiduity in stippling his absence of ideas on to the most expensive Whatman, or biting the same in on the best copper, as the case may be.

As he pulls at his pipe he asks himself and his fellows how it is that "things are very slack in the art world." It does not occur to him to ask whether he, and many of his countless fellows, have indeed anything at all to do with the art world. It would be too painful to him to analyse in a retrospect the motives, or rather the accidents, that led him to drift into the painting profession. As a youth he had a fine profile. Models have been heard to say that he had "hair like sunlight." He had arranged some *tableaux vivants* with striking success. He had made the acquaintance of a successful ladies' portrait-painter who was also a

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man of striking personal appearance. He had been dazzled by the sight of his friend cantering in the Row in patent-leather top-boots, surrounded by a radiant bevy of his fair clients. He had been admitted to one or two studio Sundays in the great studio with a parquet floor, and the shining, brand-new pictures in massive frames, raked forward on easels that answered to the slightest touch by a perfect system of cog-wheels and handles.

His mother, the widow of an art-patron in a small way, had consulted an eminent R.A. (of whom her late husband had been a good customer) as to her son's prospects in the profession. The R.A., who was a very honest man, after having fruitlessly exhausted all the dissuasion that was at his command, recommended Paris, with, perhaps, a preliminary session or two at an English art school. "Your son will have to undergo a course of thorough training, until he has mastered the grammar of his art. It is only after that that the imagination steps in, and a man becomes an artist." The advice, reluctantly given, had been gladly followed. Paris succeeded London. In the gregarious atmosphere of the *atelier* a knack of brushwork was caught that was rather like the French accent of the decade. But, fatal link, somehow "imagination" had never "stepped in." And here he finds himself a greying man, with a daughter who is already an art-student, with a colourman's bill of her own, and the reputation of being the queen of all the costume balls, with which her youthful labours are punctuated at fairly frequent intervals.

There is not one such man, but hundreds. There are enough to form a kind of melancholy constituency, to which writers and curators, either from want of thought or from good nature and good fellowship, find themselves playing down. A truthful diagnosis is not necessarily agreeable or popular, but it would run somewhat thus:—"Nothing can be done for you. You had better try to live on your three hundred a year. There are people who live on less. Even now you may be able to arrange for yourself a little St. Martin's summer. Go to some place where living is cheap and subjects attractive. Do nothing for seven years but pencil drawings, which cost nothing to produce. You may have a germ of talent which is still worth cultivating. If you haven't, you must resign yourself to the inevitable with the best grace you can."

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We have dealt with a numerically important element in the profession, those who fall under the heading : absence of real vocation combined with pretentiousness of claim. They are important for another reason, and that is that, though they cannot make a paying business of their art, they represent, taken together, considerable wealth and considerable connection, and are able by their clubs, their semi-public hospitalities, and speech-making dinners to keep up a considerable clatter. A wealthy mendicant fraternity, they are able to ask for more with voices in no way impaired by actual want.

The real trade in efficient art goes on quietly and regularly, and, like the happy woman, has no history. A man who knew the points of a horse as Herring did had no need of doles from the Chantrey or any other bequest. No one ever thought of forming a society to protect the interests of a painter who understands the sea and shipping as does W. L. Wyllie. Mr. Strang has no difficulty in getting heads to draw, nor Mr. Sargent full-lengths to paint. And so on, *ad infinitum*. The clamour comes from the mass of those who know no particular branch of their craft quite thoroughly. This considerable and vociferous fraction of the profession, the sequelæ of the art-boom of the 'seventies, presents no problem for constructive remedies. The instant question of real utility is to consider what we are doing for the generation that is to replace us.

Let us consider mainly the question of the young men. The young woman who studies art generally gives it up when she marries, and the manner in which she spends the years after she is in her mother's way, until her marriage, is the business rather of the sociologist than of the art-critic. Women of genius like Mrs. Herringham or Mrs. Swynerton count as men. Moreover, *De maximis non curat lex*. Madame Morisot's painting was no more than the painting of Manet's sister-in-law.

In these most sentimental days, in this most sentimental of countries, nothing can be more unpopular than the enunciation of the truth that boys are more and more beginning their life-work too late. I suppose that no satirist who set himself to write the most outrageous caricature of the sentimental Liberalism of the day could surpass the fact that we have actually legislated against the too early rising of milk-boys, lest the deadly atmosphere that prevails before—is it six o'clock?—should injure their

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tender constitutions. I believe the underlying assumption is that they nod over their lessons, poor children, later in the day. And no wonder. But is not the cruelty in the lessons, and not in the early rising? My milkman is sixty or so, and he is a very happy man, with four grown-up sons continuing in the business. Milkmen have different hours for sleep from other people, conditioned by their business, and the best thing milk-boys can do is surely to get into the habits of their trade as early as possible. But "their culture," I hear my Liberal friends exclaim! *Ma che cultura!* My milkman is quite happy without what you call culture. He may be unacquainted with the latest ideas of Mr. Wells on the relation of the sexes. I don't know that he has followed Mr. Zangwill closely in his architecture of the next religion. He may not have grasped in their entirety the theories of Mr. William Archer on the drama, or bathed in the delectable romances of Mrs. Elinor Glyn, but he is perhaps none the less cultured for that. It only now remains to us to pass a law that all scene-shifters must be in bed before half-past nine.

I may perhaps be pardoned for expressing some definite opinions on art teaching. Since 1890, when I started an *atelier* with Whistler's approbation in Chelsea, I have, off and on, been teaching incessantly, both in London and Paris, men, women, and children of all classes, of several nationalities, and all degrees of natural ability. I have just finished four years of intensely interesting work in one of the technical Institutes under the London County Council as teacher of drawing and painting from the life, and these experiences have led me to certain quite definite conclusions, which I propose here to give as briefly as possible for what they are worth.

From the beginning I may say that the whole structure of my tuition has been based on a theory of my father's, of which I fortunately understood the truth very early in life. My father maintained that a student should from the first stroke of his pencil be making studies for pictures of his own. That is to say, that he should not be studying in a vacuum for the sake of abstract study. He maintained that as the actual need arises for a study of such and such a subject, that study should be made, and that it would then be made with the kind of avidity and success—shall we say?—that would be a man's who hunted

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a rabbit, or speared a salmon when he felt the need of a dinner.

All history favours this theory. The young apprentices in the studios of the old masters were squaring up drawings and under-painting works already commissioned. There was no sentimental nonsense about it. From the tenderest age they were driven and hustled in the field of drawing, much as the sweated tailors and tailoresses are driven in the modern realities of dressmaking. The whole thing was based on a *Real-politik* as far removed from the cloudy æsthetics of to-day as possible.

If we take examples from the lives of those artists who have "come off" in whatever style, whether we like their work or not, the same rule may be found. Turner was colouring views and drawing marines in the way of trade at the age of eleven. There is no greater mistake than to say that he survived this because he was a genius. It is the other way about. He was a genius partly because he knew his trade when our gentlemanly young art-students are entering the antique. Keene learnt his trade "on the job," doing drawings for a threepenny comic paper to make his living. It was on this diet that he became one of the master draughtsmen of the world. Burne-Jones is another admirable example. Whether we like or not the eternal prolongation of wistfulness that was the burden of his message, we must admit that he learnt all he needed of drawing "on the job." If he had spent years trying to draw drapery as it actually falls, or differentiating the types and ages of humanity as they actually are differentiated, there would have been no Burne-Jones left.

The defenders of the present art-school system will, I know, answer:—"But you are here citing cases only of men of talent or men of genius, in whom there is from the first the inner thrust of inventiveness, men who are born artists, the kind of men who draw in their infancy, and are almost prodigies. What do you make of the others? How would you teach art to them?"

My answer is that I wouldn't teach them art at all. Certainly I would not do anything to encourage them to become picture-makers. Most of the women should go into the needlework or cooking classes; and though there is no boy who would not profit by a course of geometrical, engineering, or architectural drawing, none should be encouraged to draw or paint from the life if, after three years'

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study, the master is of opinion that he will never make a draughtsman or a painter. There is so much else to do.

And here we come to the vice inherent in all institutions. Universities with a chair of art should, for their own dignity, discourage the test of numbers as a test of a professor's success. As to capitation fees, let them not be mentioned amongst you. The most popular professor is by no means necessarily the best.

There will probably soon be a considerable revision of opinion among municipalities as to the utility of spending the money of the ratepayers on indiscriminate art teaching at all. It has often struck me as an anomaly that the poorest tram conductor, and the poorest charwoman are taxed, through their rents and otherwise, in order to pay the salary of the likes of me for teaching classes, largely consisting of well-to-do ladies and gentlemen to paint pictures that no one wants. The Institutes are tending, I think wisely, to bestow more and more attention on useful things like plumbing and building, cooking and waiting, and, even in the domain of the arts, on such branches as can be applied to industries already commercially in being.

If the art-school is to exist in the interest of the rising generation, the old ideal of keeping up the numbers, and nursing what I may call the everlasting and almost professional art-student, must be abandoned. Entries should be made as soon after the age of thirteen or fourteen as possible. Students from that age till they attain their majority should keep the machinery of the school so hard at work that all students over twenty-one should be automatically eliminated. It should be a matter of course that every student's lease of study is only renewable by the consent of the professor at intervals of three years. A youth of seventeen who abandons the career after three years' serious work in an art-school is not much the worse for it. Even then the loss of time is to be deplored. But between finding out his unfitness at seventeen or at forty, who would hesitate?

As they have paid their fees, there is no reason for withholding from students the true definition of drawing from nature. It will, of course, shorten their stay at the school. "You teach too much," I once heard an ingenuous professor say to an over-zealous assistant. Let us risk it, and tell them that to study drawing is nothing more than to accustom the eye to estimate, and the hand to record, the inclination of a visible line in the 180° of two right

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angles. When hand and eye are broken in to register these inclinations, a man can draw. And his drawing will be equally applicable to Joan of Arc, to an elephant, or a cumulus cloud. Proportion and perspective follow inevitably on rightness of direction. Anatomy, geology, botany, architecture, all can be rightly expressed, and their expression included in the study of the proper inclination of lines.

While the regular school-work of drawing and painting ensembles and fragments from nature (and a silk-hat is as much nature as a silkworm) is going on, it can gradually be elicited that most of the students have ideas and preferences of their own in subject. The very fact that they have selected painting as a career makes this probable. The teacher can be largely guided by these indications in giving separate and individual direction to each student's talent. They should be helped to carry out and bring to completion any sketch or study that they have been impelled to do of their own accord.

This is much better than the custom generally prevalent of giving out subjects for periodical compositions and making the occasion a competitive one. One objection to this is that it tends to lash the students into productions without much inner impulse. How many of these have we not seen that are only faint echoes of a French poster of Joan of Arc, or of the *rangé* Burne-Jonesism for families of Mr. Waterhouse. But there is a more serious objection to the constant making of compositions never intended to be carried out. It is bad education to accustom a student to begin anything that he does not intend to finish. One composition begun, continued, and ended is a complete education in all the stages of picture-making, while projects not intended to be carried out cease to be serious, and become a mere demoralising gesture.

The imitative and reminiscent faculty is natural to the young artist. It is through the door of some imitative admiration that he often enters the field of art. Among the students will be found naïf Beardsleys, little Johns, sub-Monets, and sub-Whistlers. It is only by a serious course of study of objective drawing that a sound personal reality will extrude these shadowy echoes, and leave no room for them. His own talent, if you can help him to find it, is the most interesting gift that you can make to a student.

As soon as the student has succeeded in making a few satisfactory drawings, he should at once be taught how to

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co-ordinate these studies into a picture, into a work—that is, whether the medium be drawing, painting, lithography, or etching. This is like throwing a child into the water that he may learn to swim, instead of keeping him for years suspended with his stomach on a music-stool, making the gestures of a swimmer. It is impossible that the professors themselves, too complacent abettors of the endless production of so-called studies from the life, all on the same scale, all without relation to any conceivable *ambiente* in heaven or earth, can regard these results with any hope or satisfaction. It becomes sheer routine.

Let us take a given date, the last day of a student's last term at school. He has spent, I am afraid to say how many years, producing nothing but paintings on a uniform scale, whether he is near to, or far from the model. The eternal Italian in bathing drawers has faced sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left. Again and again the student has filled his uniform canvas with the single figure, and has made it emerge from the buff vacancy entitled "background." Thus fenced off by circumstances from nine-tenths of the field over which the creative artist ranges, from a search for the savour of life, for the composition and arrangement of figures, for their relation to each other and to their surroundings, architectural or landscape, the student ends by confining his mind to such problems as whether he is to put the paint on in lumps like Mr. X, or to spread it thinly like Mr. Z; whether he is to make his shadows brown, as they did at so-and-so's studio, or whether it is what's-his-name who has the tip of tips when he makes them ultramarine. It is difficult for him to believe that none of these things matter; that some of the finest paintings have been done thick, and others thin; some in a hot, and others in a cold key; some in a dark, and some in a light.

How is a student whose training has been so limited to start being an artist after years spent in deadening any initiative he may ever have had? He has either to content himself with imitating one of the more popular painters on the line, or to begin his education all over again. And this is what the talents who emerge have had to do, with the additional handicap that they have the habits of five or six years to unlearn.

The exhibition of designs for mural painting and for the decoration of schools and other buildings, now open

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at Crosby Hall, is the sign of a national conscience awakened to some of the evils I have endeavoured to suggest. Complaints have been made of the wholesale incompetence revealed by most of the competitors, not only to furnish enlarged detail of their designs, but to plan original designs of any force and consistency. The first step, however, towards improvement is the discovery of the nature and extent of our weakness. Some of the non-competing examples collected here are of great educational value, while some are misleading. Of Mr. Sargent's two decorations, the one with the solid candles and the swords is amusing but meretricious, and the painting entitled "*Ancilla Domini*" is not only undecorative, but is vitiated, as story-telling, by the fact that the Madonna, instead of holding the bambino, appears to be dropping him and making an effort to catch him.

Beyond the fact that the paintings by Charles Furse are framed in lunette-shaped frames, they are everything that decoration should not be, both confused and wanting in luminosity. The colour studies of Puvis de Chavannes are valuable, but more valuable perhaps would have been some of the working drawings. The contributions from the work of Miss Emily Ford and Mrs. Sargent Florence are helpful and stimulating, as are the ordered designs of Mr. Cayley Robinson. As examples of first-rate achievement nothing here surpasses the panels of Mr. Strang, "*The Death of Eve*" and "*Adam Delving*." Why cannot we have Mr. Strang at the head of one of our great art-schools? Mr. Tonks and his two associates, H. F. Garrett and Miss Elsie McNaught, hold up an admirable ideal in a suite of four excellent panels, with just the kind of emotional thread connecting the series to make a consistent decoration. These cartoons show wit, tenderness, and invention. They have been executed for the Bishop Creighton House, Fulham. This series, and the presence among the competitors of such masters of their business as Mr. Walter Bayes and Mr. Cayley Robinson, point the way perhaps to a better future. On one condition, however, that the quite incompetent students among the exhibitors should either desist from invention, or enrol themselves as assistants in squaring up the designs of the two or three masters who know what they are about, and so learn the elements of their art.

Play of the Month

Hindle Wakes

ONCE more London is indebted to the North for an interesting play which makes our artificial Thames productions look rather jejune and provincial. *Hindle Wakes* is a real play about real people: a study of character after but not in the manner of Pinero, and never spoilt by exaggeration or artifice; and for its truthfulness of presentation, its simplicity, and construction it must be pronounced a very good piece of work. There is not much action or any particular plot, the whole thing turning on the week-end motor-car visit to Llandudno of young Jeffcote, whose father is one of the richest cotton merchants in the place, and its consequences to Fanny Hawthorn, a weaver's daughter, who went with him. Young Jeffcote, who is engaged to Sir Timothy Farrar's daughter, meant no harm—boys will be boys, and girls will be girls; but that is not the attitude of Jeffcote *père*, nor is it the way of Hindle. "Thou shalt wed the lass," decrees the implacable Jeffcote; and so young Alan gets "chucked" by the beautiful Beatrice Farrar, and forced, under pain of losing all his father's "brass," to make Fanny Hawthorn an honest girl.

One imagines what our London fashionable play-makers might have made of this theme. The boy becoming a hero—true love asserting itself dutifully before the footlights; Alan and Fanny happy ever afterwards, with the families' blessings upon them. The Manchester school gives us no such platitude. It is Fanny who becomes a hero, this lass of the mills, the modern Suffragette stamp, perhaps even the model of Mr. Bernard Shaw's play. She ain't going to marry a mere rich man's son. Sure, Alan is a clean-cut lad; she had her bit of fun; but she neither wants his daddy's brass nor the likes of he. She gives him up bravely, saves him from a rotten marriage, sends him back to t'other one, who is a fine lady and will do better by him than she will. And this in face

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of the joint family council, wherein the three fathers solemnly condemn the lad to do the right thing by the girl, upsetting all her mother's calculations, even the judgment of the stern master of the mills, who is what they call a "stiff 'un."

And the little explosion of femininity is delightful, ringing the one human and big note in this centre of convention and paper righteousness, where for every phase of life these people have a cut-and-dried remedy, a whole cupboard of stock poultices for the humanities. Fanny comes out right on top. Even the elder Jeffcote looks a mere cotton-spinner beside her. Her own parents turn her out—for losing so good a chance; but here is a lass whom some good fellow will love right enough; she ain't afeerd. She walks out a queen. This story Mr. Stanley Houghton has made curiously interesting without false or satirical accentuation, without caricature, without even the slightest spitefulness. Everyone in the play has his or her place, each one acting independently from the situations that arise, the whole thing being logical and admirably balanced, free from all stage trickery and contrivance. An admirable opening casts the sense of tragedy upon the scene. These people are immense in their characterisation, the stern cotton-spinner and his wife, the rather cubbish son, Fanny, her father, and the mother of Fanny, who, played by Ada King, is a creation, and then Sir Timothy Farrar with his paunch and Northern speech—all types that fascinate us all through the evening, and we don't giggle, we actually listen to the play; nor is the author ever clever or paradoxical or in any way self-obtrusive. It is Miss Horniman who has shown London the good thing at the little Coronet Theatre. Once more we see how our London theatre is drifting away from the real sources of the arts which now are so pleasingly thriving in the provinces. There is *Bunty*. There is *Rutherford and Son*. There is this by Stanley Houghton. Subtract the adaptations from French plays, the musical comedies and the American productions, and what has London in the way of good plays to show? Not much. "God's wot," as Mr. Garvin might say. But here is something. And it ought to be tried in a big house on West End audiences. It couldn't harm them. With luck it might do them good.

S. O.

Books of the Month

ART

EUGÈNE DELACROIX. By DOROTHY BUSSY. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Bussy prefaces her admirable short book on Delacroix with the following two lines of acknowledgment:—"This book could not have been written without my husband's knowledge and help." The result is an absorbing picture, characterised by enthusiasm and judgment, of the work and life of the great romantic painter—"puisque romantiques il y a," to quote his own gentle deprecation of the term. Delacroix's was one of those rare and precious lives that lift the whole of humanity to its highest possibilities by their example. His influence on the French painting of the last century, and therefore on all painting, has been incalculable. His lithographic illustrations to *Faust* appear to have satisfied Goethe. Like all fanciful drawing, with little objective basis, his drawings date. The sublime of one age and one nation easily trenches on the ridiculous of another. With good will it may be seen even here and now that the drama of his subjects is expressed with terrific intensity. His Hamlet is really a tender youth puzzled and chattering with fear as he interrogates his father's spirit, and points at it with a gesture which expresses nothing but stupefaction. His death of Ophelia is sublime in its beauty and pathos. Delacroix touched no medium without making a record in it. His one aquatint is the finest aquatint in the world, and may be seen at the British Museum in a volume of *Les Aquafortistes Français*.

He submitted his immense talent to the most severe and incessant discipline. Mrs. Bussy might have added a trait which is known of him, and which seems to sum up the man. A lover of society and conversation, he spent his evenings in the world. His housekeeper had orders always to leave paper and crayons with his candlestick in the hall. However late he returned he desired, again, before he slept, to take contact with his beloved art, and wash himself, as it were, clean once more of the promiscuous social fumes of the evening, by tracing again a few lines on to paper. This book is a real step towards popularising, with insight, a great continental figure, who is too little known in this country. Delacroix combined brilliancy, austerity, and measure in a manner that is peculiarly French.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND TRAVEL

A TRAGEDY IN STONE AND OTHER PAPERS. By LORD REDESDALE. Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

It is always a pleasure to get a book from one who is known as an expert on the subject of it, for the "indolent reviewer" is then not expected to go one better and point out errors, and his agreeable task is only to tell readers what they will find in the work. Here are eleven essays about the Tower of London, Art, and Japan. Now, if anyone living knows the Tower it is whilom Bertie Mitford, of H.M. Office of Works. If anyone is an authority on Art it is Lord Redesdale, Trustee of the Wallace and National Collections. If anyone knows not only New Japan but Old Japan, it is the former Secretary of the Japanese Legation in 1868.

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I am myself devoted to the history and antiquities of the Tower, and have had my say about it, and of that presently. But to me the interest of this book lies mainly in its account of Old Japan. I am old enough to remember the Japanese War of 1863, on which I wrote in the (old) *National Review*, and I saw in London the sham ambassadors who came to make a bogus treaty from the Tycoon, or "Temporal Sovereign" (?), and then went home to commit *Hari Kari*. Our joint volume of *International Policy*, in 1866, treated of Old Japan by the pen of the late Sir Charles Cookson, late Consular Judge in Egypt. For quite fifty years the growth and international relations of Japan have been matter of the deepest interest to myself and my political friends.

The expression, the revolution, or the evolution, of Japan—both within itself and with relation to the Western Powers—is the most marvellous in all human history. The most marvellous, because the most rapid. France, the United States, Russia, India, have all changed enormously since the eighteenth century; but it has needed more than a hundred years. Now the transformation of Japan is far more astonishing than any of these, and it has been accomplished in forty years, or rather within the present generation. Of this miracle of national re-birth Lord Redesdale is the principal living witness, and, with his three visits to Japan at long intervals, he is the witness best qualified to describe the process of change.

He has written other books about Japan; he was the first to introduce to us the poetry and mythology of Japan, and he has more to say about it—but I am not tired of reading about Ronins, Daimios and Shōguns. When Lord Redesdale entered the public service in 1858, "no living Englishman had ever set foot in Japan." Nor had a single Japanese been seen in Europe. The story of the "modernising" of Japan is one difficult to follow from its rapidity and its incredibility. Redesdale helps us to understand it, for he has seen it moving under his eyes. Meiji—or "brilliant government"—sprang up like a new dispensation, at the accession of the reigning Mikado in 1869. "I left Japan," says Mitford, "in 1870 busy working out the problems of her salvation." "I went back in 1873, when she was toiling and learning." "In 1906 I found a great and heroic nation already in the rank of a first-rate Power."

Lord Redesdale's account of the Elizabethan fleet of 1599 is interesting, as is that of "Feudalism in Japan," and a holiday trip in Old Japan in 1866. All of this is delightful. How different from the holidays in Japan spent to-day by our globe trotters! But I have no room now to say anything about the Tower, or about Art or Gardens, or any of the things discoursed on in this pleasant volume. It should stimulate others to make the trip to Japan and see for themselves this ever-fascinating people and country. And if only a few would go to see the Tower of London, and stir up Government to make it a national historic monument and not a lodging-house and a lumber store.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE SHADOW-SHOW. By J. H. CURLE. Methuen. 5s. net.

The strength of the author of this book lies in a wide experience of men and the world plus a sort of literary courage which reveals itself in the refreshing frankness of his book. His weakness lies in the average traveller's habit of seeking out the things everyone says one ought to see, what the world calls "sights." If there were seven wonders in the world, as some aver, Mr. Curle would be the man to track them down and give us his impressions of them. That is a pity, because, if we are to believe the publisher of *The Shadow-Show*, Mr. Curle is "the most travelled man of his day," and such a fortunate person with so able a literary gift, ought not to waste time upon the known and admittedly eminent, unless he is going to tell something new about them, which he does not. When asked why he did not paint the staircase of the Doge's Palace, Whistler replied that it was a work of art already. Writers of travel-books should bear this in mind. It is not their business to discover the discovered. But for all that Mr. Curle gives us a goodly vision of the moving shadow-show of the world, and better even than that, he

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interests us in himself apropos of what the world has revealed to him. Many will find his chapter on the women of all nations instructive, and even amusing—in a philosophic way; and his record of the neglected house of Robert Louis Stevenson at Samoa will arouse indignation in the minds of all lovers of Tusitala. But the staggering thing about this book is Mr. Curle's widespread knowledge of the world. He has certainly put a girdle about the earth; we have heard of globe-trotters, and imagined them circling the earth in ocean liners and Pullman cars without leaving the main tracks of travel, but Mr. Curle has been everywhere and seen everything, and one marvels that he could find time to do and see so much in an ordinary human lifetime, let alone write a stimulating and provocative book about his experiences and ideas.

THE CHARTERHOUSE OF LONDON. By W. F. TAYLOR. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

Here is a book which we doubt not will rank among the best examples of Londoniana. Mr. W. F. Taylor has told the story of a famous London building with scholarship and historical insight and such lucidity that will gain him the approving thanks of all students of the topography of the metropolis. Everybody knows the Charterhouse, but most of us think of it as a school, literary folk always associating it with Thackeray's schooldays. But the schooldays of the famous house are only a phase, until the recent removal of the school to Godalming, the latest, in a long, curious, and important career, closely involved in the career of the capital city, and of England. The house was first established by the Carthusian monks on one of the fields originally set aside for the consecrated burial of those Londoners who perished by the Black Death. It remained a religious house until the Reformation, and Mr. Taylor tells us that sixteen of its members are remembered as martyrs of the Roman Catholic faith. Subsequently it became the palace of Sir Edward North, the Duke of Northumberland, and eventually the London residence of Thomas Howard, the great Duke of Norfolk, whose family lived there until 1611, when the place was bought by Thomas Sutton, a philanthropic merchant, who founded the school which has just celebrated its tercentenary. Even to-day, after many structural changes, the Charterhouse is the most complete specimen of an Elizabethan palace now standing in London, and that fact, in keeping with its important historical associations, makes it a singularly suitable subject for such a monograph as Mr. Taylor has provided with such admirable historical and literary gifts.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE POSTHUMOUS ESSAYS OF JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. Edited by L. C. COLLINS. Dent. 6s. net.

The difference between the spoken and the written word is a strange thing to contemplate. So often the charm of a printed page is entirely lost when it is read aloud, so often the speech which moved a large assembly seems cold and stilted in print. For this reason it is almost always a mistake to publish lectures in book form, unless the learning which they contain is all-important and otherwise inaccessible. This collection of improperly called "essays" is no exception to the general rule. Professor Churton Collins was a very popular lecturer—too popular perhaps—but these lectures on literary subjects have lost all life now that their deliverer is dead. Moreover, they were obviously delivered to audiences in whom only a moderate amount of literary knowledge could be presupposed, so that they of necessity contained explanatory tracts which an essayist would have skipped over. In the lectures on Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, and Tennyson, there is far too much which is elementary. The lecturer is always handicapped by the fact that his task is supposed to be the supplying of information to thirsty minds, whereas the essayist presupposes minds as well equipped as his own. No doubt if he had had

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the chance, Professor Collins could have made something really interesting out of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, or the parallels between Browning, on the one hand, and Lessing, Montaigne, and Butler, on the other. But the dreadful ghost of a University extension audience hangs over all, and spoils them from a literary point of view. There is too much exegesis, and far too little criticism; for criticism implies knowledge which aspiring clerks and intelligent governesses seldom possess. On the other hand, there are plenty of labels and formulæ, which they love. Also there is "Flower in the Crannied Wall."

STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS. By WILLIAM SHARP. Heinemann. 5s. net.

This is the second volume of Sharp's selected works, and it appears from Mr. Sharp's bibliographical note that he had intended these essays to be included in a book to be entitled *In the Garden of Letters*. Some are magazine articles, others are introductory essays to anthologies: all represent the contemporary views of a competent and painstaking critic on literary matters of the 'nineties and of the first few years of this century. In particular "La Jeune Belgique" (1893), "The Modern Troubadours" (1900), and "Italian Poets of To-day" (1902) mark, with sympathy and discrimination, the progress of literary movements in which Sharp was something of a specialist. The first essay, on the Sonnet, is a scholarly piece of work; and the matter throughout this volume is superior to the style. For, in fact, Sharp was rarely more than a sturdy and companionable pedestrian in his professional work; and the more one reads of him the more one marvels at Fiona Macleod.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. Home University Library. Williams and Norgate. 1s. net.

This is a little *tour de force* of lucid instruction, such as we might expect from Mr. Pearsall Smith. The arrangement and style are perfectly suited to the subject-matter, which demanded economy of treatment, accuracy of detail, and lively erudition; there are no wild theories or superfluous digressions to mar the orderly development of the theme; while the liberal acceptance of novelties in language, and the convincing explanation of origins (mediæval medicine, for instance) are worthy of note. No trace of pedantry, slovenliness, or obscurity will offend the casual reader; and if perhaps from the nature of the subject Mr. Pearsall Smith has not been able to add much to what is already known, yet, as Emerson said, "we are as much informed of a writer's genius by what he selects as by what he originates."

THE ESSENCE OF THE UNIVERSE. By EDWIN LUCAS. W. H. Smith and Son. 5s.

Mr. Lucas sets out to expound in "simple, untechnical language" all mysteries in heaven and earth, from the relation of matter and spirit to the character of human life in other worlds. It is interesting to learn that "on the planets of the countless suns of the universe man *undoubtedly* exists," and that Mr. Lucas has "very good reason to believe that man does exist on Saturn, that he is of very small stature, and that he is the most intellectual and spiritual being yet produced in the solar system." In short, the work is a Baedeker of the Universe, concise and confident in its statements, and far more entertaining than the merely terrestrial guide-book.

FICTION

SPRING DAYS. By GEORGE MOORE. Werner Laurie. 6s.

In a delightful preface Mr. George Moore explains how this book came into life long years ago, how he bought it in, learning from friends that it was inadequate, how subsequently he was induced to re-read and even-

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tually to re-publish it. It comes to us, then, from Mr. Moore's salad days, and, strange to say, it is as "free from sentiment or morals as Daphnis or Chloe." The *Spectator* would approve this guileless narrative of young loves. There are no scented boudoirs, no purple bed-rooms, there is no vernal steam of hot kisses; in fine, it is a spring effusion recommendable to all mammas, proving very satisfactorily Mr. Moore's own dictum that it is not books that are immoral but spring days, and "the way women look at men." When this volume originally appeared a "butty little man" (so Mr. Moore asserts) "raised Oriental eyes and square hands," and for all answers to his interrogatory as to how he liked it, answered sternly: "You have written other books." A bold butty little man! George Moore has written other books, better books, one certainly that will endure: he has also written far more fascinating books. The worst of it is his standard is so high. No more polished writer uses the English tongue. He—but hold, what about *Spring Days*? Well, no author could stand being told twice that he has written other books, and in a way, *Spring Days* is an unusual novel, not characteristic of its author, quite fresh and hearty and exhilarating. A capital book to read (though it is a terrible phrase), garrulous, racy, full of dainty philosophic little things about men and women, the way men think and women look, poised upon a love affair which ends with the reminder how rapid our spring days speed by, and how right we are to enjoy them. Yes, there is plenty of enjoyment in the book. It takes one back to bar girls and *The St. James's Gazette*, before the era of the Harmsworths. At times we fancy we discern traces of autobiography. Can it be that Frank was Mr. George Moore courting the Miss Brooks, like Brer Fox courting the Miss Meadows? It is a parlous thought. Anyhow here is a holiday find, a bonny, natty tale.

THE TRESPASSER. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Duckworth. 6s.

The White Peacock, which was the author's first book, stamped him at once as a writer from whom great things might be expected. *The Trespasser* is his second novel, and if as a story it is somewhat disappointing, as a piece of writing it is unquestionably an achievement. In D. H. Lawrence we have a new power, still immature, perhaps one who will never be a great story-teller, possibly not even a creative artist, yet for all that an artist of a most exquisite delicacy and of a sure and penetrating observation. In this novel we are shown the love romance of a married man and a woman, and practically little else. Impinged on to it is a story, but not convincing, unmodern, one might say. But these pages of love are masterly, fused with a passion very rarely met with in our modern fiction, ardent, beautiful. No one who appreciates the English language should fail to read the book, for they will find the expression of a poet, the love and revelation of genius. The love fire of Tristan and Isolde glows in these passages. An exhalation seems to rise out of them. They are almost terrible in their sensitiveness of reflexion, in their utterance of things most authors feel unable to touch upon. And there is a magic of words, of harmony and beauty, which alone compensate for the lack of general narrative construction. As an observer and portrayer of nature, D. H. Lawrence has no peer. His descriptions are things of sheer beauty. Dotted about all through the book they leap up at the reader and startle him by their grace of expression, their delicacy, their literary refinement. Not another living writer can paint scenery as he does. Take this opening of a chapter: "The way home lay across country, through deep little lanes where the late foxgloves sat seriously, like sad hounds; over open downlands, rough with gorse and ling, and through pocketed hollows of bracken and trees." That is admirable. Here is a writer with style. We have yet to wait for the author's message.

ELSIE LINDTNER. By KARIN MICHAELIS. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

It is always dangerous to repeat a good thing, to repeat the dangerous age is, well, very dangerous. Yet Karin Michaelis has an individual merit that cannot be overlooked. The fact is these Danish Scandinavian

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women are extraordinarily interesting, just as they are by far the most educated of their sex. And this sequel has a real and even absorbing interest, if not so sensational as its original. We find the woman "through" her crisis, finding peace at last in a ragamuffin street urchin whom she adopts and mothers and sincerely loves, as apparently she loved no other thing before. This renaissance of the woman, the mother, in her is tender and charmingly expressed, somehow it seems almost natural, real, Nature reasserts itself. The woman who flees from her husband, from man, from the physical side of life, recovers her peace and happiness mothering a little pariah of the gutter, indelibly stamped with hereditary crime, a fighting, virile little cuss who, in time, is bound to deserve ill of the State. Nor is this merely "another" book. It has little moments of revelation, charm, an atmosphere: it is, in short, worth reading, and it is admirably translated by Beatrice Marshall.

THE TOMBOY AND OTHERS. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Lane. 6s.

With any one of the short stories published in this book it would have been pleasant enough to while away half an hour on a hot summer's afternoon, but when the turning of the pages reveals a succession of other stories, all exactly like the first, the thing becomes boring. Mr. Marriott Watson has apparently evolved a short-story recipe—not a very subtle or abstruse one—and, having done so, he proceeds to evolve the stories themselves. If he had then cast them into ephemeral periodicals and left them there no one would have been any the wiser, but he puts them all side by side, hardly for comparison, since they are all too much alike for that, but apparently on the principle of "the more the merrier." The recipe seems to be as follows: "Take one hero, of the 'man-about' type, and for preference let him tell the tale himself. Add one heroine, invariably referred to as Miss — something—Arbuthnot, Deighton, Willoughby, &c., as the case may be. It makes no difference, since all the ladies are exactly alike—of the fluffy, feminine, provocative order. Throw in some smart dialogue according to taste, and stir up lightly to a kiss."

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY. By PERCEVAL GIBBON. Dent. 6s.

It is a pity that before publishing together these excellent short stories Mr. Gibbon did not go through them and eliminate the information which it was necessary to repeat for the benefit of new readers when the stories were being issued monthly, but which has a rather irritating effect when read continuously. Granted that Miss Gregory's face is pink, long may it remain so, but we should be allowed to be aware of the fact in the back of our minds without having it perpetually introduced to us all over again. The same criticism applies to Miss Gregory's brother, Sir Howard Gregory, of Addington, Kent, to her flannel jacket, and her book of travels. However, Miss Gregory herself is such a delightful person, she more than makes up for these trifling irritations, and withal she is somewhat of an innovation in heroines, being fifty years of age, grey-haired, and slightly mannish, though disconcertingly feminine. In the last story in the book the latter quality perhaps gets the fullest play, and in consequence it is one of the most charming, though all are vivid and told with a refreshing terseness of phrase. Mr. Gibbon has not done a great thing in literature in this volume, which is not up to the standard of his *The Vrouw Grobelaar's Leading Cases*, although that laboured under the disadvantage of being put into the mouth of an uneducated old woman. But he has produced a sound piece of workmanship, and that in itself is no small thing.

THE LAST RESORT. By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY. Lane. 6s.

This book is all the more unsatisfactory because amidst much that is conventional and untrue to life there are gleams of better things, which make the reader feel that the author has not done himself justice.

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The first chapter is probably the least successful in the book, dealing as it does with the unreal politicians and the wire-pulling lady so dear to the novelist. The scenes laid in Magaliland have far more atmosphere, and a sense of the unbearable heat and aridness of the place is well conveyed. Major Mark Sarroll is the familiar strong, silent hero of fiction, even stronger and certainly more silent (he is one of those irritating people who refuse to "tell their love") than usual. Rhea Heseltine, the would-be wire-puller, who is in love with him after a rather nasty fashion, is little more than a shadow; Laura, the heroine, is more clearly visualised, because one has met her so often before as the golden-haired womanly creature who has pervaded many books in her day. Miriam, the shop-girl in love with Laura's brother Armyn, is an oddly impossible creation, whose eyes have a "golden-red glow" in them, and whose passion for Armyn, equally fiery, takes her out to Magaliland in quest of him. There is a good deal of unconscious humour in the fact that the sweet, tender Laura dreads the thought of her brother marrying a shop-girl so much that apparently she would prefer him to make her his mistress. Truly, the paths of convention are tortuous. The book is well constructed save for an undue importance given at first to Rhea in the scheme of things, and as an indictment of the dilatoriness of governments it should not be without value.

A NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG. By REMY DE GOURMONT. Translated with preface and appendix by ARTHUR RANSOME. Stephen Swift. 5s. net.

Some of us had a feeling of amused, and perhaps rather stupid and supercilious, resentment, when we heard a few years ago that Kipling's *Jungle Book* had been translated into French. The same feeling, a sort of impersonal jealousy, must have overwhelmed some readers in an acute form at the mere thought of introducing Remy de Gourmont to an English public. And yet here is Mr. Arthur Ransome's translation of *Une Nuit au Luxembourg*, not indeed the most esoteric of Remy de Gourmont's works, but one intensely characteristic. Here is the pure intellectual speculation, greatly daring, and not deterred from being witty by the fear of being thought superficial; the sensuousness embalmed in a classical melancholy like that of a painting on a Grecian urn; sometimes a direct and simple sensuality that seems quite childish and innocent; while the story is placed in a modern setting that shows M. de Gourmont's keen and penetrative love of actuality, his understanding of modern life that has given us in the *Mercure de France* so many delightful *Dialogues des Amateurs sur les choses du temps*. It is a fine and amusing book, a plea for the philosophy of Epicurus, embodying much ingenious criticism of modern ways of thinking. M. Remy de Gourmont's divinity is certainly one of the most charming we have ever met. We still doubt whether he will be quite happy in England; he has lost in the process of translation the divine grace of his movements. And yet we do not think a better translation than Mr. Ransome's is possible.

THE ARKWRIGHTS: A TALE OF OLD CROYDON. By JOHN MORRISON HOBSON, M.D., B.Sc. *Croydon Guardian Offices*. 3s. 6d. net.

"Ignoble, comfortable Croydon," Mr. Wells has rather cruelly called the huge suburban borough of 170,000 souls which in the last century has grown out of a little Surrey market town. Croydon, however, possesses two buildings full of dignity and beauty of earlier days—the mediæval palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and the Elizabethan Hospital of the Holy Trinity, founded in 1595 by Archbishop Whitgift. Dr. Hobson, who has worked hard to prevent the destruction of Whitgift's Hospital, threatened by utilitarian modernists, now attempts a romance of Croydon in the Archbishop's time. Dr. Hobson is an antiquary rather than a novelist, and there is little art in his story. It shows, nevertheless, considerable research, and its purpose of keeping alive a memory of the past among suburban people is so admirable that we wish it success.

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POETRY

THE GHOST SHIP AND OTHER STORIES. POEMS AND SONGS. By RICHARD MIDDLETON. Fisher Unwin. Two vols. 5s. net each.

We don't believe now in hidden genius, yet assuredly Richard Middleton was such an one, if in death only have we found him. His untimely end adds another mystery to art, that mystery how possibly it can come about that a man so rich in song and music as he was can be allowed to die almost of poverty, as how it is that some artists seem to catch on so easily and some to find no response at all. In this posthumous volume, *The Ghost Ship and other Stories*, we may read and ponder on the problem. No one with an ear for music, with a heart, with the smallest literary flair, can fail to detect in these sketches that touch, that sensitiveness, that unerring feeling for the right word that mark the real artist as opposed to the mere craftsman. There is a strange atmosphere about them, mellow and quite distinctive, and in all an ineffable sadness. Something of the hopelessness of George Gissing was in the man. Shortly before he died, he wrote to me:—"I cannot write the love story I promised. This business of love is too real to me. It overpowers me." And reading these pieces, little gems of prose as they are, one understands that life in some ways was too fierce for him, for one and all they seem like facets of the man's soul. Look at the story *On the Brighton Road*, a few pages only, yet a trifle one can never forget, or *Children of the Moon* or the sadness of *Blue Blood*. A whole life seems to be struggling in these little tales for fortitude, for existence. And again, in *A Wet Day*, he gives us his life's secret. He recalls as a boy his joy in a wet day, while staring at the window. It determined his life, he tells us. He hesitated—whether to go out like the other boys and play, or dream on and stare at the window. And he hesitated. "It seems to me likely enough that that moment of hesitation determined a habit of mind that has kept me dreaming ever since."

Middleton, in fact, lacked that sense of action without which life is but a dream. In *The Story of a Book* he tells us more about himself. "The author has nothing to say, and he has said it." That might stand as his epitaph. What he has said is flawless, exquisite. No sweeter volume of prose has been written in modern literature. With the one exception of *The Ghost Ship*, all these sketches are autobiographical, confessions, reading now like the cry of a wounded nature. The grip of creation is plainly lacking. He needed faith.

Yet in *The Ghost Ship* we have another Middleton, and it is the only true story in the volume. Arthur Machen in the preface has pointed out its merits. It is Wells touched by the wand of a poet, a strange gossamer thing of crazy fantasy, which apparently means nothing, which none the less is worth libraries of fashionable novels proclaiming the platitudes of life. It is vital work of a peculiar charm, reminding one of wood music heard in the open air, something indescribably soft and disturbing. And all his work has this flute-like melody, his poetry in particular. Wagner has told us how the whole music of *Tristan* came to him, hearing a shepherd play on the pipe. *Poems and Songs* is full of such plaintive melody; the last Serenade is a thing of singular beauty. There are dozens of such songs all through the volume, staves of exquisite grace, music of infinite tenderness.

"Across my face, across mine eyes,
The winds shall blow for my delight
The curtain of your hair, the skies
Shall win the pomp of night."

And yet we let this rare poet die unheard in our midst. It was Frank Harris who "discovered" him, who from the first insisted on his claim to immortality, and there can be scant doubt that Middleton will have a place in his gallery of poets. Certainly his work will not be appreciated by the general. It is too subtle, too sad, for the multitude.

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No doubt it is wanting in what one may call body. The man of him seemed to be dematerialised into song. Such natural singers are only too rare. He is our Verlaine. In *The Poet's Allegory* he seems to have played upon the theme of his inability to hit the fancy. Yet now that he has gone he will stay with us. If he had little to say, he has said it. He is one of the Carol Boys of English poetry. A. H.

THE LISTENERS AND OTHER POEMS. By WALTER DE LA MARE. Constable. 2s. 6d. net.

To lovers of poetry nothing could be more welcome than a new book of lyrics by Mr. Walter de la Mare. In *The Listeners* will be found much of the exquisite *naïveté* which distinguished the earlier poems, yet the spirit of the book and of the volume which preceded it is not just the freakish and whimsical spirit of *Songs of Childhood*. There *naïveté* was now and then carried to a point where it almost joined hands with one or two of our delightful old nursery rhymes:—

How many miles to Babylon?
Three score and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again.

That is not really very far removed from,

"Bunches of grapes," says Timothy;
"Pomegranates pink," says Elaine;
"A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me," says Jane.

But in the later poems there is a difference; a note of melancholy has crept into even the child poems; they are more subjective; they come as echoes, one imagines, from a boyhood the poet knows better than any other. Not that this suggestion of sadness is at all persistent; it is but a shadow of regret gliding softly across the sunshine of reverie; and this added gravity brings with it a deeper sweetness and tenderness. From cover to cover *The Listeners* is steeped in that atmosphere of a strange spiritual loveliness which has always characterised Mr. de la Mare's work. There are lyrics here which, to one reader at least, seem sure of immortality, things that will be read while there is anybody to care for poetry, things absolutely fresh and spontaneous. Mr. de la Mare's work has never received the recognition it is entitled to. There have always been a few who cared intensely for it—those to whom *The Return*, that deep and delicate tale, seemed the most beautiful thing in prose since Mr. Henry James's *Altar of the Dead*; those who saw in *The Three Mulla Mulgars*, with its tenderness, its radiant winter beauty of ice and moonlight, something absolutely new in literature—but the general public has remained indifferent. The lyrics of *The Listeners*, though there is often something slightly bizarre in their beauty, should appeal to a wider audience. There are things amongst them, 'Miss Loo,' for example, or 'The Keys of Morning,' which are curiously vivid and coloured, living with a life of their own. They are amazingly there, absolutely realised; they have a kind of imaginative quality, flame-like in its intensity, and they come with a haunting music that is always appropriate if it occasionally sounds a little thin. They have a charm that is quite unlike any other, their beauty is so dream-like and yet so natural. And their originality is genuine, that is to say, it owes nothing to eccentricity either of thought or technique.

One of the secrets of Mr. de la Mare's art is his sense of the value of words. He has a gift of using them as if they had never been used before. He is never vague, and in his descriptions he keeps as closely to his original as a Pre-Raphaelite painter. He is never carried away by mere love of sound; there is no rhetoric; but in everything he writes there is a soul. One misses from the present collection a few charming pieces one remembers having read as they were published from time to time in newspapers or magazines, but perhaps Mr. de la Mare will reprint them

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later. In the meantime we are deeply grateful for *The Listeners*, and trust that nobody who cares for poetry will be so foolish as to neglect it.

F. R.

LITTLE GRAY SONGS FROM ST. JOSEPH'S. By GRACE FALLOW NORTON.
Constable. 3s. 6d. net.

This is not a book that calls for any elaborate literary criticism. These delicate, exquisite songs of a "child of chance," who, after suffering two years of agony, the result of a fall, dies in a small Franciscan hospital in America, will either make an immediate appeal to the reader, or leave him cold.

"Here I lie like a princess—
All wound in white;
Lillies tall at my bedside,
For my delight."

is the brave opening note. And again:—

"How long I've lain below the Christ
That hangs upon the wall,
His suffering o'er my suffering:
Was his indeed for all?

"Ah me, the weary, weary hours
So slowly by us file,
And not yet has the sad Christ learned—
As I have learned—to smile."

But they are not all songs of acquiescence. A poignant cry of revolt against destiny gives to some of them the tang of human personality. The singer remembering that

"All young things
Should dance in the sun:
There joy sings
To every one."

is roused to bitter questionings of fate. Yet courage is the keynote of the book.

"A great Injustice walks abroad,
And makes the strong more strong,
Until the hurt, whose song
I sing, shall learn their hidden strength,
And healed by hope, arise at length,
And rend the ancient wrong."

These verses have something of the spontaneous grace of flowers. They have a real organic beauty of their own. They never depend upon external ornament for their effects. Theirs is the poise and purity of the wild anemone.

"For the little winds bring coolness
And healing summer rain,
And then they softly laugh and kiss
And turn and go again."

We trust that this posy of wind-flowers will find many buyers. But it should have been called "Little White Songs from St. Joseph's."

THE LURE OF THE SEA. By J. E. PATTERSON. Heinemann. 5s. net.

We know by hearsay that Mr. Patterson has been a sailor, and has travelled many seas; but there is little in this book, save a sprinkling of nautical terms, to show that he has ventured beyond the nearest music-hall. Of course, a poet will find poetry in a music-hall, though hardly the poetry of the sea; and he must not let the music-hall tunes get into his head. Mr. Patterson is not a poet, and is of the music-hall, music-hally.

"Maidens draped in shimmering gauzes,
Eyes where fires of night-time lie;
But they are not Albion's daughters,
Thus we let them pass us by."

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Chorus, please! And again—

"Yet not their witching lace-draped forms,
Their busts so full and bare,
Can equal you, sweet, gentle, true,
Our British girls so fair."

Support home industries, evidently!

We must take it on trust that Mr. Patterson has felt the lure of the sea, for, in his verse, the salt has lost its savour.

Unlike the poet, the versifier is at the mercy of his rhymes; and Mr. Patterson betrays his servitude on the first page of his longest effort:

"A pirate crew—salt-crustèd, brown, unkempt.
Of duty, country, friends and kin *exempt*—"

and, all for the sake of a rhyme, he speaks of a ship as—

"Industry's peacefully water-borne car."

After that, we should strongly counsel him to keep ashore. Any self-respecting boat would go down under such a designation. And pirates, pirates, hark 'ee! become for this sailor

"Those learnèd navigators of crime's sea."

Many a man has had to walk the plank for less.

And this is how Mr. Patterson, in the person of Pluto, addresses the Siren:—

"And thou, fair maid, my symbol art of crime:
The subtle song, its great seductiveness
To heads whose moral hearing is awry."

Surely, Pluto must be a misprint for Pecksniff! We suspect that Mr. Patterson has really heard the sirens; and that inarticulateness is merely the price he has had to pay for his escape.

SONNETS AND BALLADE OF GUIDO CAVALCANTI. With translations of them and an introduction by EZRA POUND. Swift. 3s. 6d. net.

We turned with pleasure to this book, remembering Mr. Pound's poetical talent, and thinking that when he was translating for English readers he would be held, as it were, on parole to confine himself to the English language. Mr. Pound writes a very sensible introduction. "The discussion of such details" (as to the actual identity of Guido's lady), he says, "is futile, except in so far as it may serve to bring us more intimately in touch with the commune of Florence and the year of grace one thousand three hundred." That is an admirable sentiment to guide any commentator: and for a translator of foreign poetry what maxim could be wiser than the following: "The perception of the intellect is given in the word, that of the emotions in the cadence."

Yet after all this Mr. Pound's versions are very disappointing. We soon find ourselves reversing the purpose of the book, and using Guido as an interpreter of Ezra. "He solveth him his fright," for instance, was hopelessly unintelligible until we turned to the Italian "*non può più temere*." It is obviously unfair to go on picking out such phrases:—

"I fear me lest unfortune's counter thrust
Pierce through my throat and rip out my despair"—

where the metaphor is not Guido's; or, "Death who art haught" for *Morte gentil*. These are Mr. Pound's graces and mannerisms—if that may be called a mannerism which is more like a nervous tic. When he chooses to be simple and direct he can be very effective, as at the opening of Sonnet XXXI.:

"You who within your eyes so often carry
That love who holdeth in his hand three arrows"—

but then what becomes of the cadence when a line ending in "carry" represents one ending with *sovente*? And what becomes of the sense when in the fourth line "*l'anima dolente*" has to be rendered "a soul

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whom hot griefs harry"—so as to make a rhyme? Mr. Pound's rendering of some of the Ballate contains a few beautiful lines: but we did not read beyond the beginning of the ninth, in which the lines:

*Con sua verghetta pasturava agnelli;
E scalza, e di rugiada era bagnata:*

are thus rendered by Mr. Pound:—

"With a small twig she kept her lambs in hold,
And bare her feet were bar the dewdrop's gloze."

After that it seemed quite clear that Mr. Pound had been both to the intellect and to the emotions of Guido Cavalcanti something rather worse than the proverbial traitor.

POLITICS

CONSERVATISM. By LORD HUGH CECIL, M.A., M.P. Williams and Norgate. (Home University Library.) 1s. net.

Philosophic conservatism is for some inexplicable reason less defined than philosophic liberalism, and it is something in the nature of an anti-climax that brings Lord Hugh Cecil's book into existence on the morning after political conservatism had admitted the abandonment of its traditional idea by taking to itself the non-committal title, on all but Irish questions, of "Unionism." But such a change does not effect the value nor remove from the interest of Lord Hugh Cecil's book. The author is happily placed for dealing with his subject *sans* subterfuge, political or commercial. He comes of traditional conservative stock, he is, although comparatively a young man, yet of the first line of the old Tory defence; and above all he is courageous and strikingly independent for a party politician, besides being a member of the most intellectually respectable family of his political faith. Conservatism is not political opportunism with him, it is faith; faith born of the fortuitous circumstances which made him a member of the old noblesse; therefore it is real and earnest. Lord Hugh Cecil is convinced of the fundamental, the inherent conservatism of man. And of course he is not wrong in that conviction. Man, like so much of Nature, implies conservatism in the fact of his existence. He desires at all times to conserve what is known, tried and appreciated. But that does not imply there is no need for change; that the machinery of life does not wear out and need replacing and improving. Lord Hugh Cecil rightly draws instances of the prevalence of conservatism from old sayings like "A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush," which is very well as rough and ready philosophy, but not always true; nevertheless it indicates the conservative attitude of the folk. But his appeal to such a saying as "An ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory," is less convincing and rather damaging to his own position, because the fact may be against him. But that is not peculiar to abstract conservatism any more than it might be to abstract liberalism. The thing in itself, in either case, does not exist, and the weakness of all books on abstract political ideas is that you have to assume that it does. There is no such thing as conservatism or liberalism, but there is a conservative attitude towards certain things, and a liberal attitude towards certain things, and these attitudes may and do alternate in one person or one group of persons. The conservative attitude towards Free Trade, for instance, is no more conservative than the liberal attitude towards Home Rule; and both political Liberals and Conservatives are philosophically conservative in their attitude towards the modern proletarian revolt against the wage system. So is it also with the individual. We are, apart from party politics, both conservative and liberal; we have our moments, and perhaps years, of faith in what is, and we have our moments of revolt. As to which is the better—it all depends. But when Lord Hugh Cecil asks "Why depart from the known which is safe to the unknown which may be dangerous?" we begin to suspect him of faith in absolute conservatism, in which faith he would be unique in the

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modern world. The powerful race and the powerful man have always abandoned what is safe for what is dangerous. The British Empire has been built up by that process; character grows out of taking risk, more than by following precedent. Any conservatism which is based in an opposite idea must end in mere quietism. But, as a matter of fact, conservatism is a very real factor in life, and it has two very definite bases of faith. One, that the moment of capture, achievement, possession, is materially eternal: which is absurd. And, two, that things being either good or bad, might be worse: which is lazy. Philosophically, conservatism is the legitimate resting place between two achievements, or between movements in evolution or progress. As a stopping place it is non-existent; if it were it would be useless, for we cannot stop, we either go on, like intelligent beings, or go round, like Dervishes.

THE FINANCES OF IRELAND BEFORE THE UNION AND AFTER. An Historical Study, by the EARL of DUNRAVEN, K.P. John Murray. 5s. net.

This clear and painstakingly fair account of a very complicated subject is published at an opportune moment. A study of its 150 pages will enable the British elector to follow intelligently the debates now begun on the most difficult part of the Home Rule problem. It gives a sufficient summary of the history of Irish financial administration divided into four periods: (1) up to 1782; (2) during the eighteen years of "Grattan's Parliament"; (3) from 1801 to 1817, when Ireland was still considered a financial unit, although she had lost control over her finances; and (4) from the amalgamation of the Exchequers in 1817 down to the present day. About one-third of the book is occupied by the discussion of the latest phase of the question, dating from the Report of the Royal Commission of 1894-6 (Cd. 8262, 1896), of which the main conclusions are given, comprising those of Sir David Barbour, as well as of Lord Farrer, together with the views now advocated by Professor Oldham, Mr. Erskine Childers, Professor Kettle, Lord MacDonnell, &c. It is interesting to note that Lord Dunraven believes that even if the Irish were entrusted with their own finances they would not raise fiscal barriers against Great Britain, with whom they do four-fifths of their trade. He recognises, however, that there would be great difficulty in working any independent Irish customs system, and considers that the control of customs would not be necessary to enable an Irish Legislature to encourage industry.

THE GREAT STATE. Harper Brothers. 5s. net.

In this volume we have the ingredients of a secondary Fabianism which, as Mr. Wells points out, can "scarcely be regarded now as anything but an interesting failure." Mr. Wells leads off with the best essay in the book, defining the present State as the Normal Social life, himself, however, rather carefully refraining from pontifications upon the subject which is thrown up to be duly purified and sifted by science. To those acquainted with German and Scandinavian literature this English attempt at restatement and readjustment must seem somewhat late: Marx has said a great deal of it decades ago, and in Germany there are tomes and pamphlets sufficient to fill at least fifty volumes such as this, though with this difference, that the English writers avoid theory and wisely keep clear of vaticination, which is the great bugbear of the Germans. It is a motley collection of social reformers—the poet Trench, Lady Warwick, Cicely Hamilton, Roger Fry, Chiozza Money, Ray Lankester, C. J. Bond, E. S. P. Haynes, Cecil Chesterton (not Gilbert!), Hugh Vowles, Conrad Noel, and the goal of their pleading is towards a comprehensive philosophy of State which shall be both a policy and a polity, in three words, the Great State.

They are not Socialists. Nothing so vulgar nor theoretic, and they are all very careful about that. Each one states his case lucidly enough, from Wells, father of the family, to Roger Fry, who, no doubt, as an artist feels some misgivings as to the kindness of the collectivist State system towards the genus of artists who hitherto have always been outlaws towards authority, and must, it is to be feared, always remain

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so. This fluidity of argument is at once their strength and weakness. There being no panaceas offered, there is nothing for the critic to analyse. At the same time it cannot be said that very much is added to the present problem of nations, for that the time for revaluation has come is a fact that a great many other folk have discovered all by themselves quite a long time ago. The fact is, we are not "staggered" by this volume: it reminds us too much of the *bourgeois gentilhomme* with his miscellany of teachers and instructors; and then the master-mind of construction is lacking—the one mind so sorely needed at the present juncture. We will not say that it is drawing-room state architecture; it is an advance certainly on Fabianism, but it does smack somewhat of that literary cleverness of a group of young men who are determined to be up and doing. The best thing in the book is Mr. Wells' designation of the conservative forces as Conservative; that is true and happy. It is against these Conservatives that Mr. Wells' young guard are protesting. In this quest we sympathise. We even say "Bravo!" Mankind is always in the making. It is well that so many serious people are thinking about the future state, and an economic method without any specific labour class, which is to be the central instrument in the evolution contemplated.

DIVORCE. By EARL RUSSELL. Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.

Now that public opinion is at last roused to the anomaly of our Feudal Ecclesiastical Divorce Laws in this time of revaluation and progress, it is well to have a reliable handbook on divorce, precisely as Earl Russell has compiled it. Adultery in England is still the sole existing cause for divorce. The author traces the growth of the ideas which have moulded our present system, pointing out their connection with ecclesiastical history, and expressing his own strong opinions of dissent as given before the Royal Commission. The three great things to be decided are:—(1) The Press publicity of matters which should be purely personal and private; (2) divorce facilities for incompatibility or where cohabitation is no longer found to be decent; (3) equality of sex powers. Marriage is by Law a Civil Act; it is monstrous that ecclesiastical decrees should still control it. We recommend this book to all interested.

THE GREAT ANALYSIS. A Plea for a Rational World-order. With an Introduction by GILBERT MURRAY. Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.

"What is wrong with the world is its vastness," says the author of this suggestive little volume. It is high time, he contends, for all intelligent human beings to "think planetarily," thinking imperially and nationally having obviously failed. To enable them to do so and thus to "reduce the chaos of human affairs to a rational order," he pleads ingeniously for a Great Analysis, or survey, of the whole resources of our planet and of the requirements of all its inhabitants. In that work the leading minds of all races should co-operate. In the light of the facts thus established, politics, instead of being "a wrangle over the next leap in the dark," would be converted into "rational experimenting" with the concurrence of all peoples and for the promotion of a world-wide Common Weal. That would help to harmonise the distracted will of humanity, hasten the birth of a collective conscience, and relieve us from the monstrous and intolerable thought that civilisation may at any moment be hurled half-way back to barbarism by a great war. To reduce the problem to manageable dimensions, it is posed first as the reorganisation of a Yorkshire which, with its three and a half million inhabitants and all their belongings, cast itself loose from the earth, like the moon in Sir George Darwin's theory, and started life anew as "a self-contained planeticle." The author then tackles the greater problem, dealing seriatim with the complicating factors of differences of race, religion, climate, nationality, and language, as well as war and commercial rivalry, all of which were practically excluded from the Yorkshire case. However the reader may differ from some of the views expressed, he will certainly be interested, and will agree with Professor Murray that the work is sane and sweet-tempered, and based on a belief in reason and reasonableness.

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LONDON'S UNDERWORLD. By THOMAS HOLMES, Secretary of the Howard Association. Author of *London's Police Courts, &c.* Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

Those genuinely interested in human nature will find this important work on the urgent problem of the destitute and "submerged" as absorbing as a first-class novel. In his excellent thumbnail sketches of the inhabitants of the abyss the author, though full of kindness and sympathy, is preserved by his good sense and humour from slopping over into sentimentality and exaggeration. Of strong religious sentiments and apparently neither a Eugenist nor a doctrinaire of any kind, Mr. Holmes finds himself driven to the conclusion that Government intervention and organisation on a large scale furnish the sole remedy for a series of evils which at present philanthropic effort aggravates rather than diminishes. He agrees with Mr. A. M. Nicholls, for many years a member of the Salvation Army, that that institution does more harm than good. He urges permanent detention and segregation of the feeble-minded and of the incorrigible vagrant, whose presence in Slumland bars the way to deliverance of the oppressed and deserving poor, who are able and willing to help themselves if given a chance. One of the most hopeful features of Mr. Holmes's long pilgrimage in the Underworld is the conviction that many of the evils from which the destitute suffer can be remedied by organisation at less cost than by the present haphazard methods. The chapter on "Brains in the Underworld" reveals the presence there of plenty of grit and manhood. Other chapters, and particularly that on the weaklings who, owing to their physical unfitness, are forced to pass their lives in prison on perpetually recurring short sentences, being refused entrance to reformatories and the benefit of Borstal training, may be confidently recommended to the consideration of those opposed to all attempts to cope with the problem of feeble-mindedness as an attack on personal liberty, and to the present Government Bill as a measure for the repression of genius! Mr. Holmes's further suggestions include proper provision for the hopelessly crippled and disabled, and systematic help for widows with young children, reformatories for all youthful delinquents, including the feeble in body and mind, compulsory education, physical, mental, and technical, up to sixteen, municipal lodging-houses, and dwellings for the very poor, and inspection of all houses inhabited by them, together with a more abundant provision of work for the unemployed.

THE BLOOD OF THE POOR. By GODFREY BLOUNT, B.A. Fifield. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Blount calls his book "an introduction to Christian social economics"; but it is not quite clear why he should have done so, because the economics he propounds are no more peculiar to Christianity than they are to Buddhism or Mahommedanism. The fact that they are altruistic and conceived in the spirit of social righteousness does not necessarily entitle them to that distinction. Religion, art, and labour are properly dovetailed in his social vision, the one dependent upon the other, and all expressive of a quality of life which might be summed up in Ruskin's phrase and ideal of man's joy in his work. There is a great deal of Ruskin and Morris, and not a little Tolstoy, in Mr. Blount's philosophy, but it also possesses the advantages of the author's own practical experience in the revival of peasant crafts.

MODERN ENGLAND. By LOUIS CAZAMIAN. Dent. 4s. 6d. net.

Modern history does not concern itself so much with the play of material and personal forces as with the play of ideas and their effects upon nations. Looking at our nation from such a point of view, M. Louis Cazamian discerns the interplay, the action and reaction, of instinct and intelligence. The former expressing itself empirically and gradually crystallising into the latter, as in the social evolution which wrought the change from feudal empiricism in England to that reasoned utilitarianism of the industrial era, which in turn is being questioned and adjusted at

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the demand of renascent instinct, wherein ever a new empiricism criticises and overturns the old: this M. Cazamian calls "the revenge of instinct." With a finely clarified vision he analyses the characteristics and tendencies of Modern England, and he sees us more certainly for what we are worth because of the vantage point of distance which a Frenchman possesses beyond us and beyond others: he is neither too near nor too far. And, again, his knowledge of the subject is more precise than our own. We are in the thick of it and take much for granted; whereas his knowledge of England has all the precision of the cultured foreigner's knowledge of the English grammar he has deliberately studied. M. Cazamian believes that the historical originality of England has lain in preferring life to science in the general direction of her national effort. The idea may seem paradoxical to the modern progressive Englishman, but, as a matter of fact, it is perfectly true. This determined faith in life is at the back of the opposition which greets every attempt at the scientific adjustment of social affairs; it is the fundamental of what the Englishman means by liberty. The chief characteristic of modern historic evolution in England is the discovery and recognition of the principle of solidarity as a means of preserving the English faith in life, and all our administrative efforts are experiments in the scientific application of the idea of solidarity to social affairs. But even this progress is in key with the English tradition of life, following instinct rather than reason, and reason afterwards linking up, as it were, the acquired territory instead of mapping out ahead fresh fields to conquer. M. Cazamian recognises this quite clearly, but he does not realise quite so clearly that in modern England there is a decided tendency to break with tradition and map out the future. It is inconceivable that we should proceed very far along such lines, but they are there nevertheless, to be noted by the modern historian; but M. Cazamian is probably right in his faith in the perpetuation of English instinctive processes. He sees also that these processes are most vital when their concern is collective.

PRÉJUGÉ ET PROBLÈME DES SEXES. Par JEAN FINOT (Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine). Félix Alcan, Paris.

The author of *Le Préjugé des races*, *Agonie et mort des races*, *Français et Anglais*, and *La Philosophie de la longévité* needs no introduction for students of current French literature. He has, indeed, already won a reputation which secures the attention of educated Europe for his stimulating contributions to the problems of the day. The present work has the further advantage of being more *actuel* for English readers than for Frenchmen, as the political, economical, and family emancipation of women for which he pleads has made far greater progress here than in France. The task which M. Finot has set himself is to habituate the average sensual man in Europe to the type of cultured and intellectual "new woman" who aspires to an equality with him in the mental life and development of the race. His book is an arsenal of arguments for advanced *féminisme*, which, whether we can fully agree with it or not, certainly deserves careful and—if possible—impartial consideration. It is divided into sections which comprise the evolution of the sexes, woman from a scientific standpoint, the philosophy of the feminist movement, the birth of the new woman and her beauty, the death of the eternal feminine and the frontiers of sex. One of the ideas most strongly urged by M. Finot is that the progress of the feminine movement will lead to a development of sexual attraction in an increasingly intellectual and moral direction, with a corresponding decline in its more physical aspects, this being a necessary result of the higher culture which women will enjoy. Thus we may cherish the hope that although man—according to George Meredith—has thus far failed to civilise his mate, she will now complete that arduous task herself.

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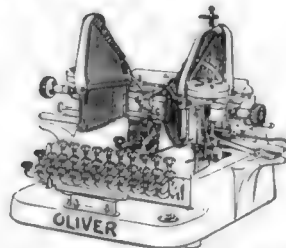
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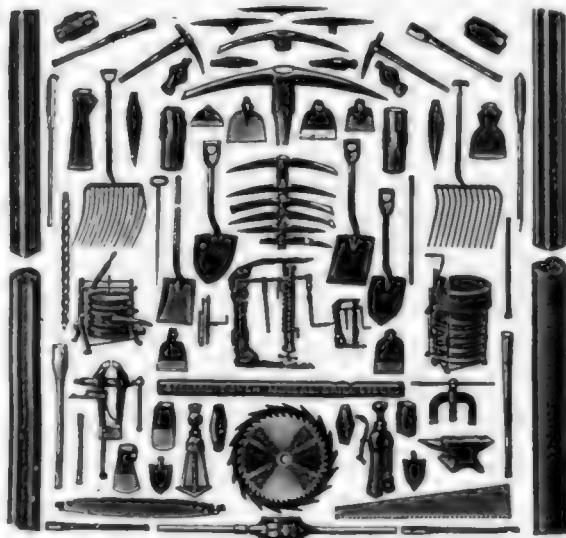
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*Letters
from a Town
to a
Country
Woman*



CHAS. E. DAWSON

Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

A Prolonged Season

¶ Even at this comparatively late date the London Season is in full swing and all manner of dinners, At Homes, dances, and *al-fresco* parties are being crammed into the already over-full social diary before the time comes to make a move to Goodwood and Cannes, the Dublin Horse Show and the Highland Games and Scotch Festivities. For the Scotch Season this year gives promise of being more largely patronised than it has ever been before; on all sides one hears of big parties being arranged for the Braemar gathering, the Ayr week and the Northern meeting. The various "Cures," both at home and abroad, are beginning to attract a steady stream of Society invalids who are making arrangements to drink the waters and undergo a course of "bed and baths" at Homburg, Marienbad, Carlsbad and other fashionable Spas that are able to boast of a Season that is every whit as gay and as fashionable as that one we are all enjoying in town.

The Sale Season

¶ Meanwhile London is preparing to give itself over to the Summer Sales which little by little have crept into the middle rather than the tail end of the London Season. For the moment the frequenters of shopland are rioting in bargain hunting, and it is astonishing to find how great a difference the approach of the end of London's Gala Season makes to the price of articles of personal adornment. Without doubt, the greatest bargains are to be found in the most expensive shops, especially amongst model hats, gowns and elaborate evening and race cloaks, all of which, having served their turn as patterns, are now being cleared out at something like a third of their original price. Not only are these garments beautifully made by the best French houses, but they all possess the merit of being so much in front of the fashion that they will be quite up-to-date for months to come.

The Wonderful Cult of the Ready-Made

¶ For holiday wear and for frocks for *débutantes* it is doubtful whether London has anything more profitable to offer than the wonderful "Ready to Wear Frocks" which have been brought to such a pitch of perfection this Season, and are turned out at such a marvellously low price. For a young girl with a small dress allowance or a woman who wishes to keep up a reputation for being really well dressed on a limited sum, these frocks are to be most thoroughly recommended; for not only do they possess the hall-mark of Parisian *chic*, having been modelled and designed by the leading Parisian houses, but they are all exceptionally well cut and know nothing of those tragedies of failure that are too often the result of patronising the little dressmaker, who knows nothing of "cut," and has no really good models to keep her up-to-date. This Season one big firm is specialising in this particular type of frock and has attracted a large following of smart women who buy these "Ready to Wear" frocks for morning and country attire at sums that, in many instances, only cost as many shillings as they would pay pounds if ordered from some fashionable dress-makers. Whether in cotton, in serge, voile, or silk, all these dresses are daintily designed after the latest style, and all can

be made to measure; while for the small sum of a few shillings extra they may be fitted by the firm's own staff of expert dress-makers. To the countrywoman they are every whit as valuable as they are to her town sister, as they keep her up-to-date as regards fashion, and at the smallest cost can be made to fit by



practically any home dressmaker, who finds it an easy matter to give those finishing touches that make all the difference between failure and success. Indeed, very often, with some little addition in the form of a real lace collar, a few embroidered buttons, a smart sash, or a touch of fringe or hand embroidery, such frocks can be readily transformed into ultra-elaborate and thoroughly fashionable visiting toilettes.

**A
Millinery
Sensation**

¶ Hats for the holidays are just now coming in for a lot of consideration; for, however beautiful and however desirable from a Town point of view the extravagant models that have ruled the millinery world of this Season may be, they are anything but suited to wear on holidays. The newest type of country or river hat is shaped like a Panama, and fashioned of fine whit velour underlined with pale coloured straw—a combination that is ultra-*chic* and is not damaged by a shower of rain, or likely to lose its colour in the sun. The new hats are undoubtedly the sensation of the present Season, and they will be generally adopted for wear at all the smart seaside and cure resorts, both at home and abroad. There is also a rage in Town amongst the Smart Set for a milliner who has won a reputation for turning out really becoming model hats at a moderate price and who has set her face resolutely against the high prices and extravagant modes that have made it impossible to buy anything approaching a smart hat under five or ten guineas. Making a study of the English type of face, this milliner turns out the most *chic* and fashionable models that are anything but extravagant or *outré*, and it is safe to prophesy that all the best hats worn at Goodwood and Cowes will come from her, for she is being warmly championed by the best dressed women, who are determined not to give way to the extravagant demands of some of the leading West End millinery establishments.

**Coloured
Hair
Pins**

¶ The use of combs and slides is likewise lessened to a great extent, and at all the smart holiday resorts this Season one will see brilliantly coloured pins dyed to match the colour of one's toilette or the trimming of one's hat used in preference to jewelled slides and heavily-carved tortoiseshell combs.

**The
Season's
Enter-
taining**

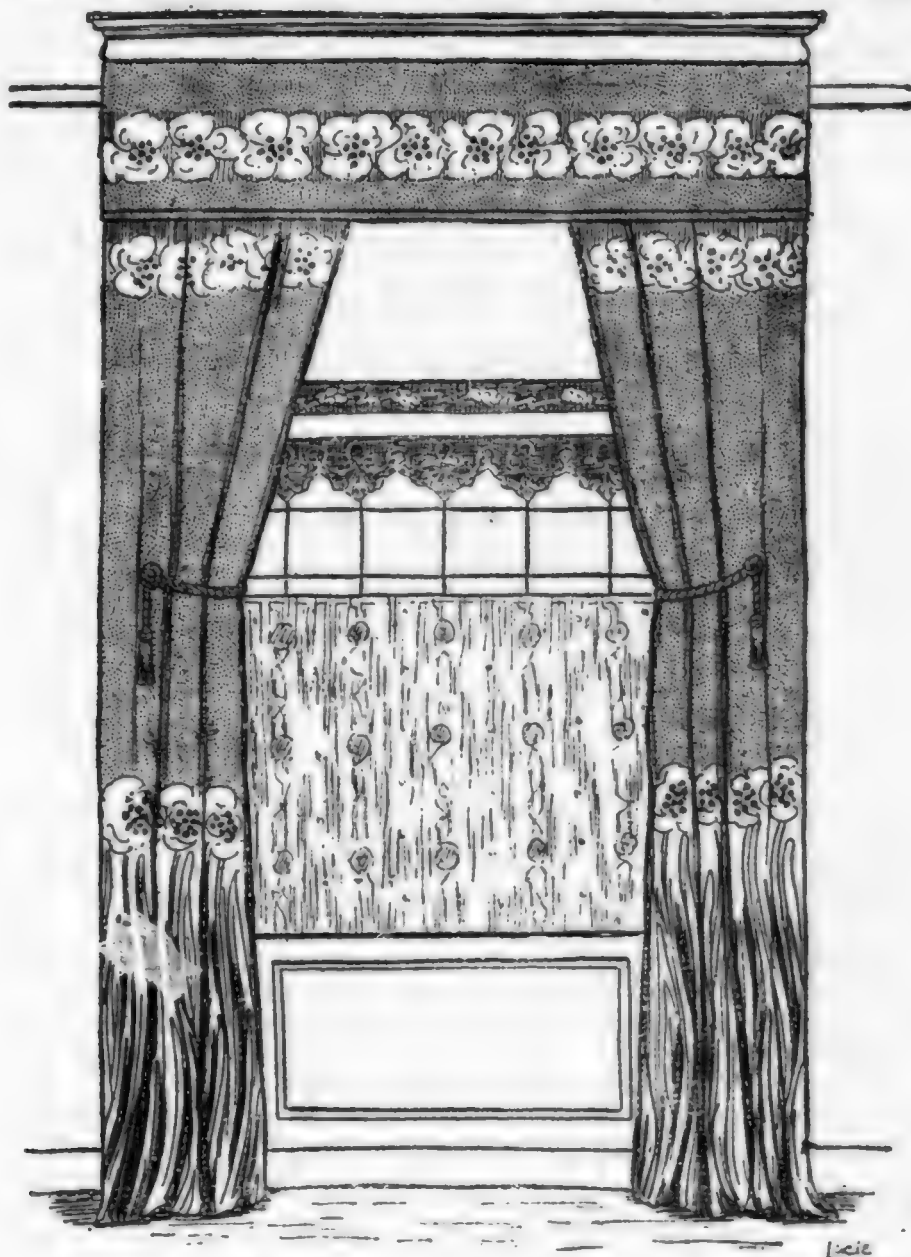
¶ Of household matters there is much to write, for this Season has seen all manner of innovations in entertainment which are being adopted by hostesses all over the country. Particularly striking has been the use of richly-cut glass in place of silver for table adornment, and a novelty not to be overlooked are some very beautiful heavy cut-glass candlesticks of unusual height, which are convertible, the part that holds the candle being inserted like a socket and removed at will, so transforming the candlesticks into handsome vases during the daytime.

**Knives
that
Never
Require
Cleaning**

¶ One cannot leave the subject of table appointments without special mention of a new kind of knife that one sees on all up-to-date dinner tables. This is an ordinary steel knife treated by a special process that gives it a bright and attractive appearance not unlike silver plate. But the improved appearance of such knives represent the least of their attractions, the greatest of which lies in the fact that they require no cleaning save washing. Not only do these knives absolutely do away with knife machines, knife boards, knife powder, &c., but they take half the time to clean and are always sharp, and never stain as the ordinary kind do when they come in contact with vinegar or fruit. For large hotels and boarding houses they are invaluable, as they save so much labour, while for use in private houses they are far more decorative and far more attractive than the ordinary kind. Another consideration not to be overlooked is that the new knives cost no more than the old ones do.

**Lovely
Curtain
Drapery**

Q The craze for window decoration has not stopped at lace curtains but has extended to hangings of all sorts and descriptions. For nowadays ordinary curtains hung on an ordinary gilt or wooden pole are counted hopelessly old fashioned and out of place in drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and bedrooms alike. The latest idea is the resurrection of the old-fashioned pelmette or valance,



made to match the curtains, which gives a very attractive and finished appearance to all rooms. All manner of lovely designs from Hepplewhite styles to Early Victorian Chintz draperies are being revived for the artistic treatment of windows. One big firm, in particular, is specialising in draperies of this sort, carried out in rich brocades, in old-world chintzes, in soft tussore silks, and in some beautiful new alpaca cloth that absolutely refuses to hold the dust and which is most effectively trimmed with appliques

of creton, giving the idea of Elizabethan tapestry. What is a point of some consideration to many housekeepers is that they supply these valances and curtains in sets at quite moderate prices, so that it is an inexpensive matter to have them mounted by a local carpenter.

The Newest Coiffure

¶ Go where one will at the present moment one cannot but help noticing the change that is affecting hair dressing and coiffure ornaments. As regards the former, one notices less false hair is being used and less massed effects of coils and heavy dressings are to be seen. The newest type of coiffure shows a simple middle parting finished off with a light French fringe, while at the back is a Grecian arrangement of coils and a few light curls set so that the top of the dressing comes in a line with the tip of the nose. This Grecian dressing is arranged on a special hair frame, which is nothing like as expensive as those that have gone before—and what is perhaps the most satisfactory innovation, so far as most women are concerned, is the fact that heavy side pads are quite done away with, the hair being dressed much closer to the head than of yore.

The New Fruit Bowl

¶ Another novelty in glass are some quite plain glass sardine boxes, which make this popular dainty look far more palatable than when served in a tin or the ordinary uninteresting china dish. There is also a new form of fruit-dish, made so as to prevent fruit spilling when being served; while a very popular innovation has been a new glass fruit salad bowl, with a glass division down the centre that allows the fruit to be placed on one side and ice cream, or whipped cream, tinted to match the fruit, to be served on the other. These same bowls are being used for serving junket by some hostesses, the plain kind being placed one side, while on the other is junket spiced with nutmeg, brandy and other flavours.

Real Lace Cushion Covers and Curtains

¶ One also notices a fad for real lace, which is being used for all manner of household decoration this Season. This appears in the form of lovely cushion covers made of beautiful Filet lace and hand embroidery worked on the finest and most transparent muslin. Cushion covers to match are another fad of the moment, and mounted over pale satin covers and adorned with tiny ruches of real Valenciennes, in the middle of which are set trails and wreaths of tiny Watteau roses, they add a note of luxury to all drawing-rooms and boudoirs. Real lace curtains made of French Filet and beautiful Flanders lace are another luxury adopted by the smartest hostesses, who vie with one another in beautifully draped window interiors, which this Season have been counted even more important than the external window boxes with their wealth of pink fuschias, geraniums, and masses of hydrangea that appear behind little imitation palings made of gilt cardboard, which have been the latest finish to window boxes in clubs and private houses alike.

MARY MARSH.

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